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THE CATHOLIC WORLD

A Monthly Magazine of General Literature and Science

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THE CATHOLIC WORLD

DECEMBER, 1935

EDITORIAL COMMENT

WHAT GOOD IS CONTROVERSY?

THE visit of Mr. Arnold Lunn to the United States has revived amongst us the old question, "Controversy or no controversy?" Mr. Lunn believes so strongly in controversy that he deliberately whips it up. He prods sleeping dogs, and taunts them, "Come on, show your teeth." He goes Chesterton one better. When G. K. C. in *Heretics* had attacked, and be it remarked, pretty well riddled every anti-Christian philosophy, some "galled jade" retorted, "It's very well for Chesterton to tear down, but can he build up? Let's have his own 'doxy." "Good!" said Chesterton, "just what I was hoping for—a challenge. Here goes." Not to paraphrase further but to quote: "It was an incautious suggestion to make to a person only too ready to write books upon the feeblest provocation." And that is how *Orthodoxy* came to be written. One is almost as thankful to Chesterton's unnamed challenger as to Dr. Kingsley who goaded Newman until he wrote the *Apologia*.

Mr. Lunn Fares Forth

MR. LUNN, I say, doesn't wait for a challenge. He dons his armor, mounts his steed, sets his lance and fares forth looking for fight. The mere appearance of another knight is to him a challenge. They "have at it" and when the contest is over, our bellicose knight-errant asks no greater meed of praise than the one word *"Imprimatur."*

It seems to be the way Mr. Lunn makes his living. Some, perhaps, will call it a "racket." But no one will think it a soft snap. For Lunn picks no pushovers. He tilts at no empty suits of mail. He has taken on Father Ronald Knox, Dr. C. E. M. Joad and, very lately, J. B. S. Haldane. Everyone of these is a foeman worthy of any man's steel. The clash of arms makes a fine spectacle and the spectator cannot complain that he doesn't get his money's worth. Unless, of course, he be the sort of savage that frequents the current type of wrestling match, in which one human behemoth butts another in the stomach, picks him up, tosses him around, slams him down, sits on his head and sticks a

thumb in his eye. For those that like that sort of thing, that's the sort of thing they like; they won't care for *Science and the Supernatural* or any other of the Lunn books. In the Lunn controversies there is no mauling, no heaving and grunting, no impact of beef against beef, no heavy thud as a Man Mountain crashes to the canvas. Lunn and his opponents present a finer form of entertainment, a tilting of minds, an intellectual tournament.

"Yes," says one reviewer, "it is good fun but what comes of it? Do not the contestants after 500 or 600 pages quit, still holding the same convictions or the same lack of convictions with which they commenced?" Not always. Lunn himself made an about-face largely as a result of controversy.

Let Sleeping Dogs Lie?

Not only cynical reviewers but certain pietistic Christians doubt the value of theological controversy. They think it a breach of charity or of good sense. They fear the revival of *odium theologicum*, perhaps even of the wars of religion that made the sixteenth century so bloody. Here in the United States they point to the amazing uprush of bigotry when a Catholic merely presented himself as a candidate for the presidency.

It will not do to call these good people "pussy-footers" or "soft-pedalers." There is cause for their alarm. Theological wrangling has been traditionally violent and often mean and nasty. But it need not be so. Nothing intrinsic to religion compels theologians to hit below the belt, to squirt vitriol in the face of an opponent, or to impute moral delinquency to those who have intellectual doubts. Even if there were, even if fanaticism were inseparable from religion, that fact would not be an unmitigated scandal. Men always tend to the extreme in things that vitally interest them: love, patriotism, war, politics, business rivalry. If no one were ever fanatical about religion it would perhaps be proof that no one cared about religion. But believe it or not in this indifferent age, religion remains a deeper and stronger passion than any other. That really is the reason of the taboo against religious controversy. Men are afraid to let themselves talk about it. It interests them so terrifically that they cannot argue about it dispassionately.

That, I say, is one reason, applicable to more people than is generally imagined. Another reason, quite the opposite, applies to fewer persons, though perhaps to a good many. The age is to a degree genuinely agnostic. Forty years ago Sidney Lanier expressed it as only a poet can:

"O age that half believ'st thou half believ'st,
Half doubt'st the substance of thine own half doubt."

Too Lazy or Too Tired to Think

With agnosticism, when it is genuine and not a mask for dogmatism, comes a deep lethargy. "Cowardly agnosticism," it has been called. A better epithet might be "lazy." It may seem an anomaly that a world so busy, vital, active in other respects should be so apathetic about thinking. But it is no anomaly. It is cause and effect. I tried years ago to give instruction in religion to a man who came every afternoon directly from the stock exchange in a time of financial

crisis. It was a stiff job, for me and for him. He couldn't have been more exhausted if he had been Andy Pilney after the Ohio State game. Business like sport "takes it out" of them. The tired business man is too tired for theology, too tired for thought of any kind. He pays the penalty for what is called—as a kind of sad jest—"civilization." He becomes non-mental and to that extent less than human. Perhaps that's the reason why he prefers a bout between "Danno" and "The Man Mountain" rather than the rapier play of Lunn and Haldane.

THERE is yet again another type, the man who has acquired, probably in college, a detestation for "logic." From the sneering way in which he pronounces the word, you would imagine that logic was some particularly repugnant form of unnatural vice. But logic after all is nothing more or less than the science and art of thinking. Perhaps that is why it is hated. "Free thought" involves the right to think wrong. That is no mere apothegm: freethinkers themselves use the expression. "Don't ask me to think," says the tired business man, but the freethinker says, "Don't try to direct my thinking. Think right or think wrong, I think." So of course, he wants no logic. What he really advocates is intellectual nihilism.

Hence the "Suicide of Thought" as Chesterton calls it, and "The Flight from Reason," to borrow Arnold Lunn's phrase. Neither of those phrases is an hyperbole, nor is intellectual nihilism too strong a term. It may seem odd to hear Catholics cry "Back to Reason," but it will seem so only to those who don't know Scholasticism. We are the only true rationalists. A reviewer in the London *Spectator* calls Arnold Lunn "an uncompromising rationalist." So was Thomas Aquinas. So was Cardinal Newman. So is every Catholic philosopher and theologian. Nowadays we seem to be all but alone in the defense of **reason.**

Catholic Rationalism

Luther called reason a "prostitute" and strangely enough the French Revolutionists had the same idea of her. Lutheranism has been diluted, purified and sweetened, and so have the principles of the French Revolution. But the taint in the blood remains. The modern man, be he in the intellectual line of the Reformation or of the Revolution, is suspicious of reason. At any moment in the midst of an argument, he will, if convenient, repudiate reason and, as Luther advised, "kick the strumpet out of doors." To a Catholic this is sacrilege. With us reason is sacred, a gift of God which makes us like to God.

I SAY the loather of logic is an intellectual nihilist. He cannot be kept within bounds even by the principle of contradiction. It is of no use to say to him, "But, my dear fellow, what you say to-day is the very opposite of what you said yesterday; in fact you have held two contradictory propositions in this one debate." That doesn't faze him. He makes no apology. Nor does he explain that he has changed his mind.

Elastic Truth

The odd fact is that he hasn't changed his mind. He holds yesterday's opinion alongside to-day's. His mind is equally hospitable to "It is" and "It is not." Hegel's "to be is the same as not to be" has emerged from the metaphysical

world into the world of everyday argument. I remember my amazement a few years ago when in company with another priest, I carried on, foolishly as I see now, a long discussion with a Protestant minister who had adopted, perhaps for the sake of convenience in debate, the *sic-et-non*, yes-and-no, true-for-you-but-not-true-for-me philosophy. He admitted that the Catholic doctrine of the Holy Eucharist was true in St. Thomas's day, but maintained that it is idolatrous to-day. My companion and I, having been brought up on the Scholastic doctrine that truth is truth, yesterday, to-day and forever, could, of course, make no progress with the reverend gentleman. Our natural temptation would have been to call him a slippery fellow. But that would have been an injustice. He simply belonged to a different school of thought. We still held to our schoolboy conviction that when you hit the ball you run to first base. According to his rules, you could run to third if you wished, you could claim a base hit on a foul, and you could change rules at any moment. The foul lines erected yesterday meant nothing to-day. Three strikes was out the last time we played, but to-day three strikes is as good as a three-bagger. Just so with the game of logic. Truth yesterday is error to-day, and *vice versa*.

BACK in 1922, before I had become convinced that "leaders of thought"—save the mark—really believed in the elasticity of truth, I wrote an essay on H. G. Wells, in which I pointed out that the coryphæus of modern thinkers contradicted on page such-and-such what he had said on page so-and-so. I imagined I had registered a palpable hit. Nonsense! I had only proved that I didn't know the mercurial nature of "modern thought." You put your finger on it and it isn't there. It's the old shell game.

Take a more recent instance. Here is a neat bit of logic in a review of Henri Barbusse's *Stalin* by Ernest Sutherland Bates in the New York *Herald Tribune Books* for November 10th.

"Unsatisfactory, from the viewpoint of logic," says Dr. Bates, "are many of the arguments scattered in great profusion through the book. The Bolsheviks, for example, are praised for their policy of 'no compromise' and are also lauded for their 'wise opportunism.' Such opportunism, according to M. Barbusse, consists in sacrificing the present to the future, whereas 'compromise' means sacrificing the future to the present. The antithesis sounds well, but in any concrete instance tells us nothing. Sacrificing the future to the present is precisely the charge brought by the Trotskyists against Stalin. And in any event M. Barbusse's reasoning is wasted effort in terms of his own latter-day philosophy, for, he tells us, the rightness or wrongness of a belief is determined solely by its success.

"'If Trotsky had been right he would have won. In the same way as the Bolsheviks who, at the dawn of the New Era, opposed the Mensheviks, would themselves have been beaten if they had been wrong.'

Wasted Logic

"And in the same way," adds Dr. Bates, "the supporters of the World War must have been right and its opponents wrong. Every war that is fought is right; only the unfought ones are wrong. A strange

philosophy to be reached at the end by the author of *Under Fire!*"

"M. Barbusse's reasoning is wasted effort," says Dr. Bates. Yes, and not only M. Barbusse's, but everybody else's if latter-day philosophy be accepted.

ONE more example of the futility of arguing with the "modern thinker." In the last two issues of THE CATHOLIC WORLD I have been trying to show that the invasion of Ethiopia is unjust and immoral. My argument was based on Catholic ethics. But a friend and colleague of mine has said, "You are wasting your time; ethics or no ethics, if Italy succeeds the world will justify Italy." Of course. Ethics involves logic. No logic, no ethics.

The Nadir of Thought: Do I Exist?

As a matter of fact, the demoralization of reason has gone so far that some of the intellectuals are prepared to deny not only the existence of rules of thought, not only thought itself, but even the existence of a thinker. When we orthodox thinkers try to tell the world that agnosticism is only one step this side of universal skepticism, and that the man who starts by denying the existence of God must — now here comes the hateful word again — *logically* go on to deny his own existence, common sense people, as they call themselves, turn up their nose and say, "This is nothing but popish, or as they more usually say, Jesuitical, sophistry." But we are not talking out of a textbook. We are reporting life. Mr. Haldane, for example, in the present controversy with Mr. Lunn, says, "I am prepared to admit the possibility that I am but a biologically and socially convenient fiction, and that some hundreds of millions of Buddhists are in fact correct in referring to 'the illusion of personal identity.'" Even of the multiplication table, all he can say is that he believes "pretty thoroughly" that twice two are four. Not absolutely, you see, but "pretty thoroughly." He is perhaps surer of twice two than he is of the biological and social fiction J. B. S. Haldane, much surer no doubt than of the existence of Arnold Lunn, but he will not dogmatize even on an arithmetical axiom. Chesterton was right—it's the suicide of thought. And again right when he speaks of "Doubts of the Instrument," the instrument being the thinking mind. Do I say Chesterton? Add Omar Khayyám, "Sans wine, sans song, sans singer." Not only the song may be illusion but the singer of the song. And here you have Oriental apathy, lethargy, the poppy-juice sleep of the intellect, the ultimate in agnosticism.

And Yet We Carry On

WELL then, says the patient reader—patient indeed if he remains to this point—haven't you proved the utter futility of controversy? Yes, indeed, not only of controversy but of every other intellectual occupation. Controversy is foolish if thought is impossible. But with all due respect to Omar and Buddha and Haldane, I remain unconvinced of the futility of thought. I am skeptical of their skepticism. They don't mean it. In their heart of hearts they know they don't. No skeptic — outside the asylum — is skeptical of his personal identity. He may say, "I may be you, and you may be me; or neither you nor I may be you or I; I may have been

you yesterday, you may be me tomorrow, or perhaps it was two other fellows." Cardinal Manning says he will not argue with anyone who doubts his own existence, because "such a one is trifling with me." Trifling rather with himself. Trifling with truth. But the Cardinal went ahead none the less with his *Why I Became a Catholic*, and so does Arnold Lunn go ahead with his logical tilting. He knows, we all know, that these nihilists in the realm of thought are not really nihilists. The poet had sized them up; they "half doubt the substance of their own half doubt."

So we keep pegging away at them, in the hope that they will finally be honest and admit the existence of thought and the validity of reason. It's pretty far back to begin. But we have to do it. We can't begin with the Church, we can't begin with the Bible. We can't even begin with God. We have to begin where Descartes began, *Cogito ergo sum*. "I think, therefore I exist." It seems silly. But we have to take men as we find them. And—now here is the point, and here the justification of Mr. Lunn and of his method—if once we get these people to thinking we will land them in the Catholic Church. A non-thinker may remain unconvinced. But if he once commences to think and keeps on thinking in a straight line, he will think himself to the threshold, the grace of God will give him a push and there he is, inside the Church like Lunn himself.

"The Living Church" Wants to Know

THE LIVING CHURCH, a Milwaukee paper, published in the interests of a section of the Protestant Episcopal Church, commends, sincerely, I should like to think, my editorial of last month on the unjustifiable aggression of Mussolini in Ethiopia. Having adroitly flattered me a bit, the editor proceeds to put me "on the spot." He suggests that I "repudiate the strange doctrine" of Cardinal Schuster, who is reported to have approved the war.

Now, *The Living Church* is an old paper and its editor must have accumulated some experience in regard to press reports emanating from Italy. So I should imagine that in common with all editors he must have learned to be suspicious about news from Rome, or for that matter from Milan, when it concerns the Church or churchmen. It is a commonplace in editorial offices that "the garble sisters," as H. I. Phillips calls them, are at their best when reporting news from the Pope or the Italian cardinals. With garbling goes misreporting. Only the other day, the Associated Press sent word to the whole wide world that the bells of St. Peter's had been rung to summon citizens to the *adunata* ordered by Mussolini. It was untrue. The *Osservatore Romano*, quasi-official Vatican paper, denied it. Whether the denial reached as far as the original report is doubtful. In some thirteen years with THE CATHOLIC WORLD, being obliged to watch these matters rather carefully, I have seen at least a hundred instances of reportorial or editorial blundering in regard to Rome, Italy, the Pope and the cardinals. So has Mr. Morehouse of *The Living Church*, if he is a careful reader as well as an accurate editor.

Therefore, I did not comment upon the account of the sermon of

Cardinal Schuster. I hadn't a complete authentic copy of it. Even yet I have not the text. If Mr. Morehouse has, he enjoys an advantage over me. But until I know what the Cardinal really said, I shall not venture to "repudiate" his "strange doctrine."

HOWEVER, since the brief bits of the sermon, as edited by the Associated Press, seem to say that the war in Ethiopia is justified because it will put an end to slavery and bring the blessings of the Catholic faith to the Ethiopians, I have no hesitancy whatever in saying that neither of those two desirable results, nor both of them together, justify the Italo-Ethiopian war or any other war. A war otherwise unjust is not made just because of good results that may accrue. It is a maxim of Catholic theology that evil may not be done in order that good may come. The end does not justify the means; it would be heresy to say that it does. I think it only fair to assume that the Cardinal Archbishop of Milan knows his theology, not to say the rudimentary principles of Christian ethics. For that reason in particular I was wary of accepting the report of his sermon as it stands in the American papers.

Remember Davy Crockett

It would be foolish and reckless, lacking adequate information, to *surmise* what the Cardinal said in full, and still more hazardous to *guess* what he had in mind, or why he had in mind what he had in mind. Davy Crockett's advice, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," is good for all men, but particularly good for editors, who—God help us—are said to form public opinion.

PRESCINDING altogether from what the Cardinal said, or is alleged to have said, it is good Catholic theology (none better since it is the doctrine of St. Thomas and St. Augustine) that "war should only be declared when every means to prevent it has failed." To suggest that Mussolini took every means possible to prevent this war is, I think in view of the evidence, absurd. He made it quite obvious for months that nothing could interfere with his determination to take Ethiopia. Anyone who credits the dictator with a determination to avoid this war either has not read the evidence or is misguided by nationalistic feeling. It is probably true to say that in the judgment of mankind at large there has not been in modern times a more unjustifiable war than that of Italy against Ethiopia.

Principles, Not Persons

Another one of the conditions for a just war laid down by St. Thomas and St. Augustine is "Gross injustice on the part of one and only one of the contending parties." Suarez amplifies this condition: the State that declares war must have no manner of doubt; the grounds of its rights must be clearer than the day. Mistakes are inexcusable. To declare war is to pass sentence of death, and to do that with a *doubting* conscience is mortal sin.

That, Mr. Morehouse, is my position, and not merely mine but the opinion of the greatest Catholic moralists and theologians. I cannot bring myself to believe that a cardinal archbishop is ignorant of the doctrine of St. Thomas, St. Augustine, Suarez, de Victoria and other masters concerning a just war. But if *per impossibile* any ecclesiastic

disagrees with those source authorities, I shall continue to follow them if I have to "repudiate" him.

Off at Half Cock

ODDLY enough on the same day that *The Living Church* paragraph was pointed out to me, I received a letter enclosing one of those fragmentary newspaper reports of a speech I had given in Augusta, Ga. The reporter had written, "He deplored the spirit of criticism in a time of 'unparalleled crisis.'" Whereupon the letter writer (good heavens, how the pen itches in their fingers) proceeds to a laborious demonstration of the obvious fact that criticism is necessary, that without criticism no evils, political, social or moral would be remedied, and so on, ending with what was meant to be the *coup de grâce*, "Social justice would root out the evils were it more than rhetoric." Such is one sample of the way impetuous readers go off at half cock. Of course I had not made the stupid statement that all criticism was to be deplored. I had talked (God forgive me) for an hour and I had used now and again various adjectives, "unfair," "insincere," "partisan," "sniping" to limit the word "criticism." All these adjectives were omitted from the newspaper account of the speech. The reporter abbreviates, the editor slashes and the result is something asinine. Then the inevitable letter writer pounces on me. This kind of experience annoys a public speaker for about the first one hundred times it happens. Then he gets philosophical about it, shrugs his shoulders and being busy with a dozen other jobs doesn't even find time to explain to the indignant correspondent that the newspaper "done him wrong."

Such sporadic outbursts of indignation are to be expected from hasty and mentally undisciplined persons. But editors of reputable journals, especially Church journals, should be more wary.

CHRISTMAS EVE

By Mary Irene Woodruff

IT is a night of scintillant stars.
In the sparkling, frosty air
The pealing church bells in the distance
Make a slender thread of chiming sound,
Brittle, strident, like the sudden splintering
Of thin and costly glass.
Powdery snow crunches crisply underfoot;
And from the eaves of slanted roofs
The candles of ice are glittering
In the cold and brilliant moonlight.

In the city streets belated shoppers
Shuttle through the crowd;
Arms filled with gay wrapped boxes
Trailing scarlet and silver ribbons
And spilling frothy tissue paper
Like frozen spindrift.
There's a breathless expectancy
In the electric air.
Bubble of laughter, and swirl
Of excited greetings, and good wishes for the Yuletide.

The faithful, following the Star
Across the world,
Are gathering for the Midnight Mass.
Warm, mellow golden light
Pours from the open church
Upon the glistening snow.
The throb of a thousand voices singing
The stately *"Adeste Fideles"*
Rises triumphantly to meet
The cold, indifferent stars.
And there is peace upon the earth;
The simple Peace of Bethlehem.

CHESTERTON AS POET

By Joseph J. Reilly

CHESTERTON has the distinction of being the most versatile and brilliant English writer of our day. He is novelist, biographer, critic, essayist, editor, and poet,[1] and in every field he has left his mark. His audience is enormous, his devotees are legion. Warned by literary history, however, one asks certain questions: Does his versatility presage a lack of lasting distinction in any one field? Does his amazing popularity imply a merely ephemeral appeal? Would it be better for his enduring fame as a poet if like A. E. Housman he confined himself strictly to poetry and within that realm to a handful of brief lyrics? Would his reputation be more secure in the keeping of a little clan of worshipers than in the careless hands of the multitude? Will a man be forgotten whose full-throated melody in the market-place halts the passers-by and sends them on again with a new light in their eyes and a firmer tread? Will a man be remembered whose songs are kept for the few, are sung in a language that only the initiate understand, and are given utterance in some secret penetralia amid exotic odors, dim and curious lights, and sounds subdued to mystery? Who shall say!

The wise men who have pondered over poets and their secrets tell us that what the poet reveals to us is his particular vision of life. It may be a bizarre vision like Poe's or James Thomson's, a vision darkened by evil chance like Hardy's or chill with futility like Housman's, or gorgeous with apocalyptic splendors like Francis Thompson's, or dim with tears of resignation like Christina Rossetti's or, as in Chesterton's case, it may be unlike all these but an arresting vision none the less and to many of us the most satisfying of all.

"The question, *how to live*," says Matthew Arnold, "is the question which most interests every man, and with which, in some way or other, he is perpetually occupied," and he goes on to insist that it is the business of poetry to attempt to answer it. Conceiving of poetry thus Arnold calls it "a criticism of life" a definition to which Saintsbury would prefer "an interpretation of life" and Professor Phelps "an illumination of life." But whatever the defects of Arnold's definition his thought remains clear: poetry to endure must treat of moral ideas, must face the question, *how to live*. Let us now consider how Chesterton's poetry meets that test.

In his buoyancy and explosive energy and in his interest in the world of men Chesterton reminds one of Browning. But what fascinated Browning were the hidden and subtle processes of thought which precede action; what fascinates Chesterton is rather action itself. To say this is not to imply that Chesterton's interests stop there. No contemporary British writer, as a matter of fact, is more vitally concerned with ideas or with the moral qualities which affect them when at length they are translated into action. But in the world as he sees it hostile philosophies cannot always

[1] *The Collected Poems of G. K. Chesterton.* New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

be confined to books or to the polished periods of orators in debate. Sometimes rivalries of opinion grow hot in antagonism and take fire in men's minds until shibboleths become holy things like faith, freedom, justice, patriotism, for which they are willing to cast sloth aside. Chesterton comprehends this as a thinker; he visions it as a poet. Hence in great crises men must not merely weigh and will but *do*, and it is in action, in the collision of opposing forces, even of armies dreadful with banners, that his conception of life is most dramatically, most poetically, most satisfyingly realized.

To him as to Browning and Carlyle inaction is unthinkable; men are not merely contemplative philosophers; they think in order to do; they do greatly only when they possess certain moral qualities, call them virtues, gifts, endowments, as you will. Sustained by these even unheroic men act decently always, gloriously sometimes, and Chesterton is immensely interested in having the world run decently and sometimes gloriously. It is because of his interest in the first that he writes prose; it is because his interest in the second stirs his imagination and his emotions that he writes poetry. It is because his imagination is alert, his emotions responsive, and his convictions vital that Chesterton has won his place as a poet. It is because beneath his ringing verse, his gorgeous color, and his originality of theme and treatment there are moral ideas, an answer to the question *how to live* (to re-invoke Arnold's phrase) that Chesterton has a chance to endure. It is not merely that he is an optimist in a day of pessimism: he goes farther and offers enduring substance. At his worst by preachment, at his best under the conditions required by poetic beauty and poetic truth, he proclaims his conviction that the things by which men live are four elementary virtues—courage, laughter, devotion to truth, and humility. Let us see.

In his longest and most ambitious poem, "The Ballad of the White Horse," Chesterton glorifies courage in ways that belong to the great ballad tradition of England. It was the courtly and elegant Sidney who confessed that "The Hunting of the Cheviot" with its smashing tale of gore and valor "stirred his heart as with a trumpet," and Chesterton's tale of Alfred's triumph over the invading Danes, rich in color, bitter with the scent of blood, sweet with the fragrance of flowers, quiet under the midnight stars, thunderous with the tumult of war, tender with the pity of death, sets even modern pulses galloping and sometimes brings a mist to the eyes.

A throneless king, Alfred secretly summons to his aid his three bravest thanes, Eldred with the "great and foolish heart"; Mark, "a man from Italy," bronzed and lean, with the eyes of a hawk; Colan of Caerleon, a Celt who, true to the madness which God laid upon the Gaels, was "gay when he held the sword" and "sad when he held the harp." When the king's forces foregather Alfred exhorts them with an eloquence which was to live again with Henry V. on the eve of Agincourt. Each king in his great hour is the true democrat, leal brother of his men, fashioned from similar clay, warmed by similar blood, nurtured in the same land, sworn to the same cause.

" 'Up on the old white road, brothers,
Up on the Roman walls!

For this is the night of the drawing of swords,
And the t a i n t e d tower of the heathen hordes
Leans to our hammers, fires and cords,
Leans a little and falls.

" 'Follow the star that lives and leaps,
Follow the sword that sings,
For we go gathering heathen men,
A terrible harvest, ten by ten,
As the wrath of the last red autumn—then
When C h r i s t reaps down the kings.

" 'Follow a light that leaps and spins,
Follow the fire unfurled!
For riseth up against realm and rod,
A thing forgotten, a thing downtrod,
The last lost giant, even God,
Is risen against the world.' "

The progress of the battle joined that day is followed with Homeric attention to the duels of the opposing chiefs and with Chestertonian gusto and magnificence of imagery. Eldred, a n o t h e r Ajax, moves through the press of battle like "the tall white devil of the Plague" or "a m o v i n g locust-tower" darkening "purple and peacock skies" or "like tawny sand-winds tall and dry" blowing death "out of Araby," but at last he is smitten to the heart whereat terror seizes the soldiers. But

" 'Stand like an oak,' cried Marcus,
'Stand like a Roman wall!
Eldred the Good is fallen—
Are you too good to fall?
. . . . . .

" 'The lamps are d y i n g in your homes,
The fruits upon your bough;
Even now your old thatch smoulders, Gurth,
Now is the judgment of the earth,
Now is the death-grip, now!' "

Marcus, for all his eloquence, met his doom,

"Fell in the sea of agony,
And died without a sound."

Alfred and Colan the Celt fight on but are repulsed and separated. Amid the gathering darkness and the clash of arms Colan falls and "the last cry of the Gael" comes dimly across the hill to the ears of the defeated but still battling King. Refusing to despair and while

" . . . a yellow star
Hung over thorn and hill,"

Alfred blew a blast which reached the ears of his flying soldiers,

"And they all abode like statues—
One sitting on the stone,
One half-way through the thorn-hedge tall,
One with a leg across the wall,
And one looked backwards, very small
Far up the road alone."

(That stanza is a perfect instance not only of Chesterton's picture-making power but of his unique skill in suddenly shifting attention from great to little things and leaving the delight of recognition where a lesser poet would have left bewilderment.) The troops, heartened by that gallant blast, re-form about the king and to the consternation of the Danes go cheering up the

road for a last charge. The fate of Christian England hangs in the balance, but Heaven itself sets its benediction on human courage. Suddenly

"The King looked up, and what he saw
Was a great light like death,
For Our Lady stood on the standards rent,
As lonely and as innocent
As when between white walls she went
And the lilies of Nazareth."

Alfred's forces, exalted to superhuman courage by the Vision, perform miracles of valor, the very peasants fight l i k e Paladins, and Christianity triumphs in its great duel with Heathendom. Verily, as the poet sings,

"Life is mean to the mean of heart
and only brave to the brave."

Chesterton loves truth like Newman, he hates its opposite, in all its guises, like Carlyle. Sham, cant, hypocrisy, intellectual posing, pretentiousness, and self-deception — all these draw his attack and show a gift for satire that runs from jovial parody to bitter irony. When he b a n t e r s pseudo-humanitarians, when he deflates that grim cad, Dean Inge, with the question

"Damns he the day whereon his body and soul
Escaped the vigilance of Birth-Control?"

when in "Race-Memory" he chuckles at the pretensions of pseudo-science in verse which loses nothing by its reminiscence of Thomas Hood, he is not wasting time on passing fads and follies but with deeper purpose is satirizing that tendency to shape truth to his own image and likeness to which in every age and in ever-changing fashions man is impelled by his vanity, knavery, or lack of spiritual vision. Thus in "Dolores Replies to Swinburne," the affectation of passion breaks like a spent bubble, and a bit of wisdom as old as Adam peers out from behind the jovial ridicule of the parodist:

"I am sorry, old dear, if I hurt you,
No doubt it is all very nice
With the lilies and languors of virtue
And the raptures and roses of vice.
But the notion impels me to anger,
That vice is all rapture for me,
And if you think virtue is languor
Just try it and see."

Thus when he writes that blandest of satires, "A Ballade of Suicide," he is not only poking fun at *Weltschmerz*, that affectation of our sad young man, but proclaiming a favorite conviction that the world has its fun, its sanities, and its beauty for those who have eyes to see.

Chesterton the satirist is not always bland or jovial and in his serious mood his scorn is bitter. In the typical politician he sees a perpetrator of treacheries against truth who sets Mammon above honor and whose deeds mock the very liberty he professes to serve. Read "Antichrist," whose lash must have made F. E. Smith wince even beneath the thick robes of his Pharisaism; read "Sonnet: With the Compliments of the Season," the intense feeling of whose sestet scalds as with tears; read "In Memoriam P.D." where he pays his respects to "small statesmen" who

"climb and climb, and cannot
sink
So deep as death and honour."

Read "The Dead Hero," where only by invoking the grotesque can he charge his climax with the full measure of his contempt. Read "The Secret People" in which he wonders if the long-silent English masses may not some day match "God's scorn for all men governing."

Lytton Strachey in the "new biography" led a revolt against the custom of suppressing the faults of the distinguished dead and endowing them with imaginary virtues. Chesterton's protest against that same violation of truth was made in one of his most striking and carefully wrought poems, "A Man and His Image," which might be Browning's in conception but in treatment could be Chesterton's alone. It tells of a dead man canonized by universal esteem whose statue, r a i s e d by reverend hands, wins endless pilgrims. One strange night the dead man rose and uttered his protest to the statue:

" 'You make me perfect, public, colourless;
You make my virtues sit at ease
—you lie!
For mine were never easy—lost or saved,
I had a soul—I was. And where am I?

" 'Where is my good? the little real hoard,
The secret tears, the sudden chivalries;
The tragic love, the futile triumph
—where?
Thief, dog, and son of devils—where are these?' "

Wordsworth in noble lines declared that the stars keep to their course because obedient to Duty; Chesterton in "Behind," whose mingled wisdom and *naïveté* recall Blake's "Songs of Innocence and Experience," proclaims that the world goes round because it is ever seeking God. Tennyson, feeling that the flower in the crannied wall held in its mystery the greater mysteries of man and God, betrays the sadness of one whose vision of truth is imperfect and who is halted on the threshold of the sanctuary. But Chesterton feels no such doubt: behind the veil is Truth Itself; confident and content he asks no more.

" 'Elder father, though thine eyes
Shine with hoary mysteries,
Canst thou tell me what in the heart
Of a cowslip blossom lies?

" 'Smaller than all lives that be,
Secret as the deepest sea,
Stands a little house of seeds,
Like an elfin's granary.

" 'Speller of the stones and weeds,
Skilled in Nature's crafts and creeds,
Tell me what is in the heart
Of the smallest of the seeds.'

" 'God Almighty, and with Him
Cherubim and Seraphim,
Filling all eternity—
Adonai Elohim.' "

Laughter, to Chesterton, is unique. It is never the crackling of thorns under the pot but always an explosion of joy. It is joy in a good joke, in the exhilaration of a fight for a great cause, in the sight of moral loveliness, in some revelation of Nature not as destroyer but as the

handmaid of God. It blows across men's souls like a fresh spring wind clearing the moral atmosphere. Genuine laughter is impossible to the mean, the stupid, the mentally warped. It is no casual gift, no secondary virtue, but a cardinal attribute which comes from no source but Divinity itself, the source of all good things.

"I know there can be laughter
On the secret face of God."

To possess it implies the possession of other things—vision, a sense of proportion, some share of the genius "to see life steadily and see it whole" including in "life" that mysterious microcosm, our own selves. In its perfection it bears an intimate relation to courage, love of truth, and humility. The coward cannot laugh for Fear dwells upon his lips; Chestertonian laughter rings out even in the teeth of Death. The desecrator of Truth cannot laugh for the fountain of genuine joy is dry within him. The proud man cannot laugh for he is incapable of laughter's ultimate victory, the power to see the joke on himself. . . . Alfred, Chesterton's ideal hero, has it in perfection. When the good wife whose cakes he lets burn boxes his royal ears he goes hot with fury —as becomes a King, but suddenly bursts into a roar of laughter, as becomes a great man. It was the laughter of one who sees himself as others see him, a wholesome, brave, unaffected outburst, impossible without true humility:

"And the beasts of the earth and the birds looked down,
In a wild solemnity,
On a stranger sight than a sylph or elf,
On one man laughing at himself
Under the greenwood tree."

When Colan, matching his skill against the Danish Harold in battle, bursts into laughter Harold answers in kind—a foeman (the poet implies) worthy of the Gael's prowess. In that ringing poem, "The Last Hero," a man beset by foes whose dull eyes and passionless hearts have never perceived the beauty of life, will oppose their spears and die,

"As merry as the ancient sun and
fighting like the flowers."

He is no creature of mere brawn, this hero; he is a true poet, therefore the possessor of the tetrad of great virtues. He has found life a succession of splendors and without tears or terror but with laughter he will greet the Ultimate Experience:

"To see this fair earth as it is to me
alone was given,
The blow that breaks my brow to-
night shall break the dome of
heaven . . .
One sound shall sunder all the
spears and break the trumpet's
breath:
You never laughed in all your life
as I shall laugh at death."

The eyes of the man who is willing to swing from a gibbet to provide the vultures a feast are "full of lovely mirth"; the skeleton lying among the flowers by the waterside is merry since Death is no tragedy but "the good King's jest"; earth and sun, gazing on a simple faith we are too blind to see, shake with

"An everlasting laughter
Too loud for us to hear,"

and the first rain on the parched Chiltern Hills is like "falling laughter," typifying the joy which the drooping spirit of England needs. The miracle of Christmas has inspired some of Chesterton's most beautiful poems: he pictures it as greeted neither by awed silence nor by ravishing music:

"Hark! Laughter like a lion wakes
To roar to the resounding plain,
And the whole heaven shouts and shakes
For God Himself is born again."

The fourth virtue which sustains Chesterton's world is outlawed by modernity; it has no place in our contemporary "designs for living." To him, however, it is the ultimate virtue, the crown of all; it saves courage from grossness, laughter from mockery, and love of truth from complacence. The lack of it in Shaw, Wells, and Kipling (to name no other "prophets") explains their failure to escape their inherent provincialism. What is this virtue, so essential, so potent? As every Chestertonian knows it is humility.

In "The Ballad of the White Horse," which Chesterton intended to be his poetic *magnum opus*, his four heroes, King Alfred and his Thanes, possess it though in different degrees. In the tense moment before "the high folly of the fight" begins, all but Marcus open their hearts in turn and perform that act of perfect humility—the public confession of their faults. It is the king whose cup is the most bitter to drink, but he makes the mighty *mea culpa* possible only to greatness, for he publicly proclaims no clouded heritage like Colan's, no generous follies like Eldred's but such a secret act of lust and murder as David wrought against Uriah the Hittite.

Kipling in his "Recessional" drew Chesterton's fire for "boasting that he did not boast" and, unwittingly, inspired "A Hymn for the Church Militant" which has caught the stately measure of the Kipling masterpiece and tacitly indicts its arrogance by pleading for humility.

"Great God, that bowest sky and star,
Bow down our towering thoughts to Thee,
And grant us in a faltering war
The firm feet of humility.

"Lord, we that snatch the swords of flame,
Lord, we that cry about Thy car,
We too are weak with pride and shame,
We too are as our foemen are.
. . . . . .
"Cleanse us from ire of creed or class,
The anger of the idle kings;
Sow in our souls, like living grass,
The laughter of all lowly things."

Christmas fills the poet with joy but brings him to his knees for he deems its primary lesson not happiness, peace, nor love, but humility.

"Light Thou Thy censer to Thyself, for all our fires are dim,
Stamp Thou Thine image on our coins, for Cæsar's face grows grim,
And a dumb devil of pride and greed has taken hold of him.

"We bring Thee back great Christendom, churches and towns and towers,
And if our hands are glad, O God, to cast them down like flowers,

'Tis not that they enrich Thy
hands, but they are saved from
ours."

"The Wise Men," with lines marked by Tabb's simplicity and Louise Guiney's tenderness, is an admonition to spiritual and intellectual pride which might well be named a "Ballad of Humility":

"Go humbly . . . it has hailed and
snowed . . .
With voices low and lanterns lit;
So very simple is the road,
That we may stray from it."

"The Song of the Children," reminiscent of Blake in its artlessness, its mood, and the exquisite understatement of its tragedy is a plea to men to become as little children that they may regain the seeing eye and the understanding heart:

"The world is ours till sunset,
Holly and fire and snow;
And the name of our dead brother
Who loved us long ago.
. . . . . .
"He taught [men] laws and watchwords,
To preach and struggle and
pray;
But he taught us deep in the hayfield
The games that the angels
play.

"Had he stayed here for ever,
Their world would be wise as
ours—
And the king be cutting capers,
And the priest be picking
flowers.

"But the dark day came: they gathered:
On their faces we could see
They had taken and slain our
brother,
And hanged him on a tree."

One of the best known and arresting of Chesterton's poems is "The Donkey" where simplicity mingles with the grotesque only to rise in the last stanza to a kind of defiant rapture. Memory stirs within the derided beast and the secret at which he hints invests him with a dignity unperceived before but inalienable now. A mighty virtue is visioned under a form at which the world scoffs—naturally enough, hints the poet, since that virtue is the object of all fools' scorn. "Humility in the guise of an ass!" Yes, but even Humility has its vision, senses the Divine at hand, and shares Its triumph!

"Fools! For I also had my hour;
One far fierce hour and sweet:
There was a shout about my ears,
And palms before my feet."

Love is the most abused emotion in the world, derided by the cynic, debased by the carnal-minded, paraded by the multitude in pride of conquest. With the greater Browning and the lesser Henley love is a passion, possessive with Henley, curiously complacent with Browning, but with Chesterton it is a sentiment before whose beauty and wonder he prays that his soul may be worthy, his heart clean. Love exalts him to brotherhood with the stars; under its spell the world is endowed with a new glory until he cries: "Who am I that this miracle is wrought unto me?"

The most unique of Chesterton's love poems is "A Certain Evening," the finest, "The Praise of Dust" wherein his *"Non sum dignus"* is

deepened by his sense of the loveliness triumphant in one dear face and of the miracle that shaped it from the clay. Thus, he implies, is the last made first, the lowly exalted, the finite mingled with the infinite, Humility lifted to beatitude.

" 'What of vile dust?' the preacher said.
Methought the whole world woke,
The dead stone lived beneath my foot,
And my whole body spoke.
. . . . . .
" 'Come down out of your dusty shrine
The living dust to see,
The flowers that at your sermon's end
Stand blazing silently.
. . . . . .
" 'Pass them all by: till, as you come
Where, at a city's edge,
Under a tree—I know it well—
Under a lattice ledge,

" 'The sunshine falls on one brown head.
You, too, O cold of clay,
Eater of stones, may haply hear
The trumpets of that day.

" 'When God to all his paladins
By His own splendour swore
To make a fairer face than heaven,
Of dust and nothing more.' "

It is significant that Chesterton's three most ambitious poems, "Saint Barbara," "The White Horse," and "Lepanto" are ballads, that they celebrate historic conflicts in which civilization was at stake, and that it triumphs to the honor of his cardinal virtues. There are magnificent lines in "Saint Barbara"; there are parts of "The White Horse" whose beauty and power neither Chesterton nor any other poet of his day has surpassed. But "Saint Barbara" has left more than one Chestertonian dazzled by its rhetoric but at a loss for its meaning, and "The White Horse," despite its emotional sweep, is more superb in parts than as a whole.

But "Lepanto" is perfect. Here Chesterton's vision of life is justified; here the mighty virtues of his world are made glorious anew in the immortal heroism of common men. In "Lepanto" Chesterton has caught the mood of Western Europe after its escape from the menace of Islam. It is a mood in which exultation is sharpened by memories of fear, less of death than of the loss of things more precious than life. It was a fear that drenched Europe in darkness lighted only by the hope that lived in the prayers of an anxious old priest, in the magnetism of a gay and chivalrous boy, and in the courage of men who knew their cause was all the world's. The battle was not to the strong: victory came to the humble old man, the laughing captain, and the hardy seamen by whose arms the crescent was eclipsed and barbarism vanquished. Justice, freedom, civilization itself, had met one of the great challenges of history and emerged victorious. And the heart of the West sang for joy! It is this mood which Chesterton has magically re-created. Even in the lines that sing the power of the Soldan, the potency of Mahound, and the weakness of Christendom, his ballad pulses with victory.

In "Lepanto" Chesterton reveals all his poetic gifts at their best: rhetoric in the high sense in which De Quincey defined it; music almost

as rich as Tennyson's, varied by a chant wherein the tread of marching men lives again; color brilliant and infinite with the splendor of the East. Chesterton ran the danger of overdoing his rhetoric, of raising so loud a pæan that all softer notes would be silenced, of etching his pictures so sharply that relief would be lost. Though for no modern poet these dangers were likelier, in "Lepanto" he miraculously avoids them. The softer note, the skillfully gained relief, are an achievement emotionally and artistically. You see it in

"From evening isles fantastical rings faint the Spanish gun."

In the last three lines but one of

"Dim drums throbbing, in the hills half heard,
Where only on a nameless throne a crownless prince has stirred,
Where, risen from a doubtful seat and half-attainted stall,
The last knight of Europe takes weapons from the wall,
The last and lingering troubadour to whom the bird has sung,
That once went singing southward when all the world was young.
In that enormous silence, tiny and unafraid,
Comes up along a winding road the noise of the Crusade."

In the third and fourth lines of

"King Philip's in his closet with the Fleece about his neck
(*Don John of Austria is armed upon the deck.*)
The walls are hung with velvet that is black and soft as sin,
And little dwarfs creep out of it and little dwarfs creep in."

Still again in the third, fourth, and fifth lines of

"The Pope was in his chapel before day or battle broke,
(*Don John of Austria is hidden in the smoke.*)
The hidden room in a man's house where God sits all the year,
The secret window whence the world looks small and very dear.
He sees as in a mirror on the monstrous twilight sea
The crescent of his cruel ships whose name is mystery."

The crowning instance of Chesterton's artistic repression comes at the last. Had his inspiration faltered, "Lepanto" would have ended with the crashing music of the penultimate stanza. But it soared and he chose a new and softer note and an accompanying thought which at first seems curiously remote from the main theme but actually grows from the very heart of it. Logic is here, the subtle logic of a poet in a great moment. True it is that the fight is over, the battle won, Christendom saved, and God glorified, but when "the tumult and the shouting dies" men will forget the hero who wrought those marvels. Memories wane and perish; it is our emotions that never die. On the day of Lepanto Don John's is a mighty name but for countless to-morrows a mightier will be that of the wounded soldier who fought under his command and when the sun set on victory laid aside his sword for his pen and for the reality of a strange vision. For

"He sees across a weary land a straggling road in Spain
Up which a lean and foolish knight forever rides in vain."

Don John did more than save Western Europe: he made the world safe for Cervantes. He restored him to peace and the leisure to bring his dreams to birth and he made it possible for men unborn to dwell in freedom and to share the kindly and immortal laughter of *Don Quixote*.

Chesterton has his weaknesses. At times his rhetoric sounds hollow and one is inclined to deem him a belated member of the Spasmodic School. Again thought is overwhelmed in words as a child by the golden robes of an emperor. Sometimes his ideas are neither clear nor coherent because (to use his own excuse for Browning) he has set them down hurriedly lest, thronging upon his mind as they do, any should be lost.

But his virtues are essential ones. His detractors call him a medievalist to imply that his interest is solely in the past. As a matter of fact, Chesterton's passionate concern is for the present and it is that which makes him a major literary influence of our time. His interest in the medieval past is that of Arnold's Scholar Gypsy: his ideal is an age when men were robust of mind and body, untouched by decadence, unweakened by divided aims, citizens of a great spiritual republic because inheritors of a common faith made vital by great virtues. Unlike Arnold, Chesterton does not stand between "two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born"; free of the Victorian's doubts he knows his world lives though narrowed in bounds and compassed by foes. Life is warfare, but the poet, unplagued by fear or uncertainty, acclaims it good:

"Lo! blessed are our ears for they have heard;
Yea, blessed are our eyes for they have seen;
Let thunder break on man and beast and bird
And the lightning. It is something to have been."

Chesterton does not believe that the present will be transformed into the past but he is confident that the primary virtues by which men lived then and at their noblest still live are too sacred to be surrendered. Thus he is always the crusader, fighting to keep the holy places from the hands of the destroyers, and singing as he fights.

A DECLARATION OF WORLD CIVIL WAR

By G. M. Godden

"Our agitation and propaganda must be intensified."
—Official Statement, *VII. World Congress of the Communist International. 1935.*

AT the close of the year it is well to review some principal features of the attack during the past twelve months by those Communist and subversive forces against which the Holy Father has called on all "who still believe in God and adore Him" to unite "in one solid and compact line."[1] During 1935 America has had the honor of leading the vanguard of this defending line. The American Government has issued a stern diplomatic protest against the attack on the "internal affairs of the United States," which was formulated in the great event of the year, for the Communist world, the VII. World Congress of the Communist International. This World Congress sat in Moscow, last summer, after an interval of seven years. It is necessary to remember that the supreme importance of these World Congresses lies in the fact that their decisions are binding on all National Communist Parties, in all countries.[2] As sixty-five countries were represented at the recent VII. World Congress the decisions arrived at constitute nothing less than a new world policy of concrete action, — for Communism is always concrete. The defining of this new policy is the outstanding Communist event of 1935. How is this policy reflected in the utterances of the American delegation to the World Congress, one of whom, the well-known Communist leader Earl Browder, occupied the Presidential Chair during the 7th Session? Do these utterances, does the 1935 policy of the Communist International, promulgated last August under the personal guidance of Stalin, formulate such an attack on Christian civilization as will rally every Catholic in America to the support of the action of the American Government in the Notes addressed to Moscow on August 25th and August 31st; to the resolution adopted at the Convention of the American Legion at St. Louis on September 25th asking the United States Government to withdraw its recognition of the Soviet Government; to the acceptance by the American Federation of Labor, published on October 12th, of the invitation of the American Legion to corporate action in fighting "Communism and all subversive influences"?

The VII. World Congress lost no time in defining its policy as regards civil war;—that most terrible of all forms of war, war in which no quarter is given, in which women and children suffer equally with the combatants, war without the Geneva Convention. At the first day of the Congress, in the course of the opening official statement, and in the presence of Stalin, who led the presiding Committee on to the platform "amid thunderous applause," the

[1] Encyclical *Caritate.*

[2] *Program of the Communist International,* pp. 66-69.

declaration was made that "armed insurrection must be prepared in such a way as to be a matter for the entire working class. The majority of the proletariat must be won for it."[3]

Here is a declaration of civil war delivered, with the sanction of Stalin, and the approval of delegates representing sixty-five countries, by the executive body of the Communist International to which all Communists in all countries owe implicit obedience. The German delegate, Comrade Wilhelm Pieck, in his opening address, claimed moreover that there is a growing acceptance of the doctrine of necessary bloodshed. The Workers, he affirmed, "are turning from reformism to revolutionary struggle," that is to "armed insurrection." Comrade Pieck was quite frank as to the part played by the Soviet Government in carrying out this declaration of universal civil war. "The Soviet Union," he announced,—*not* be it noticed the Communist International, but the Soviet Union,—"remains as the basis and the support of the World Revolution"; the Soviet Union makes it possible for the workers to wage "a struggle for power." The slogan of *Soviet Power*, Comrade Pieck affirmed, is gaining adherence from ever widening strata of the Workers; power to be gained by force of arms, for, as Lenin said,—and what Lenin did not know about revolutions is not worth knowing,—"What kind of revolution is that without shooting?" Could there be a clearer declaration of civil war upon the people of America, a war which is to involve the "entire working class"?

The opening session of the World Congress not only pronounced a mandate for universal civil war; appreciation was also duly recorded of the two recent instances of attempted insurrection with bloodshed, in Austria and in Spain:—"We appreciate," said Comrade Pieck, "the fact that both in Austria and in Spain, leaders, under the pressure of the masses, resolved on the armed struggle." Later in the proceedings of the Congress the Communist leader Dimitrov, the new General Secretary of the Communist International, laid down, as a basic principle, the necessity of the "establishment of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat in the form of Soviets,"—Soviets be it remembered already defined, as the organs for preparing and carrying out civil war. And Dimitrov, being a man of concrete Leninist action, added that the only road to success is that of armed revolution:—"*The Proletarian Dictatorship is called to arm the revolution.*"

This, then, is a main plank of the policy to be carried out by the Communist organization in the United States against which Mr. Roosevelt launched his two protests of August 25th and August 29th. It is a policy which was elaborated throughout the sittings of the World Congress. Thus, the world-war implications of the immense strength, and of the attempted air supremacy, of the Soviet Red Army is revealed in the statement that "the task of the Proletarians of the whole world will be to fight together with the Red Army for . . . civil war." And what is described as a "momentous" resolution was passed, on the seventh day of the Congress, the concluding

[3] The extracts from the proceedings of the Congress are taken from two official Communist organs, *The Daily Worker* (July 27th-August 22d) and *International Press Correspondence* (Vol. 15, Nos. 33-53).

paragraph of which demanded that all Sections of the Communist International, including therefore the Communist Party of America, be transformed into "mass parties . . . to secure the conditions necessary for the victory of the Proletarian Revolution." Dictatorship was again the note of the notable speech delivered in commemoration of the fortieth anniversary of the death of Frederick Engels "the great collaborator of Marx." Manuilsky declared that "together with Marx, Engels showed that the class struggle leads to the proletarian dictatorship"; and he emphasized the establishment of the dictatorship of the proletariat as "fundamental and most important in Marxism. Marx and Engels fought all their lives for the creation of such a Party as would lead the proletariat to the conquest of Power, and the proletarian dictatorship." Manuilsky further observed that the Social Democrats "if they wished to know how this dictatorship looks, might look at the Paris Commune." It is not only Social Democrats, but all those who strive to find common ground with Communism who should look at the blood-stained streets, the burning buildings of Paris, during the seventy days of the Paris Commune. Let Catholics especially look at the bodies of the Archbishop of Paris, shot in the prison of La Roquette (as sixty years later Monsignor Bukiewicz was shot by Soviet Power in the Moscow prison of No. 11, Bolshoi Lubyanka); and at the bodies of the Dominican Fathers at Arcueil.

Having directed his hearers to look for their light and leading to the Paris Commune, Manuilsky proceeded to issue an instruction to all those national Communist Parties, throughout the world, that are permitted legal status, including of course the Communist Party of America, to "prepare for possible illegality." This is an instruction likely to become necessary just as soon as such still legal Communist Parties carry out the specific injunction of Lenin, quoted almost in the same breath by Comrade Manuilsky, to create civil war.

It is significant that the close of the speech by the veteran Soviet leader Manuilsky was acclaimed, not only with the singing, by the whole World Congress, of the *"Internationale,"* but also of the *"Carmagnole,"* that satanic song which the men and women of Paris sang in 1793 as they danced round bonfires made with the loot of the desecrated churches. That loot included relics, even the relics of St. Genevieve and St. Louis, missals, chasubles, albs, dalmatics. And this same *"Carmagnole"* was sung again, when the procession of men and girls masked like mummers, wearing sacerdotal vestments, drinking brandy out of chalices, eating mackerel off patens, using stoles for the reins of the mules, laden high with ciboriums, crucifixes, censers, and holy water stoups, invaded the Convention, and demanded permission "to dance the *'Carmagnole'* on the spot." This permission the Convention, that is the administrative body of the French Revolution, not only granted "on the spot," but, as Mercier records, "several members, quitting their curule chairs, took the hands of girls flaunting in priests' vestures, and danced (and sang) the *'Carmagnole'* along with them." Whether sung in Paris in 1793 or in Moscow in 1935 this chant of the enemies of God has but one meaning—war on the Church, war on Christian civilization.

The singers and the dancers of the *"Carmagnole"* in Paris, a hundred and forty years ago, acclaimed a "universal Republic," and were exhorted to acknowledge "one God only, the People." The Communist singers of the *"Carmagnole"* last summer in Moscow acclaimed also Universal Soviet Socialist Republics, administered by the Dictatorships of the Proletariat, dictatorships under which the hideous profanations and massacres of the French and Russian Revolutions would be faithfully repeated. Those Catholics who try to imagine that it is possible for Catholics and Communists to stand on common ground should daily make a mental picture, first, of all that the historic chant of the *"Carmagnole"* represents, and then of the leaders of International Communism singing this same chant of the enemies of God and of the debasers of man, at the World Congress of the Communist International, in Moscow in 1935. It is a mental picture which will help Americans, and especially American Catholics to appreciate, at its true value, the splendid protest of their Government against the ceaseless introduction of Moscow propaganda amongst the people of the United States.

The general review presented by Comrade Pieck to the World Congress of the conditions of Communism in all countries included a claim for America that "the Communist Party of the U. S. A. has commenced to extend its influence rapidly . . . the correct United Front tactics of the Communists have strengthened the Proletariat, and increased the influence of the Communist Party." This commendation was, moreover, linked up with definite instructions for American action:—"The Communist Party of America must grow further, strengthen its position in the Trade Unions, and work more energetically than ever for the creation of a broad mass Party of the Workers and Peasants as a coalition of all the anti-bourgeois organizations of the toiling masses." These instructions be it remembered, are obligatory on every Communist in America.

The concluding session of the World Congress left no doubt as to the intended scope of the operations under discussion, or as to the world leadership of those operations. The veteran revolutionary Manuilsky was again chosen as the chief speaker. Manuilsky declared that the stabilization of the Soviet Union "marks a new stage in the development of the Proletarian World Revolution, and a new epoch in the history of man." In other words, an intensified attack is in preparation on the religions and on the democratic freedom of all countries and all races, an attack starting from the "achievement of the Soviet Union." And how was that "achievement" brought about? By the free action of the peoples of Russia, a democracy of sixty millions of peasants and workers? By no means. Manuilsky proceeded to assert, that this "new epoch," the epoch of Soviet rule had been inaugurated under *"the leadership of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, by the guidance of our greater leader Stalin. It is a new victory for the program, policy, and tactics of the Communist International."*

This official statement identifies, once and for all, the Government of which Stalin is the acknowledged head, with the "program, policy and tactics of the Communist Interna-

tional." This also should be matter for daily meditation by those Catholics who seek for points of unity between the atheist Soviet Power of Communism, and Catholicism. After this indiscretion Comrade Manuilsky proceeded to an almost equally indiscreet emphasis on "the inevitability of revolution" now facing all countries. He declared that the Soviet achievement "is beginning to set all nations in motion"; and issued a call for "a more active policy of the Communist Parties," including of course the American Communist Party, among the workers on the land, the town workers, and the intellectuals. That is a call which covers all sections of the American people.

It is useful to note some of the confirming utterances of the American delegates to this World Congress, persons whose acts and utterances, as the Secretary of State pointed out in his second protest, are under the absolute control, while in Moscow, of the Soviet Government. The American Communist leader, Earl Browder, presided over the Congress on the third day; and acclaimed the "passing over of economic struggles," in America, to "head-on collisions with the State power." Comrade Browder also emphasized the rapidly advancing strike movement in America, claiming that a "mass strike movement" had been achieved in 1933 and 1934; and stated that the "most significant characteristic of this rising strike movement" in America, "has been the tendency towards political objectives." We have seen exactly what manner of political objective is in view for the American people if Comrade Browder and the Communist Party of America succeed in carrying out the policy and tactics laid down, last summer, at this latest World Congress of the Communist International. Another American delegate, Comrade Foster, emphasized the necessity of "organizing strikes," and of mobilizing for a workers' and farmers' Government; in other words for the Communist Dictatorship of the American Proletariat. A third American delegate, Comrade Green, announced a Communist offensive directed against the Youth of America, an announcement confirmed by Comrade Foster:—"under all circumstances we must gain the Youth." Comrade Carruthers reported penetration into the Negro population by the Communist Party of America; and stated that now "five hundred Negro officials are active in the mass organizations." A delegate representing a world-wide Communist organization has claimed that "the progress of organizing American Negroes has made enormous strides." It is interesting to note that a very important Negro Congress was held at the same time as the VII. World Congress.

President Roosevelt has protested against the "flagrant violation" of the promise given by the Soviet Government to abstain from activities which deliberately threaten the social and political life of the American people. It is for American citizens whole-heartedly to support the action of their Government in demanding the rigorous suppression of an organized propaganda aiming at the ultimate destruction of the free democracy of America, and the violent substitution, for that democracy, of a militantly atheist and ruthless Dictatorship of the Proletariat.

ESTUARY

By Garrett O'Driscoll

BREDA ascended the ladder full of usefulness and zeal, the hammer in her right hand and the ladder, so to speak, in her left. For Breda was large and weighed—well, never mind. Suffice it to say that the floor creaked and the ladder moaned a little, as ladders will.

"I think you might hold it for me," she said without looking round, for from her perch the world, at a fascinating angle, had caught her eye. "There's a car out on the road, up the hill there. That professor is chasing those helpless bugs again, for the third time this month. Josephine is on the road. Miles of a garden and she must play on the road."

"Cut out the running commentary. I want to get back to my chair."

"It's not your chair," said Breda. "I've got no nails after all."

"While we're getting them you could give us the weather forecast, couldn't you?"

"Another word," Breda said, "and I shall tumble down straight into your chaste clerical arms."

"High time too," said her brother, "so I can give you that hiding I've itched to give you for the last forty years."

Breda grabbed the curtain-rail and looked down. "Thirty-nine," she said firmly, meeting the familiar, deceptively mild blue eyes behind the *pince-nez*.

"Forty," he said, in his indomitable way, and he gave the ladder a shake, "squeal."

"I will not," Breda said, and she did not.

"Now, now," said Owen's nice bass from the corner of the room, where he smoked and chuckled alternately, "and tut tut."

From her eerie, Breda cast upon her non-Catholic husband an eagle glance. "This is a private fight. Laity versus Clergy. With the laity winning."

"Ça va," said Father Joe, and giving the ladder another little shake, he hastily retreated.

Breda turned to clamber down, but Josephine pirouetting in the roadway caught her eye. "That child of yours, Owen, will do nothing that she's told. And the garden-gate is swinging. Do something about it all."

"She's not my child," her husband said, without a move. "She looks like you and she acts like you. The others now—well, witness their midsummer reports. They're mine all right."

"Like her Uncle Joseph, you mean," Breda flung over her shoulder from the doorway as she went out. She disappeared a moment, and anon they saw her Junoesque form, with its famous loping walk, go up the garden pathway towards the gate.

"Is there," her brother mused, "in all this world of whimsey, one such other?"

Owen took the pipe out of his mouth. "There is not," he said, and put it back.

But he took it out again, almost

at once. For before his eyes he saw Josephine, the hefty seven-year-old, come flying through the air into the garden, like a wisp of thistledown. She landed on the graveled way and screamed, and in that same split s e c o n d, before those two had straightened out of their seats, her scream was mingled with shouts from the roadway, invisible to them where they stood, and with the raucous, infinitely sinister, long-drawn-out shrieking of brakes. It made noises, that yielding, sliding car on the hill, like a beast dying in agony. . . . Poised for flight, they yet looked at one another for a further second, as though to hearten each other with a mutual incredulous glance. "The kid's all right," said the priest, as they ran.

"Probably started the car," Owen gasped.

Before they reached the gate the careening car had been checked and boarded. It was all over. And there coming towards them were two men, one the professor, the other a stranger, bearing between them an improvised litter on which Breda lay . . . from which blood dripped. . . .

"Don't rightly know, sir," said the gardener from the house next door, to the priest. For Owen, wordless, petrified, stood following with his eyes those two men traveling slowly towards the house. "The car slipped off her brakes, like as not. It's a steep hill. And Mrs. O'Dowd —she saved the little one. Quick, she must have been . . . "

He turned, the kindly creature, to the unheeding husband. "I wouldn't say it was much, sir," he told the deaf ears. He turned again to the black-coated brother whom he had seen arrive, that very morning, joyously shepherded from the city. "I seen a good many accidents in my time, what with hopping and skipping. And I wouldn't say it was much."

The mild blue eyes blinked at him from behind the rimless glasses, and it came to him that this one had not been listening either. . . .

If you have not been through one, no words can tell you of this sudden tragedy. If you have, why then, you know it all—the horrid hush; the dumbness; the numbness; the merciful stupors; the straining impotencies . . . somebody hiding hastily the hammer by the window; somebody recovering f u r t i v e l y the dropped shoe by the gate.

* * *

Dawn in Breda's garden.

She was still unconscious, and they had put him out, he had been so useless—a great log jammed edgewise across the turgid stream of their activities. Sitting in a lupine-scented corner, he picked out with his eyes the dim outlines of Breda's flowers; the Tom Thumbs in the rockery, the tall pale pillars of the delphiniums, the luminous circles of the marguerites. Nearer, the clustering circles of the rambler roses spangled the dusk with their shirred splendors. "Flowers have light," Owen thought, "I never noticed that before." And then after a moment he qualified his little statement—"While they're alive." He sat very still, his mind, not quite satisfied, still running on the theme. "All living things have light," he added, after awhile, "perhaps Light is Life." He had an inner sense of stumbling very near to something—Something—when he thought that. But the sense died away again.

It was very still in the garden, even the sudden whir of tiny wings did not disturb that occult stillness.

The wings brushed down across the grass, and passed. "A sign of rain," the man said. Suppose B r e d a should never see rain again. . . . Suppose that the last time she had run in from a shower she had run forever and ever from that familiar dew. . . .

There was a fence beyond the road, parallel with Breda's garden wall. Beyond the fence a line of lindens etched their tender silhouettes against the brightening sky—lindens, that even in deep summer, never thicken so they hide the sky. Seventeen years ago Breda had married his lindens. She had said so.

Susan, her elder sister, had not relished that. Married "well" in the fashionable world, Susan had done her best to wed the willful Breda to it also. Susan was a worldling, but Breda was a wildling. . . . Nineteen years ago he had met her, had come upon her just out there on the stretch of road between wall and fence . . . a young woman, evidently not of his world, sitting, blinking up at him, in the warm summer dust. And, "Good gracious," he had asked her, "what has happened?" And, rising with his help (for she had been even then nobly proportioned) she had told him. "I took the fence, Imelda," indicating with her crop a maroon-colored mare which stood regarding them with a surprised expression, "Imelda didn't."

And having taken the fence, she had stayed on his side of it, trampling upon wisdom, scorning sense. For two years they had all argued with her (sometimes he included), for she was an heiress, he a man of the fields. Then, coming of age, she had taken the law into her hands—had come to him loving him, he had never understood why, not having seen, as Breda had, his kind face looking down at her, and his wise weathered eyes.

Father Joe, h a v i n g "vetted" Owen, had promptly sided with the wildling. And Susan had boycotted the plebeian wedding and forever washed her fashionable hands of them all.

Well, it was past, lived only in his memory. Up there lying on her bed Breda had forgotten him, forgotten them all. At any moment now—he had to face it—one of them from that room up there might come out here, picking his steps across the peaceful garden ways, to tell him that she . . . that she . . .

What was the meaning of it all? The sun rises and sets. Only life sets without rising. For that there was no rising again he was quite sure, quite sure. Father Joe and he had gone over it and over it through t h e i r friendship's many years. The priest believed, but he couldn't prove what he believed. Owen in turn could not prove his disbelief. But he envied his friend his faith; his ability to stretch out, as it were, and grasp with his substantial hands loving, diaphanous, fingers that reached to him out of the formless, timeless, spaces of the soul-world.

All faith hinged upon that. Or, at least, for Owen all faith hinged upon it. No more he could say, since every man's problem is distinct, is unique. Certainly, if there were a life beyond the grave in which spiritual individuality was retained, then the unexplained but undeniable existent mystery of individuality had arisen out of the primal, even greater, mystery of creation not in vain; then indeed there would be meaning in that which so puzzled him with its pathetic meaninglessness—that wait between trains which is Life.

Why it would make worth while all those sad things—pain, and partings, sorrow and strife and death.

The lindens touched one another gently in the first wind of dawn. Breda—what peace she had woven around them, the stormy one, stone by rockery stone, as it were . . . around him and those masterpieces of hers, Mona and Patrick and Eimar and Josephine.

Owen's numbness turned to tenseness, to rigidity. For there were footsteps in the garden, footsteps seeking him. And his brother-in-law's voice called softly, "Owen, where are you? . . . Owen, old man. . . ."

For a second or two he did not answer—could not. What did they want with him? Surely it could not be that that same stretch of road that had seen—had caused—their meeting, had also caused her—her—

"No," he said aloud, suddenly and clearly, his voice ringing like a cry of panic through that still sweet place, "No, no, no!"

The black-clad figure, with the collar like a bar of light, came swiftly towards him. "Easy on, old man. Steady up there, boy. She's conscious, and she's wanting you."

At first her consciousness was fitful—a ray that came and went. To Owen it was tragically simple; for a while she was Breda, that was when the ray shone. Then she was not, that was when it passed. . . . And he would sit beside her, wordless, stricken, waiting for her to come back, to be Breda again.

The priest, blessed with his spiritual resources, missed for the first time in their long years of intimacy, contact with his friend. Even less than he could bear to see his sister so helpless and so still could he bear to see his friend so walled away behind his growing despair. They tried to get him away, once or twice, he and the doctor and the kind old nurse, but it was useless, nor could they push persuasion far enough. . . . He had an ally in their grieving hearts, and knew it.

Unfortunately for himself, Owen was not one of those whose reason led to revelation. He was, as much as any other, a thinking man, but his mind, untended, untrained, had grown a little rank. In the Great War he had lost an only brother, much beloved, who had arranged with him to send a message, to "get through" somehow when he died. Owen, hope dying a slow and painful death, had experimented with pad and pencil for over a year. But it had been the now oft-told story of the blank page. So Owen had joined—in this strange world of tangibles where the intangibles have such growing significance—that forlorn minority who feel only with hands, who see only with eyes.

And so it was that he sat now, through the lengthening hours, by Breda's bed, wordless, stricken, unresilient, aloof . . . a poor exile from that garden of all souls, where comfort grows, a heavenly fruit, on invisible trees; and where the poor human, panting, scorched, may kneel awhile to be fanned by angels' wings.

"Owen." It was the patient's voice. The night-nurse lifted her head from her book and her mind came back from Capri with a jerk. She rose to call the husband, who was sleeping, all clad, in a nearby room, when she saw him standing inside the door of this one. He did not move towards the bed at first but stood there, immobile, incredu-

lous, and his eyes, fire-filled in an ashen face, filled her with a vague alarm. It turned instantly to a sort of indignation.

"I'm going for her brother," she told Owen, and on her way along the passage fumed a little inwardly. "These folk with no religion—there's something queer about all of them. No stamina in a crisis."

"Breda," Owen said. He bent down awkwardly, not daring to touch even her hair, so frail the great Breda seemed now. "How goes it?"

"Fast," she said surprisingly, looking up at him with her sane eyes, "faster than any river I ever saw." She saw something in his face and closed her eyes—and straightway forgot that interruption. "Oh, Owen, I've been a river. For how long?"

"Some hours," he told her desperately. "Not many."

"I wasn't on the river, Owen. I was it."

"I know." He thought her delirious. "We'll go into all that later. Don't talk just yet. Gently does it."

"You think I'm raving," she said, shattering him. "I'm not."

She closed her eyes and he sat down, and there ran through his mind all those sayings which float around the world about low vitality and death coming oftenest in the small still hours. He looked at the clock. It was just 4 A. M. It was with relief that he saw his brother-in-law come into the room.

"More than hours," Breda was saying to him, with her eyes closed, "you can't put that over, Owen. . . . I've been a river for a long, long time. I come out of it, of course. I'm out of it now. . . . But every time I go back I'm further on—much further on. . . . I, the river."

Owen lifted his head and looked at his friend, who swiftly raised a finger to his lips.

"*You* don't think I'm raving, Joe," said the patient with quiet conviction. "You see, though it never was quite definite before, that river was always—always—" She opened her eyes and searched the walls, the ceiling for her word, but failed to find it.

"I know," her brother said. But he did not use the soothing tone that Owen had used. He knew better.

"You mustn't tire yourself," the nurse put in, briskly, taking the patient's wrist. "I'm going to telephone Doctor McGowan now."

Breda sighed. "I'm not tired, nurse. Let me talk. There is going to be so much time to be silent. I want to explain. . . . That river—it's been me always, flowing always. I knew of it, and yet I didn't think, didn't know I knew." She was silent, and while they waited, her face turned into the pillow and she slept.

"It seems quite a healthy sleep," the nurse said, gently shooing them downstairs. There was a gas fire in a little room, and in it they waited until the doctor should come. Owen was excited now, elated.

"Why," he said, "she's herself, her very self. So interested in her absurd, obscure reactions. Always was. That's Breda."

The priest lighted a cigarette from the glowing end of the smoked one, and in the little glow the other saw how, in the last few dreadful days, the lines from nose to mouth had deepened.

"God is good, Owen. She's not in pain."

"But don't you think—don't you agree—"

"Owen, suppose—just . . ."

"I won't," the other said, "I won't! She's herself."

"But suppose that—what she said about being each time 'further on'—you remember it?"

"She was delirious," Owen said positively. "Half in and half out of delirium all the time. Couldn't you understand?"

"Yes. I think perhaps I . . . did understand." He saw his friend's face jerk upward, and turning saw that the doctor stood, beckoning to them, just inside the door.

"Come," he said. He put a hand on Owen's arm. "This—this—you'll have to go through with this—" his voice trailed off, for these who looked at him were old and valued friends.

"It's come," Owen said woodenly. "So it's come."

"She's calm and conscious. She's a wonderful person. But—her life's just flowing away."

But it was not to be so simple as all that. For not for seventeen hours—seventeen hours of struggles and sweatings, of paroxysms and exhaustions—did Breda find peace at last.

"That," O w e n said tonelessly, looking at his locked and idle hands, a week later, "is what I cannot forgive, Joe."

The priest, wan-faced and grief-worn had nevertheless, for his friend's sake, sought and obtained an extension of his tragic holiday. He sat on the other side of the hearth and played for time. Because Owen was loosening up at last, and the wrong word might send him back into his exile.

"There's so much we none of us can fathom," he said, trying to look wise, and thanking God for the stock phrases.

"Dare say," the other answered listlessly.

The priest smoked, as he had smoked endlessly all the time. From his chair, looking beyond that great window before which Breda's ladder had, so lately, stood, he could see the gardener pottering about. Presently the man connected a hose to the tap and sprayed the lawn. "That makes me thirsty," he said aloud. But the other made no answer, and the gardener disconnected the hose and walked away, leaving the tap running — leaving a ribbon of clear water, two feet long, between the tap and the trough below it. The water ran smoothly through its little share of space, but in the trough it was troubled.

He threw a half-smoked cigarette away. "I'm burned," he said, "and my tongue is ashes. Owen, we need a breath of clean air. We aren't used to this, it's demoralizing. Will you come for a turn over the fields?"

Owen got up without speaking and followed him out like an obedient child. The water had been turned off, and the little trough was empty. But in the priest's mind it still ran—and still the trough was troubled. "So am I," he thought. "There's something evading me." Then, quite suddenly, he had it.

"What couldn't you forgive?" he asked of his brother-in-law.

"The seventeen hours," Owen answered, without preamble. "Those seventeen hellish hours." He stood, and on the smooth bark of a sapling fastened his sad, blind eyes.

"Seventeen hours of estuary," the priest said. "Do you hear me, Owen? Do you see what I mean?"

"I hear you, Joe." But he was listless still, not really listening, for his ears were bent inward, and he heard only his memories.

"Owen, come with me." He swung him by an elbow from his

path and brought him down again to Breda's garden. "Look," he said, and the water ran again—two feet of smooth and sparkling ribbon—into the troubled trough. "Do you see, Owen? We are like that—or rather, life is. It's a river, so to speak, and had it only to run through space, through nothingness, death would be smooth as that. But it meets something, Owen—that's the trouble, and so death isn't just a—a flowing-away. It's an estuary."

It was a thought.

Indeed it was a thought.

Owen d r o p p e d down on the spreading roots of an old tree, and leaned the back of his head against its bole. He could see the summer grasses dancing, he had often, often thought, to music which he was too gross to hear; dancing all independently, yet with not a spur out of time. Near him a vagrant Red Admiral butterfly, strayed from his proper month, rested with spread out wings, and before him the meadow was alive with butterflies, the whites and the tortoiseshells and the lovely lazy peacocks, all drugged with sun. . . . And even Owen saw it was good.

. . . Seventeen hours of estuary; of intermingling; of poignant effort and counter-effort b e t w e e n two lives. Had it been so?

But why poignant? Why the pain—the suffering?

Owen closed his eyes, for the memory of Breda's agonies, of his own terrible impotence came back to him, surged through, a reflex agony, dabbling him with an icy sweat, though the wind blew tepid, and the sun beat warm. "But I do not feel," he thought, even in that moment. "This surges through me, like a tide. And my flesh faints, but does not *feel*." He went over that again, still with his eyes shut, in order to make sure. It was so. What then was the tide that had surged? It was not of the body.

What, then, is pain—real pain, like the pain of parting from life? Who can say, for who that has known it uses words?

"If my finger h u r t s," O w e n thought, "consciousness centers in that finger, is sharpened because of it, and in it. Consciousness diminishes elsewhere relatively, temporarily." He went over that, looking gravely across the glowing meadow. "I think so."

A bird darted from the branches above him, took fright in mid-air on seeing him, and swept with a whirring of wings, a noise of rushing air, back to his perch above. "Imagine then," Owen went on to himself, "pain—the parting pain—so great that consciousness centers completely, finally, around it; leaving its original seat, the body, almost tenuous and quite forgotten for its duration. . . . Why, the consciousness is the life. Are not we greater than the brutes because our consciousness is greater than theirs? . . . And if, after ever-lengthening periods of this bodily attenuation the body becomes indeed forgotten, left behind, worn out with the death-agony or the death-ecstasy, shall we not be greater as our newly-unencumbered consciousness is freer, purer?"

A leaf on a hawthorne tree nearby was spinning round and round in a little by-wind. Owen looked at it, not aware that he was looking. Yet years afterwards he could see that little leaf.

Consciousness. Awareness. Trees had less than the brutes; the brutes than we; we than ourselves unen-

cumbered, unweighted, uncloyed, unthickened . . .

"It grades up," Owen said. He sat up straight. "Up and up." A sort of slow excitement grew in him. There was a quivering in his thighs. "Forever!" He became, without warning, clairaudient as it were, clairvoyant. All the great noises, all the little sounds, of Living, he seemed to hear. They p a s s e d through him, yet not as sound-waves, but as soul-waves. And he saw with a blinding clarity the dependence, the utter reliance, of all those rising grades of consciousness upon that Consciousness which encircles them all. . . . Circles within a circle. . . . "Yet not a circle," Owen said aloud, and did not know it, his puny voice was so lost in that sea of mystical sounds, "not merely a circle." No. It was much more, that all-pervading, all-embracing Awareness. It was a Sphere, for it not only surrounds, it covers and envelops.

All-surrounding . . . All-penetrating . . . All-enveloping . . . All-perceiving.

"How blind," Owen breathed. "How blind. How blind."

He looked upward. The bird was there. Beyond, the little wind still spun the leaf. And he saw that this vast Consciousness was alive. "It must be. For I live and that bird lives." He clutched in each hand the grass and lifted himself onto his knees. His thighs still quivered, and all through his body there ran little pricking currents. "Why," Owen said, "it's God!" He said it very quietly, but far within himself he heard a clamor.

He saw the insect take its life from Him. He saw the myriad worlds, all greater than ours, which all take life from Him. He heard the stream of liquid fire that we call life humming through the myriad blood vessels of all Time. . . . To draw, from this great Awareness, his own awareness; to have about one all this palpitating life—palpitating proof!—and to remain a clod, a lump of lead, eye-thickened and ear-stopped, as he had remained!

"It's God," Owen said again, "and He's alive." He touched his forehead to the earth, and felt the universal life-surge u n d e r his flesh. "And Breda — *Breda is alive in Him.*"

He walked home slowly, taking the path that would b r i n g him through the wood at the back of the garden, standing when at last he saw the gable-end of the house. That house was empty of her, but she was there, for he had That in his heart which she had given him—Faith; the new, the sudden, the singing, the shining Faith of the convert by Revelation.

Revelation: not by lightning-flash down from the c l o u d s, but up through God's good earth. Revelation: bought for him with agony of her beloved flesh; paid for by him in humanity's most deep, most lasting sorrow—the sorrow of bereavement.

From a long way off his friend saw him coming. The priest closed his breviary and placed it gently on a window-sill, and waited. For this was Owen, and yet it was not Owen. He retreated precipitately to his chair in the dining-room, and there Owen came and stood before him, wagging a forefinger in the direction whence he had come, like one who seeks words and cannot at first find them. Then, "I've deduced God," Owen surprisingly said. He looked

downward with a sort of bashful triumph, as though he expected incredulity, and were ready to attest. But the mild eyes merely blinked at him from behind the familiar lenses, and he sat down. "Joe, up there in the fields I became a p-precipient. I! I saw Life, like circles, concentric circles, i n s i d e God. Oh, it sounds crazy. I can't explain it."

"You're d o i n g very well. Go ahead."

"And I heard too. It's as though I heard a scale. You know, the sort of scale the children sing. Life was the scale. And we are notes. It's like deducing all the other notes from the few you hear. . . . I'm a note, and below me there are others, and immediately above me there are notes too. If you can't run the scale up to the top, given all that, why then, you're a fool, Joe. The sort of fool I have been. God is the Top Note."

"And the Bottom Note."

"That's it," Owen said, with his mild excitement. "You know. It's all inside Him." He stopped, almost sheepishly, and there were those mild eyes blinking still. . . . "Why, of course, of course," Owen said, "you knew it—all the time."

And it c a m e to him then that Breda, too, had known it. He had called it Consciousness, these others called it Soul.

Breda, realizing the rushing, the fluidal passing of her real and invisible self, of her consciousness, her soul-matter, had likened herself to a river. Thus are we not?—tributaries rising in the Eternal Hills and flowing inevitably, inexorably, to the Eternal Sea.

PREPARATION

By Maurice V. Reidy

O COLD East Wind! remember Those who pass,
Breathe gently on the pathway to my door;
Bright Moon! shine out and show the winding way
To the snug corner of my cabin floor.

The Christmas candle's in the window nook,
The turf fire on the hearth is glowing still;
O little road! be kind to Joseph's feet,
And ease his weary journey down the hill.

There's food and drink in plenty on the shelf,
A bag of wool upon the clean mud floor;
Fresh rushes on the ground for Mary's feet,
And there's no latch upon my cabin door.

THE CHURCH IN GERMANY

Kulturkampf or Persecution?

By Adolf Schückelgruber

GERMAN Catholics visiting America very often notice that their position at home is misunderstood. They are often asked how long Hitler will go on, and why Catholics do not fight more for their faith or try to get peace at reasonable terms from the present lord of Germany. The puzzle is, how can the wonderfully organized and powerful Church in Germany succumb to a man like Hitler, if even a man like Bismarck lost the Kulturkampf? An American lady in Berlin expressed her impressions drastically: "Germans are weaklings and cowards. Even during the War, though we were fed up with reports of atrocities we used to have a secret respect for the nation that braved the world for more than four years. But the present spectacle fills us with contempt." So, let us see if we can make some satisfactory explanation to that lady and to other Americans.

The Kulturkampf of Bismarck was really what its name indicates: a struggle between two cultures—Prussian Protestantism (and liberalism) against organized Catholicism. There was an open arena, and there were spectators. Bismarck hit very hard blows at the Church. He imprisoned bishops and priests, closed schools and exiled religious orders. He confiscated Church property and suspended payment of ecclesiastical revenues. He even closed churches and seminaries. Many priests had to leave Germany and take refuge in foreign countries. This was all made possible by laws carried through the Reichstag against justice and equity by a majority hostile to Rome. It was accompanied by a literary and press campaign of calumny and falsification.

Bismarck failed. The Catholics were more united after this struggle than they had ever been before. Their party, the *Centrum*, grew with every election. In the Reichstag, fearless men like Windthorst, Reichensberger and Mallinckrodt openly denounced the government as unjust. The Catholic press had its best days and its best writers. Bismarck saw the light and made an honorable peace. He had underestimated the strength and the unity of his fellow-countrymen. Justice clamored in public places crying out to all honest people what was right and what was wrong. The press and the public still were free. So the liberal "bourgeois" government had to acknowledge her own principles of liberalism and give all citizens equal rights, although the defamation of Catholics lasted until the end of the World War.

It had been an open fight, not always honest and fair on Bismarck's side, but brutality was conquered by cleverness and justice.

The present situation is entirely different. It is hardly possible to compare the present state of the Church in Germany to the times of

the old Kulturkampf; the Church is no longer the same as of old as regards its human elements. Hitler is no Bismarck either for good or for bad. It is no liberal or bourgeois government which rules over Germany. The economical system is vastly different from that of the eighties of the nineteenth century and compared with the aims of the new rulers, Bismarck's worst efforts were but pinpricks.

In order to make this quite clear we must review the development of the present struggle.

Many people have evolved the idea of a Hitler who is a weak man entirely at the mercy of evil counselors. This is nonsense, Hitler with all his weaknesses and faults inspires absolute loyalty. He is a master in the art of employing other people's capacities and defects. There is no vice and no crime which he could not use while himself remaining apparently aloof from the frailties which he tolerates in his servants and in the mob. He is a master liar of this century, mistakenly supposed to be the one honest fellow in the band of crooks. He is not bound by his promises. He has an immense contempt for the masses and even for the character of his best friends. He has no faith, except in a god who serves his ambitions and who seems to be materialized in "Eternal Germany." He is of an hysterical temperament, exceedingly sensitive. He apparently never smokes, drinks, or indulges in any other vice. He affects a perfect simplicity in his exterior and his inclinations—powerful means of dominating men who are slaves to their desires. Often his famulus Goebbels is said to be his bad spirit and the most satanic of all. But this little red creature of hell is really far surpassed by his quiet and strong master, the divine Adolf. Goebbels is Hitler's agent when hard work is to be done, and Goering, when there is bloody or dirty business to be attended to. Rosenberg is his preceptor in the knowledge of the Nazi *Weltanschauung*.

Hitler has two aims: first, the economical and political liberation of Germany at any cost but with the least effort,—if possible without war; and second, the complete "unification" of the German nation in economics, thought, belief, ideals and politics. According to him Germany lost the last war through lack of unity, and this has been the reason of all shortcomings in German history since the days of the migration of peoples. Therefore he wants to crush every shade of difference between Germans and Germans. There shall be no difference in creed, conviction, "culture," or anything else. If Catholicism could unify Germany without being too much inclined to look towards Rome, he would not object to making Germany a Catholic country. But he knows that four centuries of hatred have alienated half the German people from Rome, and he is afraid of the supra-national spirit of the religion of Christ as Rome teaches it. If Protestantism could unify Germany and the German people within and without the present borders, he would have no objection to it. He gave it a chance, but Mueller failed, and out of this failure came a new Protestantism which looked much more Roman than it has since Luther. The "German Christians" on the other hand have no dogma and are nothing but sentimentalists who are ashamed to give up Christ for a race god but try to make Christ more

"German." Their compromise will fail too.

Catholicism has been crippled by the suicide of the *Centrum*, and, to tell the truth, hampered by the Concordat (now a one-sided contract binding only the Church as a believer in the s a n c t i t y of the plighted word), and weakened by the growing anti-Catholic persecution. Scandal trials of all sorts help to alienate the y o u t h and others already in doubt. "Political Catholicism" is an ever convenient and effective accusation. All in all Catholicism has become a negligible quantity in the Third Reich.

Protestantism is made ridiculous through what the Nazis call *"Pastorengezaenk":* the inner struggle between orthodox and liberal pastors, minimized as quarrels of the fanatical and the ambitious. Those who remain loyal to the faith of their fathers will soon be herded in a reservation to starve and die.

Hitler is more clever than the red Bolsheviks. He knows that men will always n e e d something to adore. After the failure of the two Confessions—which he s o l e m n l y proclaimed at the conclusion of the Nuremberg party convention of 1935—he resigned himself with "manly courage" to await a supernatural religion able to create one uniform mass. Like Mohammed he declares a new religion and makes himself its Savior and Prophet.

This new religion is thoroughly secularized: "God" is Germany, the eternal and superior race. T h i s Deity has approved of the new revelation through a visible blessing on all that Hitler has undertaken, especially in his wonderful, nay miraculous accession to supreme power. "God is with us," says Hitler, and a thousand voices throughout Germany repeat "and he has helped us." "My prophecies have always come true," he trumpets on another occasion. "Communists, Socialists, Catholics and Steelhelmets have all been smashed to p i e c e s after failure. Where are their Gods?" It is the old cry of the Saxons who submitted to C h r i s t, because He overthrew their heathen gods. It is the Jewish philosophy which looks on success and wealth as proofs of election. Germany is God, God is Germany, Hitler is prophet. All German history before Hitler has been a blind errand and a sad dream; the light has come through him.

Is there any doubt that there is no more place for Christ in Germany than in Islam? True, "revelation" comes out of the pure German blood, and out of the soil and weeds of this sacred country. To serve Germany in any sort of work, to help the co-nationals wherever they are and to worship the spirit of the nation in art, politics and home-life: that is the *"Artgemaebe"*—the religion, the German national character. Everyone can see the secularization, proper to the liberalism, the bourgeois attitude, the rationalism and utilitarianism of this creed. There is no personal immortality; only the nation is immortal. There is no fixed law, but a law created continuously by the needs and well-being of the community and administered according to the spirit of German national feeling.

This conglomeration of bits of Nietzsche, Wagner, eighteenth-century enlightenment, "petit bourgeois" philosophy and cheap common-sense maxims is nothing but a product of the poor education of the new prophets. But they believe in it with the fanaticism of the half-educated and instill it into an ignorant

youth. At first Germans laughed at this crude philosophy, but the laughter has since frozen on many lips, and we have learned to see that the fanatics mean what they say and intend to enforce this system on all Germans. And the citizens are half convinced and find some truth in it. Is it not wonderful to have a moral code which says: "Right is what suits the German people"? It is not now as it was when Germany was Christian and conscience fought against a vicious political theory. Now there is no absolute morality. All is relative except the German Nation which is held to be Supreme Reality.

This has been proclaimed by Hitler and his friends year after year. At first it seemed so ridiculous that only fools took him seriously. Then the bishops got news that Youth adhered to these formulæ. They then looked on it more seriously and forbade Catholics to join Nazi organizations. Hitler became Chancellor, and Catholics through this mere fact were divided in two: one half took the old Hitler seriously and warned the others not to believe. They were the sane minority headed by Bruening, Bishop Bares, Cardinal Bertram and the rank and file of the clergy. The other half were those Catholics who are always inclined to an unreasonable optimism and to opportunism. They were not all alike. Some were honest and some only suspicious. Many were ambitious, vile and venal. There was Herr von Papen, who successively betrayed Bruening, the *Centrum*, Monsignor Kaas, Schleicher, the Holy Father and, at last, Hitler himself. It is not clear if he is convinced of anything but his own ambition. Of Monsignor Kaas people say that he has seen too late that he also was duped. There are the two bishops, Groeber and Berning, who meant well and thought they could t a m e Hitler. They were constantly lingering between doubt and belief in Hitler's honesty until they found out too late that their indecision had spoiled the situation forever.

The theory that Hitler's demagogic slogans of the fourteen years of struggle were only propaganda and the result of the psychological effect of his stay in prison at Landsberg is now dying out. It has become clear even to the most optimistic that they have been cruelly deceived. It is not Hitler's program that has been altered, it is only the tactics that have changed. He is now strong enough to return to his first plan, and he is coldly resolved to carry it through at any cost. This is formidable: because there is hardly a man on earth who can wait as patiently and who returns so uncompromisingly to his aims. If it seems sometimes that he has given up some idea as utopian, one can be sure he will take it up again when he feels strong enough to do so.

It is the tragic blunder of the majority of the German hierarchy and those who controlled the *Centrum* in its last days that they misunderstood Hitler entirely and were only too ready to believe what they wished to believe. They hoped to tame him, as they boasted they had tamed Bismarck, and they underrated the violence of the revolution of 1918-23. They forgot that their shrewdness and cleverness were quite good with equals but could not avail with a man whose political capacities were far beyond anyone of them except Bruening, whom he surpassed only by his absolute unreliability and lack of moral standards.

These men, who were ridiculed by their own followers, misinformed the Holy See and, with the help of the Berlin Nuncio forced the Holy Father to make a treaty with a man whose honesty had been doubted for fourteen years. Some of them even withheld the truth from Rome, or tried to do so when it became evident that the Concordat was nothing but a means to kill what little still survived of the *Centrum*. There were men who were proud to be free from the intermediation of Catholic politicians and able to negotiate directly with Berlin. They have since been so often and bitterly humiliated in the anti-chambers of party functionaries and lieutenants that they have expiated their sins and suffered for their blunders.

When the *Centrum* committed suicide in the last Reichstag it was the beginning of a slow but inexorable process of annihilation of the Church as a public power. Through the Concordat the death of the political representation of the German Church was sanctioned and legalized. When Rosenberg was made cultural dictator of the intellectual life of the nation it should have become clear that he wanted to seize the heritage of religion and use the spoils for his new structure. The Catholic press was gradually starved, strangled or made ridiculous. Catholic editors were forced to publish articles in contradiction of their own principles. The sterilization law showed the firm will of the new State to do what it liked and to ignore opposition.

When the Saar plebiscite was imminent the old tactics of 1933 were again tried: and again the Catholics were deceived and the bishops all unwittingly played into the hands of the enemies of the Church. They were allowed to interfere in politics by influencing the vote — though half a year later their word against sterilization was denounced as "political Catholicism" by the supreme leader of the party.

The people have always had a strong realization of the impossible situation of their Church leaders, but the sane minority who took Hitler seriously and knew that he was a shrewd and able politician could not convince the majority till the last Fulda Conference of the German bishops. They at last said what the faithful had long felt, but, alas, too late!

It cannot be denied that there was a strong revival of religious feeling in Catholic and Protestant circles after the Revolution. Never have preachers seen such vast congregations in their churches, and never have pilgrimages and processions been attended by such crowds. This has even aroused the suspicion of Goering so that he has given secret orders to his *Gestapo* (the German equivalent of Checa or OGPU) not to allow multiplied pilgrimages and religious demonstrations as they seemed to camouflage political aspirations. It may be true that much of this fervor is focused by the general *malaise*. There can be no doubt that the Nazis have aroused religious energy in many people who belonged for many years to the Church dormant. But we must not deceive ourselves. After all it is the generation of those who were brought up in Catholic schools and great Catholic organizations who still go to church. Those who have a counterbalance against anti-religious propaganda in Hitler youth, school, labor service, Storm Troop and compulsory camp life with "instruction in the spirit of National Socialism" may find their

way through the jungle of doubt, hatred and calumny which is poured out day after day.

But what will happen to those who by terror and boycott have been forced to attend schools of the new type, who have been organized in the *"Jungvolk"* and Hitler youth from 10 to 18 years, willfully hindered from going to church, taught to sing blasphemous hymns and told week after week that confessional differences are obsolete? What will become of those who have got the diabolical "enlightenment" served out in the hours of *Weltanschauung-Schulung* where they are told that Germany's misfortune began with the days of her conversion to the Asiatic creed of Christ,—an instruction which is g i v e n in all labor camps, in Storm Troops, in community camps for students, in superior schools and professional organizations and in hundreds of pamphlets and periodicals w h i c h they must read? The antireligious propaganda, camouflaged in German faith slogans, is omnipresent in press, radio, literature, official and unofficial speeches, in schools and camps. How can the juvenile spirit avoid such influence?

On the other hand the Church is silenced and cannot s p e a k. The Fulda pastoral was only read once in the churches. A priest who would try to expound its different items would either be banished, sent to prison or "taken into protective custody." The press is dead. Private conversations are denounced. Telephone talks are tapped. Letters are opened, photographed, and put into the files of the *Gestapo*. Children are trained to watch their teachers, nay even their own parents as members of the old generation of *"Spieber,"* of reactionaries and p u b l i c enemies. Fathers are publicly summoned to send their children to the new German school and to party organizations. "There is no compulsion, but parents who do not comply with this request cannot collaborate any further in the building of the New Reich and will soon understand that they have to resign their office." This phrase is common all over Germany. Who will condemn a father of a large family if he sends his children to these organizations in order to save their lives, hoping to be able to offset the evil influence by instruction at home? Most parents discover too late that this is impossible.

In order to complete the parity with Russia we have only to add that of course no boy or girl who has not passed official organizations will get permission to attend universities, and to get a degree, not to speak of a public position. The control of the whole economic life is so absolute that it is now even impossible to send children to any professional training school if they have not been members of State Youth organizations. Industrial works and individual craftsmen have been forced to state that no boy will be trained in a workshop who is not a member of the Hitler Youth or similar organization. The word "totalitarian" is not too strong to describe the absolute economical and spiritual domination of the country through this system. No ancient or medieval tyranny was ever as absolute as this terror which penetrates the life of a whole nation with the refinement of modern civilization without leaving a gap.

Hitler does not proclaim war on Christ and His Church. On the contrary he pretends that he wants to help Catholics to be better Chris-

tians than they were under the ægis of "corrupt *Centrum* politicians." He wants to deliver the Church from ambitious "politicians in a cassock who had better have chosen another vocation." He wants to bring the Church back to its truly spiritual field of work. What he fights is "the political Catholicism" of the days when, as he says, priests ruled Germany. These are the words we hear a thousand and one times wherever a Nazi leader speaks since the Saar plebiscite.

Such reiterated statements mislead and influence even the faithful. They are the customary half-truths of Hitler. He makes himself advocate of a spiritualized Christianity and a purer idea of what the Church should be, and cries out against "political Catholicism." If anyone in Germany could get up in public and ask Hitler what *non*-political Catholicism according to his i d e a s would be, the truth would come out. There would be left nothing but prayers and Mass, some ceremonies in the graveyard and a very restricted freedom to preach. Pilgrimages, retreats, Catholic schools, the teaching of Christian doctrine about race, peace, justice, sterilization, Christian marriage and Christian charity —all are p o l i t i c a l Catholicism! The Church may p r a y for Germany's success, that is all they will concede. A priest who would defend the Church and her history, correcting ignorant youngsters or Mr. Rosenberg, would be counted an enemy of the State and forbidden to continue his work.

National Socialism is the o n l y faith of new Germany and it comprehends everything. You musn't say "How do you do," or "Good-by," but "Heil Hitler!" Y o u musn't shake hands, but lift up your right arm. You have to think what Hitler thinks and believe what he wants you to believe. Germany is apparently one big mass of workers with the same tastes and the same inclinations, uniformly dressed and uniformly behaved. Standardization and uniformity, the products of progressive world industrialization are the key to this riddle, for all the wild talk around the German nation is only smoke and fog to cover the fact that the German nation is going the same way as Russia and of other peoples now subject to dictators.

The press has already been suppressed. The theater and wireless will gradually follow. Literature is being organized according to the same principles of mass production and with the same slogans used in Russia. The "Confessional" school officially subsists but is gradually altered through new teachers of Nazi spirit, and local plebiscites will soon do a w a y officially with most of them. There is no room for special beliefs and individual or group philosophies. Nazidom is the atmosphere which penetrates and permeates everything. They have even created a new type of nurses to get away from that "charitarian" type of Sisters of Mercy which is so un-German! They really forget nothing.

The aim is clear: there shall be no God than the one which is Germany. Everything which looks like a shade of difference must be wiped out, for the life struggle of the future, be it war or peace, does not allow the German nation to indulge in the luxury of differences. Absolute concentration of all power and economy of all material and spiritual potentialities must be harnessed to Hitler's gigantic Utopia. He has the power and the will to carry out his plans. He

has the necessary instruments which function with infallible precision: From sterilization and *"Eheberatung"* (advisory councils for marriage) to party organizations which accompany you through life and leave you no free moment right down to the new rites of "German" burial. He is the only living politician who never misjudges the psychological moment, and who can wait. His greatness consists in his astounding sensitiveness for time and opportunity. He never goes a step farther than he must, and never reveals more to the public than is needed to give the revolutionary machine a slight forward impetus. Every one of his measures is carefully planned and accompanied by a fog of propaganda and cheap compliments for those who are to be anæsthetized and hynotized.

His next attack will probably be launched on Catholic schools. He will arrange "scandal trials" against some teachers, or try to find out something compromising. He will ask the State functionaries to keep their children away from these places of contagion and of "un-German" thought, he will then fine these schools to death and there will be so many raids of the "disgusted" mob that no one will dare to enter these hateful institutions. It will then be quite natural to take them over for "clean and German" teaching.

It is impossible to quote all the instances available for the demonstration of my thesis. A careful and attentive reader of newspapers—Nazi and anti-Nazi—will illustrate all I have said. One who has lived and still lives in close contacts with events could easily compile a book of press cuttings and reports. We cannot forget that Hitler went to the official annual banquet of the Nuncio Monsignor Orsenigo in Berlin and was received at St. Hedwig's Cathedral at the Requiem Mass for Pilsudski while his henchmen in the judiciary were condemning priests and nuns to penal servitude and his *agents provocateurs* were inciting the masses to demonstrate before presbyteries so that priests "had to be arrested for their own protection against the just excitement of the mob."

I have no other intention than to demonstrate to the American public that the Catholic Church in Germany lives under the same threat as the Russian orthodox community. A totalitarian and terroristic government is building up a satanic paradise. Christianity and priests are in their way in Russia as well as in Germany. The methods in Germany are a bit different—though not entirely. Occasional tourists from the States do not see priests shot in the streets, never may, but that should not keep them from realizing that there is no chance for the Faith in Germany except through martyrdom, long drawn out, perhaps, but no less real. "Kulturkampf" is not the right term for what is going on. I should prefer to speak of methodical annihilation of the Church.

A CONFECTION WITH A PAST

By Margaret Munsterberg

THAT cooking is a fine art is a commonplace among civilized people; but that the enjoyment of certain dishes and confections may transcend mere sensuous gratification is not generally taken for granted. The taste may give rise to association overtones—if one may call them so—which heighten the enjoyment and raise it above the level of ephemeral pleasures.

In every one of the recognized fine arts the values of association are important factors in the effect the work of art has on the hearer or the spectator. The *"Marseillaise"* in the "Overture of 1812," a familiar hymn tune in a symphony, a symbolic device in a tapestry, and above all the suggestions of words conjure forth more "than meets the eye" or the ear. Now the same holds true of taste. There are delicacies and combinations of delicacies which may give raptures through suggestion and association. Of course, in the pleasures of the palate, as in every art enjoyment, the association may be merely one of private and sentimental remembrance. To grow tearfully happy over "the kind mother used to make," whether it be flapjacks or doughnuts or pumpkin pie, or to sip wistfully a cup of tea of a certain brand that recalls one's last visit to England—that is a common experience and analogous to the sentimental enjoyment of literature and music. The song that makes one homesick, the sonnet that makes articulate one's own dumb heartache belong with the sentimentally relished griddle-cakes. But there are overtones of association which do not depend on private sentiment and memories, and among these are the historical associations that belong to the collective memory of civilized groups. That the reverberations of the past which enrich so many works of art may adhere to wines goes without saying, as their very names, plainly geographical, are redolent of historic backgrounds. But the same is true also of the products of the kitchen.

Now there is a historic confection which owes its peculiar charm and significance—not entirely, to be sure, for its taste is delectable—to its history, to its occurrence, through centuries, in different lands, where it delighted kings and prelates, and later countless children at Christmas time. This ancient sweet is marchpane, made of almond paste, about which the legend was told that it was the bread eaten by St. Mark in the desert: hence *"Marci panis"* (the bread of Marcus) which resembles the German *"Marzipan."* Though no authentic source for this legend has been found by the present writer, one may well accept it as showing the almost reverent affection with which this delicacy has been regarded. To be sure, such records as have come to us show that marchpane was enjoyed at courtly banquets rather than in a desert and was the product of the confectioner's art rather than a miracle. It has been a pleasant diversion to trace the appearance of this famous sweet on bills of fare and in cook books of various periods

of history, and such a search led into some quaint byways whence rose the spicy scents and pungent fumes from kitchens of long ago.

The oldest generally known cook book in the Western world is that of the Roman Apicius Caelius who lived during the reign of Trajan and Hadrian. This Latin work may be read to-day in an edition annotated by Martin Lister and dedicated to Queen Anne of England. The annotations are also in Latin, but their spirit is honest English, as appears in the following commentary. An ingenious prescription is given in the Latin work for making "bad honey good," which may be done "if you mix one part of the bad and two parts of good honey"—and this is followed by the annotation: *"Indignia fraus"* (unworthy fraud).

The oldest English cook book, according to the Early English Text Society, is one written by Neckam in the twelfth century; but the one that is justly famous is the *Forme of Cury* which was compiled at the end of the fourteenth century by the master cooks of King Richard II. The original is a vellum roll which, about two centuries later, was presented to Queen Elizabeth by the Earl of Stafford. The word *cury* comes from the Latin *curare*, which may mean to dress victuals. The introduction to this medieval cook book reads:

"This forme of cury was compiled of the chef maister cokes of kyng Richard the Secunde, kyng of England after the conquest; the which was accounted the best and ryallest vyand of alle csten kynges [Christian kings] and it was compiled by assent and avysement of maisters and of phisik and of philosophie that dwelled in his Court."

Much art of cookery was needed for the highly spiced concoctions with strange names that may be found in the *Cury:* "Caboches in potage," "Bukkenade," "Pigges in S a w s e sawge," "Connynges in Cirypp," "Vyannde cipre of samon," etc.—which, unlike the plain roasts and products of the grill that one associates with the England of Dickens, were rather cooked and seasoned combinations after the French manner. As a later editor of the *Cury* has pointed out, quantities were seldom specified in the medieval recipes, but were left to the judgment of the cooks. If one may again be permitted an analogy of the art of cookery with one considered higher in the hierarchy of arts, one may point to the musical notation of medieval plain chants in which the length of the note is not indicated but left to the judgment of the singer.

The royal cooks were therefore not mere skilled artisans, but real creative artists and, moreover, officials of decided importance. According to an ancient record, *Stow's Annals*, there came to the household of King Richard II. "every day to meat, 10,000 people"—which meant no small responsibility for the chef. And of a later reign, that of Edward IV., one reads in a household book of the king:

"Office of confectionarye, hathe in hym a sergeant to serve the Kinge. He resceyveth of the office of great spychery, all suche stuffe by indenture; all manner of spyches to make confections, garquinces, plaates, sedes, and all other spychery nedefull; dates, figges, raisonnes, greate and small for the Kinge's mouth and for his household in Lente seasone . . . "

Among the quaint, rich recipes of the *Forme of Cury* there seems to be no receipt for marchpane, yet what one may call the leading motive in marchpane—the almond in pliable form—appears in a startling variety of combinations. Indeed, in browsing among medieval recipes, one receives the impression that the almond and almond flavor pervade the kitchen and banquet hall of the Middle Ages. And a most civilized flavor it is, too, one far removed from barbaric taste, and not without a whiff of sophistication. In the *Forme of Cury* one will find "creme of almond mylk," "Jowet of almond mylk," and besides these dishes many others in which almonds or almond milk are used. They are combined with salmon and other fish and shellfish, as well as with capons. There were also such delicate confections as this:

"Rosee (from the white roses). Take thyk [almond] mylke . . . Cast thereto sugar, a gode porcion pynes. Dates ymynced canel, and powdor gynger, and seeth it, and alye [mix] it with floers of white roses, and floer of rys. Cole it, salt it, and messe it forth."

One of the two fifteenth century cook books which have been published by the English Text Society from manuscripts in the British Museum, tells of the provision made for the reception of King Richard II. at the "Bishoppes place of Durham at London" in September, 1387: there were a thousand eggs and twelve gallons of cream. An excellent idea may be had from these old manuscripts of the length and scope of the ceremonial banquets, the number and variety of dishes belonging to one course alone. At the coronation feast of King Henry IV. in 1399, the first course consisted of eleven, the second of twelve, and the third of nineteen dishes, most of which the simple reader of to-day cannot recognize by name. Venison, rabbits, capons, pheasants, herons, quail, and less differentiated "small byrdys" strike the eye; and one cannot help noticing that each course ends with a "sotelte."

These subtleties were the peculiar features of medieval banquets, and there is good reason to suppose that some of them were made of marchpane. The artistic fancy of the master of confectioners seems to have found expression in these sculptures in sweetmeats. One comes across subtleties in the shape of a dolphin, a heart, a "doctor of lawe," a figure described simply as "homo," a "suttletie of Saint William with his coate of armour betwext his handes" and "Sampson a suttletie." At the banquet given to celebrate the installation of John Stafford, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1443, there were some extraordinary subtleties. One was "Saint Andrew sitting on a high altar of state, with beams of gold; before him kneeling the Bishop . . ." One does not like to think that any profane tooth ever destroyed such a representation! Another subtlety was still more exalted in subject: "the Trinity sitting in a sun of gold, with a crucyfix in his hand. Saint Thomas on one side, Saint Austin on the other, my lord kneeling in pontificalibus before him." And, as a culmination, one reads of a subtlety representing "a godhead in a sun of gold glorified; in the sun the holy ghost . . ."

It is a proof of the unity of medieval life—this unabashed use of the most sacred images to adorn ban-

quets, whereas for the modern man, who divides life off into compartments, his sense of fitness would be offended. Yet he cheerfully eats hot cross buns—a practice which links him with his medieval forbears.

An old English paper roll mentions in the third course of a banquet held at the enthronement of Archbishop Nevill, Chancellor of England, in 1466, a "Petypanel a marchpayne." And from the description of the very elaborate ceremony for such banquets, in which the Marshall of the feast, the Server and the Carver all have their prescribed functions, one may quote in the English of that time:

"... Then the Carver of all potages and sawces taketh assay with a cornet of trencher bread of his owne cuttyng, he toucheth three partes of the dishe, and maketh a florishe over it, and giveth it to the Sewer and to hym that beareth the dishe, who kneeleth in lyke maner, to eate for the assay therof. Then of your stewed meates, broylde, fryed, or rost be it fyshe or fleshe, take assay thereof at the myd syde with your broade Knyfe, and geve it to the Sewer, and the bearer of the dyahe . . . And of all Custardes, Tartes, *Marchpaynes* or Gelly, take thassay with cornetts . . ."

But it was not only in England that marchpane delighted the stars in their courses at the long banquets; it seems to have played at least as important a part in Italy. There is now in the Harvard Library a very rare, fascinating volume, printed in 1598, and written by Bartolomeo Scappi, "secret cook of Pope Pius V." If the chief cooks of kings were master craftsmen and high officials, the secret cook of the Pope was no less than a sage. One need only look at his portrait—the long beard, the distinguished, kindly face—to take him for a doctor. In his work, which is as alive and sensuous a document as any that can be found on remote shelves of a great library, Signor Scappi gives for every month of the year a bill of fare such as was customarily used in Italy and especially in the city of Rome.

It is astonishing how continually the name *marzapane* (the Italian for marchpane) occurs—frequently in its verb form *"marzapanate,"* referring to tarts made of the substance of marchpane. There seems to be only one rival in frequent appearance in these pages—at least, as it strikes a twentieth century eye—and that is the olive. There are olives of Genoa, of Tuscany, Neapolitan olives and Sicilian, olives of Tivoli and Bologna, of Cortona, and even the Spanish olives (which, according to a contemporary English work, are bigger than the Italian, but less savory and pleasing to the eye).

The Roman *marzapane* seems to have appeared in an infinite variety of shapes. There were the smaller pieces of marchpane pure and simple—the *spoletti* (spindles), the *stecchi* (sticks) perfumed with rosewater, the *biscotelli* or biscuits, and the *stellete* or little stars. A favorite was the white marchpane tart—a form which as we shall see, has survived to this day. But there were also marchpane tarts with apples, with pears, with plums or with prunes "served cold" or "served with sugar on top." Even pancakes (*fritelli*) of marchpane occurred, hard as it is to imagine them.

The marchpane was apparently suitable on all occasions. Not only

was it indispensable at the great banquets, but it was not considered inappropriate in the Papal household during Lent, even on Good Friday. On that day a meal "without any kind of fresh or salt fish" nevertheless included "pieces of Marchpane in diverse forms."

The learned Vatican chef has not only given model menus for the months, but has chronicled the actual banquets which he directed, no doubt, with the utmost science and strategy. To read of these memorable feasts is to be transferred into the Renaissance. The author-cook tells of a "meal prepared for the second coronation of Pius V Pontifex on the 17th of January 1566 on a Friday; of a collation enjoyed at Monte Cavallo in the hall of the most illustrious and reverend Cardinal Bellaia at one o'clock in the night after a comedy had been performed in French, 'Bergamasca,' Venetian and Spanish . . ." He describes a banquet given in honor of his imperial majesty Charles V. when he visited Rome in April, 1563. At this banquet, the chronicler especially mentions, there were various kinds of music—but he does not fail to mention also the "fresh pieces of marchpane in Venetian style" and other forms of this favorite confection.

If we want to know how marchpane was made in Italy in the sixteenth century, Signor Scappi has provided us with a recipe:

"Take a pound of fresh almonds and pound them all in a mortar; take a pound of sugar liquified and let it boil and put into it the almonds until they become paste; put this into a mortar and pound again when it is cold, add six whites of eggs and a cup of milk made of the seeds of melon, and put everything into the tart dish containing a layer of paste like the above, and cook the whole in the oven with an upper crust of sugar and rose water . . ."

While the sovereign artist in the kitchen of his Holiness was collecting and carrying out delicate recipes to enhance feast and fast days alike, there seems to have been, round the last decade of the sixteenth century, some discontent in England with the way such days were observed there. In 1590 appeared a tract by one Edward Jeninges: "A briefe Discovery of the Damages that happen to this Realme by disordered and unlawful Diet," which was printed by Roger Ward dwelling, with due appropriateness, "upon Lamber Hill, neere old Fish street." Jeninges gives the information that "the lent with friday and saturday in every weeke, and the other accustomed fish-daies, appointed by the lawes of the realm to be observed, being collected together: extend to 153. So in the yeare there is 153 fishe daies, 211 flesh daies . . ."

But whatever there was to complain of in the proportion of fast and feast days, there were certainly consolations, and not the least among them was the marchpane, which was highly popular in the time of Shakespeare. Sir William Cecil as Chancellor of Cambridge University was said to have been presented by the university with two sugar-loaves and a marchpane.

The diet, like the lives of the higher class seventeenth century Englishmen must have been highly spiced. Thomas Muffet, in *Health's Improvement* (1655) mentions as "homebred" spices aniseed, dill, corianders, dried mints, parsley-seed, dried gilly-flowers, dried prim-

roses, rosemary, saffarn, sage, bayberries, tansey, thyme, wall-flowers, violets, wormwood and others; among "outlandish" spices were aloes, cinnamon, ginger, mace, cloves, pepper, nutmegs. But even well into the eighteenth century, the almond flavor seems to have held its own, and the marchpane appears as dessert.

Patrick Lamb, Esq., author of *Royal Cookery*, had plentiful experience with royalty, for he was "near fifty years Master Cook to their late Majesties King Charles II; King James II; King William and Queen Mary, and Queen Anne." The book was originally intended for the kitchens of "princes and great men," but the third edition of his work, which was printed in 1731, was enlarged to be useful "in those of private gentlemen also."

As one glances over the bills of fare, one is comforted to find that the appetite of princes and gentry has hardly diminished since the fifteenth century. Again the dinners consist of courses any one of which, by itself, would seem to us an interminably long feast. Thus, for August, a first course consists of Westphalia ham and chickens, bisque of fish, haunch of venison roasted, venison pasty, roasted fowls, "umble-pies," white fricassees of chickens, roasted turkey larded, almond florentines and beef à-la-mode. It seems to be the second courses—like the one consisting of ducks, fried sole, jole of sturgeon, buttered applepie and fruit, or another including green geese and ducklings, buttered crab, with smelts fried, a dish of sucking rabbits and other delicacies—that are finished off with marchpane.

In France similar almond paste confections were known by the name of *massepains* or *massepins*. In *The Professed Cook* of 1776, compiled by B. Clermont, "Clerk of the kitchen to the Earl of Ashburnham," many French recipes are given, among them *"Massepins de Fleurs"* (almond paste cut in the shapes of flowers), *"Massepins à la Renie,"* which are the size of a shilling and have little hollows filled with marmalade, and *"massepins"* with chocolate, with pistachio, with canella—a mixture of cinnamon powder with orange flower water—with cherries, raspberries or strawberries, and other varieties.

It appears, therefore, that the taste for marchpane and its variations was shared by the epicures of different parts of Europe. But it is in Germany that the delight in this historic sweet has never abated and there it is intimately bound up with the festivities of the Christmas season. To this day Christmas would indeed not seem Christmas to thousands of German families if the crystal white *Marzipan* were not being shaped and baked with the solemnity accorded a ritual. Yet *Marzipan* does not have to be homemade (though, to be sure, the dewy fragrance of rose water freshly applied by loving artist hands has an inimitable charm) for every confectioner's shop during Advent displays its *Marzipan*. There are two chief species of this product which, considering the traditional respect it commands, one hardly dares to call commercial *Marzipan:* they are the Lübeck and the Königsberg varieties. The Lübeck *Marzipan* is marble white and comes usually sculptured with figures, flowers or fruit designs, like a disk-shaped bas-relief. The Königsberg variety appears as individual pieces in heart, star, diamond or other

shapes; these have rims or crusts round them which fence in layers of sugar and rose-water decorated with citron and candied cherries. Sometimes pure design gives way to realism and the *Marzipan* units appear in the shapes of potatoes, apples, carrots and other members of the vegetable family.

Both of these ancient cities, Lübeck and Königsberg, are in the north. As the cities on the North and on the Baltic Sea had, during the fifteenth century and earlier, a lively trade with Italy—the city of Danzig with its characteristic architecture is to this day a vivid monument of Italian influence—it may well be supposed that samples of the Italian *marzapane* may have found their way to the northern ports. In Lübeck *Marzipan* is believed to have been known since 1407. But whatever the origin of *Marzipan* in Germany may have been, it became there a native tradition, acquiring, like the mistletoe, the yule log or the plum pudding in England, a symbolic value over and above its material attraction.

A Nuremberg book of 1784, for pastry cooks and confectioners, gives a recipe for making *Marzipan* which does not differ greatly from an English recipe of fifty years before, or, for that matter, from the Italian one of two hundred years earlier. Again, like the ingenious varieties of French *massepins*, many variations of *Marzipan* are given in the Nuremberg cook book: *Marzipan* with lemons or pomegranates, with nutmeg; royal, ducal and gentlemen's *Marzipan*, and *"Marzepan à la Princess."* Finally, there is a practical joke: *"Marzepan* made of salt." This is to be fashioned in such guise that nobody will recognize the ingredients, "until one puts it into one's mouth, when it will cause considerable annoyance and give others something to laugh at."

Perhaps it is the best proof of the venerableness of a tradition that it has even its burlesque element—as the solemn cathedrals have their gargoyles and grotesques. If any reader who has not already tasted *Marzipan* or marchpane should like to make this simple confection flavored with a centuries-old train of associations, it can be done easily, exempt as one is to-day from the exertion of pounding almonds in a mortar. Here is the formula:

Take one pound or more of almond paste, one pound of confectionery sugar and a teaspoonful or more of rose water and mix them. Knead the mixture hard until all the ingredients are thoroughly blended and the mass looks like baked white bread; the longer the kneading is kept up, the better. Then take enough of the mass to roll it out, and cut it in fancy shapes or make little tarts with thin rims round them. Put these on a flat pan under the gas flame until the exposed parts are delicately browned. The tarts, after they are quite cold, may be filled with a rich frosting of rose water and confectionery sugar. When the frosting is cold and glazed, garnish with red and green candied fruit.

CONCERNING THE LITERARY PRINCIPLE

By G. W. E. Dunne, Litt.D.

SORRY is the day—and it is here—when one within the fold in predicating the most obvious truth (saving only that which is *de fide*) must needs, even to convince the children of the household, summon to its substantiation some heterodox witness.

Be that as it may, Mr. Arthur Machen, the distinguished writer and critic (non-Catholic) in his *Hieroglyphics* says concerning the literary principle:

"You ask me for a new test—or rather for a new expression of the one test—that separates literature from the mass of stuff which is not literature. I will give you a test that will startle you; literature is the expression, through the æsthetic medium of words, of the dogmas of the Catholic Church, and that which in any way is out of harmony with these dogmas is not literature. Yes, it is really so; . . . but I tell you that unless you have assimilated the final dogmas — the eternal truths upon which those things rest, consciously if you please, but subconsciously of necessity, you can never write literature, however clever and amusing you may be. Think of it, and you will see that from the literary standpoint, Catholic dogma is merely the witness, under a special symbolism, of the enduring facts of human nature and the universe; it is merely the voice which tells us distinctly that man is *not* the creature of the drawing-room and the Stock Exchange, but a lonely awful soul confronted by the Source of all Souls, and you will realise that to make literature it is necessary to be, at all events subconsciously, Catholic."

Thereupon, Mr. Machen, frightened, it would seem, at the truth he has told, uses the greater part of that which is left of his chapter in a sort of frantic apology to the heterodox contingent in his large and gasping gallery—lest, forsooth, in their morbidly shocked condition they be not able to distinguish between the cabbage and the rose. However, these lines are rather good for Mr. Machen—in fact, very good, considering his otherwise benighted condition—having enjoyed nativity about the middle of the latest and darkest of the four darkest ages just closing. Referentially, credit for this chronological placement of the dark ages is hereby given to the non-Catholic, Professor Mortimer Adler, of the University of Chicago.

"You ask me," says Mr. Machen, "for a new test—or rather for a new expression of the one test. . . . I will give you a test that will startle you";—this "expression" is not new; neither is it startling, except to the unorthodox, to fleshpot Catholics and to Hugger-muggers. Now these fleshpot people are they who, born and nurtured within the embattled sanctuary of the Church, without altogether deserting her sacramental ramparts, have, from reason's dawn, turned their backs upon the ineffable brightness of her tabernacles and leaning longingly from her sacred merlons (as far as

mortal hazard may) peer out and down into that exterior darkness, only to gaze with avid eyes and drooling lips upon those filthy flesh-pots of unorthodoxy, which reek to high heaven from the garbage-strewn alleys of heresy. And who are the Hugger-muggers? Well, these are they (Catholics also) who, upon reaching the use of reason (at the age of forty) have "with many a flirt and flutter" perched themselves beside the verdure of a pinochle table, or beneath the soothing umbrage of a *Saturday Evening Post*, whereat or wherein, down through the succeeding years they have moped in a sort of semicoma, out of which, at rare intervals, they start (like the scarlet macaw with a loud guffaw) to screech their disapproval, whenever something by way of an intelligent utterance has been predicated within the limited range of their heavy hearing. To the rest of us, the understanding of those principles which underlie, not only literature but all art, came to us, if not at the dawn of reason and at our mother's knee, at least with the perusal of the Catechism and at our pastor's feet.

Obviously, to one acquainted with Catholic dogma and the culture which it alone produces, it is patent that the plays of William Shakespeare could have been written only by a man suckled at the bosom of Holy Mother Church; and for an audience imbued with the social traditions attendant upon her glorious train—steeped, as it were, in that faith which has made Western civilization. In other words, to make literature, one's views and principles must be governed by objective truth, and cannot under toleration be false, or misleading—but Catholic dogma is objectively true—embracing by far the most important portion of that deposit of truth which it is man's privilege to possess—nay more, it is that lamp by whose light, only, all other truth is understood. This, then, is what the canons of literature dogmatically lay down. And if these views and principles are false they will necessarily lack that virtue by which a noble emotion is aroused; simply because an emotional appeal must be an intelligent appeal;—for the intellect invariably casts out that which it recognizes as untrue. Thus, for example, we cannot rejoice with the "bard" who sings to us that pain and poverty are only subjective phantoms of the brain;—this, to say the least, is philosophically false. And finally, man does not reserve one department of his mind for art and another for reason—nor is he prone to separate by means of incommunicable chambers the faculties of judging art and morality.

Anyhow, the astounding thing about the whole matter is, that, after two thousand years of intimate association with dogmatic truth, one, Arthur Machen, should feel it necessary to reiterate (with an apology) this eternal principle to the English-speaking Occident—why so—whence this darkness of understanding—where is Wisdom? Well, have patience! Mr. Machen has written well—even better than he knew, but, with all that, he has only told the half of it—for without conformity to Catholic dogma and moral there can be not only no true literature, but also, no true art in any of its ramifications. Art, it must be remembered, is the residue of culture and its ultimate object is the glorification of Almighty God; but culture springs from civilization, and civilization inheres in reli-

gion—and in religion alone. True religion produces a true culture, which, in turn, flowers into a perfect art. A false religion (which, historically and philosophically, is retrograde—not primitive), if positive, trails in its wake a retrograde culture, with its concomitant starved or degenerate art. A false, but negative religion (such, for example, as the heresy called Protestantism) produces no culture at all and consequently no art—because its spirit—that of self-determination or sectarianism, is of its very nature, a solvent.

Self-determination or sectarianism is a term (but not a very good one) which describes (rather than defines) the Protestant philosophy of life. And it is this philosophy which is ultimately responsible for the existing chaos in Western civilization, culture (thought) and art—aye, that very medium (language) by which the art of letters had its being is gradually—but with accelerated motion—disintegrating under the baneful influence of this solvent. And this last phrase is pregnant with the reason why English is more perfectly spoken in Dublin than in any other city of the world. Succinctly, dogmatic theology teaches us those things which we must believe; and moral theology teaches us those things which we must do. Now, Holy Mother Church (we repeat) by her dogma (moral goes without saying) made Western civilization with its culture and its art—gradually drawing out of each barbaric lingo a language and a literature. The "Reformation," or as the non-Catholic, William A. Cobbett, calls it, the "Devastation," with its principle of self-determination, has for the past four hundred years done all that was humanly possible (and more, perhaps) to destroy that Church and her dogmas; as though these, her triplets (civilization, culture, and art) which she, the Spouse of Christ, through fifteen centuries of labor, brought into being and fondled to maturity, could possibly live without momently renewing their vitality at her breasts—which, to use the words of the Canticle of Canticles are like "clusters of grapes"—and "are better than wine."

From the beginning then, and not unlike a flock of harpies, the mezzo-soprano voices of the sects have pandered to man's vulgar pride of intellect by sweetly warbling the age-old refrain into his not unwilling ears, that any intermediary between God and himself is not at all necessary; and therefore, that all dogma is but so much excess baggage to be tumbled overboard at the earliest opportunity. Thus, the spirit of Protestantism, having eschewed dogma, is utterly unable to explain the riddle of life. Consequently, in its attempts at literature, it is constrained to toy with phases and aspects, and with the contact and friction between class and class, or individual and individual, always hesitating to grapple with life itself, and never coming to grips with life's conclusions—for it fears conclusions. In poetry, particularly, the spirit of Protestantism is impotent—it oscillates widely between abstract (or rather disembodied) sentimentality, and that which is illogical and incoherent; clumsily dodging in and out between dogma and dogma, hopelessly pursuing some ever elusive, recondite meaning.

Squirm as he may, man cannot escape recognizing his origin, nature and destiny. Oddly enough, this recognition may be expressed

in terms of religion or irreligion—but it is recognition, nevertheless. Thus, willy-nilly, he must take notice of this riddle, either by assent, denial or agnosticism. If, frantically, he flies for refuge into the puerile arms of the subterfuge nihilism—then nihilism in due season shall be rendered back to him and to the society of which he is a member—according as is his recognition, the same, inevitably, shall be reflected by a myriad refractions in that civilization, culture and art which he builds or blasts.

As we have already strongly suggested; like religion, like literature—therefore, whenever sectarianism goes awooing of the Muses it always suffers a sort of *dementia præcox* on being brought face to face with conclusions. It can tell glibly—even vulgarly, not to say filthily—what has befallen "the heroine" and her associates by reason of her or their environment, but it cannot tell what brought those subversive influences into that environment, nor how the malevolence is to be removed. In all the departments of art, its newest and most widely flaunted expression is an inane disregard of form hovering on the brink of chaos, which baffles the outraged intellect in its hopeless struggle for interpretation.

This debacle (to use a polite term) casts its roots much deeper than any Fleshpotter may surmise. For subversive education (a contributing cause to the said debacle) which is one of the immediate results of breaking with dogma—and which, no doubt, the Hugger-muggers accept as of recent birth—really had its beginning (so far as the English-speaking world is concerned) along about the mid-section of the sixteenth century. Now, be it known that we (in our humility) understand full well the rôle played by the Black Death (1348-50) in preparing the soil for that which followed. Anyhow, up to this time (1539) as Cobbett so clearly explains: because of the Church and her dogmas, ease and happiness, and harmony, and charity; abbeys, and monasteries, and schools, and libraries, and universities; virtue, and plenty, and leisure, and learning, and language, and literature were enjoyed so abundantly and for so many ages by our Catholic forefather; but this was art; this was culture; this was civilization; and this is why and when the appellation "Merry England" arose. At any rate (to continue with Cobbett) the nation, as yet, had not been impoverished and enfeebled; the people corrupted and debased; barracks, taxing-houses, u s u r e r s, branding-irons, poorhouses, standing-armies, madhouses, and jails had not, as yet, supplied the place of cathedrals, convents, hospitals, guilds, and almshouses — as yet, that misery, that beggary, that nakedness, that everlasting wrangling and spite did not stare one in the face, and stun one's ears at every turn—nor had bullet and bayonet, as yet, supplied the place of rosary and crucifix.

But when "our great Nordic ancestor," Henry VIII., like a maddened circus-rider, astride two deadly sins, sparing no man in his greed and no woman in his lust, barged in upon the party, things were different; for with a tattered *Magna Charta* in one hand and an ax in the other "Old Harry" proceeded to enliven that dull day by the introduction of the most original of all Nordician inventions, in the shape of a certain extra-curricular a c t i v i t y

commonly called, in lieu of a more opprobrious name, by the righteous sounding term "Reformation"; which Cobbett says, "was engendered in lust, brought forth in hypocrisy and perfidy, and cherished and fed by plunder, devastation, and by rivers of innocent English and Irish blood." Now this royal playboy, being a good carpet-knight and a great sportsman, after eating well of whatever it was that the "Jack Armstrong" of his day was paid for saying contained the most vitamins, succeeding in painting a couple of insular playgrounds red, by butchering (according to the non-Catholic Holinshed) some 72,000 for "willfully" adhering to these dogmas, to which their forefathers for the preceding nine hundred and thirty-three years had adhered, and without which Mr. Machen says there can be no literature—oh, no! —not all Irish, of course;—most of the virtuous, and intelligent English were included in this number—and that, in part, is what ails said division of "our Nordic ancestry" even to this hour.

Be that as it is, we have neither the time nor the temper to set forth a tenth part of the horrors introduced "by law" (under the pusillanimous boy, Edward) in order to wipe out dogma. All historians agree that vice of all sorts and crimes of every kind were never so great and so numerous before. This was confessed by the Protestant teachers themselves. "And it was so manifest that the change was a bad one," says Cobbett, "that men could not have proceeded in it from error." And what boots it, to ring up the drop upon the "glorious reign" of the "Virgin Queen"—anent whose virginity Cobbett says "that Parliament, when they could not prevail upon her to marry, passed an act to make any offspring (natural issue) of hers lawful heir to the throne"—the which, says the non-Catholic, Mr. Whitaker, was "a most infamous act"—but then, he never attended a "modern university" wherein Freud and Nietzsche hold the gasping "scholars" spellbound; and a professorial voice (well modulated, perhaps, but in no uncertain terms) directs his "students of psychology" to Mr. Bertrand Russell; who, in his "The Ostrich Code of Morals" serves up reeking the intellectual excrement that: "it is positively desirable that young people should have experience of sex"—and thus, *usque ad nauseam*—but, let us close the quotations and open the windows—a breath (albeit a bad one) of neo-paganism the lineal descendant of the "Reformation"—this (and worse) is the bilge that now pours in through the break made by Protestantism in the dike of dogma. Anyhow, "Bess," the illegitimate offspring (or should we have said "love-child") of Henry and Anne—"Bess," the murderer (or murderess) of her cousin and guest (Mary, Queen of Scots) was, perhaps, as it has been said: "the worst woman that ever existed in England or in the whole world, Jezebel, herself, not excepted."

However, since we have at long last "crashed polite society," and wish, by all means, to avoid evidencing any and every "atavistic tendency," we shall not wander back through those bleak and bleeding centuries that trailed and trembled with foreign and civil war in the howling wake of her black-plumed "Penal Laws," with their wholesale confiscation, political disfranchisement, outlawry of education, at-

tempted extermination, and banishment (not to say slaughter by torture) of the Catholic clergy—whom Christ said were the salt of the earth and the light of the world—and who, then as now, taught and teach those dogmas without conforming to which Mr. Machen firmly but fleetingly declares there can be no literature—ever and anon—to Oliver Cromwell's (1649-1659) selling of 100,000 Caucasian men, women, and children to the West Indies as slaves—to Mr. Marshall's (*Atlantic Monthly*) doubting the possibility of anyone's being a loyal American who at the same time has the virtue to adhere to those dogmas—and so on, even unto Mexico and the nonce.

And thus, we leave this most malodorous atmosphere, with the binoculars focused, just for a moment, upon only one item out of hundreds—remembering that the abbeys (blown up and pulled down; and their lands handed over to the "Reformation" gentry—this, parenthetically, is where, when and how wealth first found its way into the hands of the few—Thomas Cromwell, alone, had got about thirty of the estates belonging to the monasteries) were also public schools; each of them having one or more persons set apart to instruct the youth of the neighborhood, without any expense to their parents. There was one religious house (including all kinds) to every thirty square miles. That is to say, one religious house to every piece of land five miles long and six miles wide. Also, each of the greater monasteries had a peculiar residence in the universities; and whereas there were, in Catholic times (besides the colleges) nearly three hundred halls and private schools at Oxford, for example, there were not more than eight remaining toward the middle of the seventeenth century, that is to say, in about one hundred years after the enlightening "Reformation" began—and by the middle of the eighteenth century there were only five halls remaining and not a single school. And surely, there is no one so stupid (saving Huggermuggers and Fleshpotters) as to miss the point altogether—that is, how this cataclysm, this "Devastation" (concerning which we have been speaking) since it accomplished the greater evil of cracking (and badly cracking) the entire social structure of Western society by deranging Catholic dogma, the corner stone upon which that society was builded, at the same time (and necessarily) accomplished the lesser evil of marring those mosaics, language and literature, which, after all, are little more than embellishments within the edifice, itself—surely, we repeat, there is no one with soul so dead as to miss the point.

Thus it was that the so-called "Reformation," backed by the fagot, the rack and the gibbet, with plunder written upon its front, holding a mutilated Bible in one hand and a tarnished scepter in the other, dealt to real education such a stinging blow, that learning in the lands dominated by sectarian "culture" went dizzily down for the count of nearly four hundred years. However, with the neo-Scholastic revival (and the whole Romeward trend) learning (poor wretch) has staggered to its corner once more—and although punch-drunk is again busily engaged in banishing bees from its badly battered bonnet—assisted by Mr. Machen, who finds it necessary, for fear of shock, to whisper ever so softly and with apologies,

into the sometime "Champion's" ear that fundamental and erstwhile well-known principle "that to make literature it is necessary to be, at all events subconsciously, Catholic."

Some one has said that a nation once glorious, having fallen from its high estate, because of its own moral or intellectual decay, will (by the testament of history) either consign its era of greatness to the depths of oblivion by a studied forgetfulness, or remember it only with a hiss and a loathing. But to concrete this thought: to attribute, for example, the part played by George Washington in wresting the American Colonies from England, let us say, to Benedict Arnold, would hardly be a more deliberate misrepresentation than to attribute the works of Shakespeare to Bacon or anyone of the sixteen or more men to whom subversive education has by this time attributed them.

Shakespeare, who was born at Stratford-upon-Avon on the twenty-third of April, 1564; who was baptized three days later in the ancient collegiate Church of the Holy Trinity;—whose aunt, having been forced by the "Reformers" to quit her convent, retired to Stratford;—whose great-aunt, Domina Isabel, was Mother Superior of the neighboring convent of Wroxhall;—whose four near relatives (the branch of Park-Hall Ardens) perished at Tyburn, martyrs to the Catholic faith;—whose maternal uncle (Edward Arden, along with his wife) was put to death, under Elizabeth, for the "crime of housing a seminary priest," Father Hugh Hall, the Jesuit;—who attended the Stratford Grammar School, endowed by Sir Hugh Clopton, and taught (while "Will" was in attendance) by John Acton, Walter Roach, Simon Hunt, and Thomas Jenkins;—who delivered meat for the local butcher;—who married Agnes (or Anne) Hathaway in all probability before the said Father Hall;—whose kinsman (Edward Arden's son-in-law) John Summerville, driven to frenzy by the horrors to which the Catholics at that time were subjected, having lost his mind entirely, started for London, was arrested and strangled to death in prison, amid an outcry of a Catholic plot;—who was an intimate of Fletcher, and a running-mate of Ben Jonson;—who wrote and played, surrounded by hundreds of friends, enemies, associates and admirers;—who retired to Stratford and there, upon his fifty-second birthday died "a Papist" and was buried;—one of whose pallbearers, Doctor Weldon, emigrated to Virginia, and found a last resting place at Fredericksburg, where his tombstone can be seen at the present writing;—this "swan of Avon," whose life and works are known even in minutia (all of this, by the way, is from non-Catholic sources)—this genius, than whom there is not greater in English letters, never existed (so the students are seriously taught in a certain tax-supported high school within rifle-shot of our present sitting)—he never lived, moved, nor yet had being—he is a myth. Well, we understand how hard it is to admit that he was a Catholic—therefore: "there ain't no Shakespeare!" Surely, this is to consign him to the depths of oblivion by a studied forgetfulness, with a hiss and a loathing.

Let anyone raise his voice to chant a *Laudate* for the glories of the Catholic era or a *Requiem* over the subsequent decay (as Cobbett did) and he will get what Cobbett

got, despite the fact that (as Francis Aidan Cardinal Gasquet says) "Cobbett has relied in the main upon so careful, and, as is very generally allowed, so exact, calm and judicial a writer of history as Dr. Lingard." Aye, let the voice which chants the *Laudate* or the *Requiem* come from within the fold, and its timbre is at once drowned in the catcalls of the Fleshpotters, while the Hugger-muggers cry it down as coming from the throat of a wanton disturber.

This, then, is what has caused even the very language of the English (which, under the influence of the Church had its spore, and sprout, and flower—but, for lack of time, never reached the fullness of its fruit) to deteriorate, while the romance tongues, enjoying the continued influence of the Church, were, in time, brought to a fuller and more perfect linguistic and literary fruition. Volumes can be cited to substantiate this—but *basta*. If one has an eye in his head (provided one has a head) and a genius for language, let him take up any newspaper, or listen to any radio commentator of the day—and having read or listened—let him weep—for behold: dumb means stupid: chivalry means fornication: romance means adultery: and love means lust; and whereas, once upon a time we had the discernment to speak of sanitary sewers, we now have the stomach to speak of sanitary ice cream. While English as a language, was not killed outright by the art-destroying club of the "Reformation," yet it did fall ill of pernicious anemia—and when called upon to express an idea above the butter and egg level it must needs submit to a blood transfusion from one of the ancient, or modern, foreign tongues, else it cannot muster the strength to speak. Just to take one example among hundreds —try to express, with English as a medium, that w h i c h the Latin tongue expresses when it pronounces the one syllable *ens*.

As to English literature—while it did not die aborning, yet, with the passing of William Shakespeare ("the man who never lived") it went out like a smothered candle, whose wick, sputtering feebly in the aftermath, glows ever so faintly, but seems to fill the air with its offensive fuming. Lighted by Venerable Bede (a priest) its flame (like those of all the arts) could not live in an atmosphere out of which the oxygen of dogmatic truth had been driven. Upon the echo of which remark there comes the deep bay and harassing bark of the Hugger-muggers and Fleshpotters — but they will have to be satisfied with only this as a qualifier—that, in the literary desert, which, since Shakespeare's day has unfolded itself westward, we find but a few oases; such, for example, as those whose names are Newman and Thompson (Francis) —along with certain mangy spots of literary foliage (if not fruit) straggling doubtfully about the unorthodox camp—vital only because in a frenzy of artistic abandon some blind gardener stumbled upon the "fount of living water"—and used it.

But sparse green spots on the desolate Sahara cannot be called a forest; neither have we had in the past four centuries a sufficiency of writers in conformity with the one rule laid down by Mr. Machen, to constitute a literature. And this is why and how the movement called "Romanticism" came into being. Horace Walpole, Scott, Tennyson (all talented souls) and the rest (But they were not all "Romanticists"!—silence! Hugger-muggers!)

finding "Beauty" driven from the landscape, tried to win her back again by dressing the ill-shapen scarecrows of Protestantism in the silken hose and velvet doublet of the Middle Ages—attempting to recapture medieval art, without accepting medieval religion, which alone made that art natural and spontaneous. They were trying the impossible—it proved to be an ill-judged venture; its results were external and artificial; it did not grow out from within; it was shallow; it declined speedily and failed, for it was but a wish and not an efficacious desire.

A present-day Protestant (and every non-adherent to Rome, unless he be an Easterner, a Jew, or an atheist, is still, all protests to the contrary notwithstanding, a Protestant) may blush at the thought of being found dead up an alley alongside the deeds of the "Reformation" gentry, but let him be reminded that his own principle of self-determination is the very same as was theirs—the only difference being that to-day, the application of this principle, is perhaps, a trifle more logical. In other words, the Protestantism of the condescending "highbrow" of no sect at all along with that of the Shakers, Quakers, Dunkers, Holy-Rollers, and Dean Inge may be dead (or nearly so) but its place in the Western world is now occupied by its lineal descendant: neo-paganism—a spoiled and pampered monster child, who stands at the gates of Christendom, leering at its dead (or dying) parent (who, four hundred years ago raised the portcullis of the West) while he, with terrible logic, carries out the principle of self-determination by bellowing the awful call of fellowship to his even more "swanky" playmates: Nietzsche, Freud, and Karl Marx; who, in turn, since to them there is no purpose in life; since "the universe is run by mechanists' processes rather than by a governing spiritual power; since immortality is a delusion and religion an exploded superstition"; proceed, forthwith, to the gratification of their every impulse; to the enjoyment of pleasure "till pleasure palls; getting a 'kick' at any cost" and securing what they want by any means, and with the godless school and pandering press (as catalyzing agents) are hard at work for the present stepping up the process of disillusion. And to-day because they have refused to follow the compass of Catholic dogma, find themselves "mired down" upon the festering marshes of this unholy slough where poesy (not to mention the other muses) is at once stifled in the human soul.

When man no longer regards material things as "sacramental symbols of eternal verities," and Nature as "the vicar of God" ("with this application only, is nature poetry worthy of the name"), at once the world of matter loses its grandeur and the erstwhile poet no longer feels impelled to strike his harp in Nature's glorification. If man is a brute without a soul, how can one sing to the praise of his ideals, aspirations, or morals? And although this "philosophy" destroys all poetic inspiration, it does not (so it would seem) do away with the urge to express one's self in rime and rhythm. And as a recent writer so aptly puts it, the rimester upon embracing this "philosophy" henceforth draws his inspiration from the satanic rather than the angelic. Instead of writing poems of beauty, he writes rimes that are ugly and grotesque; instead of filling them with praises unto

God, he fills them with subtle blasphemy; instead of eulogizing virtue, he glorifies sensuality and vice; instead of inspiring the reader to moral ends, he incites the reader to immorality; in place of reverence, he substitutes ribaldry. In other words, he follows the Art-for-Art's Sake formula, which, as a wit has said, really means Art-for-Orgy's Sake.

Therefore, if sectarianism ever musters the intestinal fortitude to look its own colossal and tragic failures squarely in the face (or faces) and admit that they involve the gradual (from now on, accelerated) disintegration of the language and literature which (roughly speaking) came into being with the Catholics Bede and Chaucer, and blossomed with "the man who never lived"—then, only two roads lie open. The one (straight ahead), leading to utter annihilation, the other back to Rome.

NATIVITY LULLABY

By Leonard Twynham

SLEEP, holy baby, sleep,
The wolves are roaming every steep,
Sleep ever softly, sleep.

Sleep, precious lambkin, sleep,
Secure among the woolly sheep,
Sleep ever softly, sleep.

Sleep, son of light, now sleep,
While shadows close around you creep,
Sleep ever softly, sleep.

Sleep, little God-Child, sleep,
Your star-lit eyes must some day weep,
Sleep ever softly, sleep.

Sleep, child of promise, sleep,
Against the world your faith I keep,
Sleep ever softly, sleep.

Sleep, hope of Israel, sleep,
We sow what ages yet shall reap,
Sleep ever softly, sleep.

Sleep, tiny God-Man, sleep,
Your Mother's love is long and deep,
Sleep ever softly, sleep.

"THE WONDERFUL SAXON"

By C. Richard Ginder

SWORDS clash outside of the Hamburg opera house. A crowd gathers about the two contestants.

"Here, here," some one shouts, "don't press too closely! Make a ring! Give them room!"

In the Hamburg of 1706 a duel was no novelty.

The two fence heatedly. It is apparent that the one is easily at the mercy of the other. He fights clumsily,—is too busy defending himself to offer much of an offensive.

"Who are they?" some one asks.

"The taller one is Mattheson; the other is the Saxon."

Suddenly the taller one parries and instantly lunges toward the chest of his opponent. A twang resounds as his blade snaps against one of his opponent's coat buttons. A derisive roar rises from the crowd. The Saxon reels for a moment, then laughs uproariously as he drops his sword on the pavement. He runs toward his opponent and embraces him good-naturedly.

"Come, come, Mattheson, let's not fight over a paltry Italian opera."

Arm in arm, they enter the opera house. The crowd disperses in great disgust.

The Saxon was George Frederic Handel, who was twenty-one when the duel with Mattheson occurred. He was born just 250 years ago at Halle, a little town near Leipzig. His mother was thirty years younger than her husband. His father was a respectable surgeon, a staid citizen, which explains the fact that an effort was made to crush the budding musical inclinations of young George. It was an age when music was only beginning to emerge from bondage. There were respectable musicians, of course, but by far the greater number of them were a set of dissolute vagabonds. No, indeed; George was to be a lawyer and was to settle down to an honest career as his father and grandfather had done before him.

All went well until Père Handel chanced to take his son with him one day on a professional call at the ducal court in Weissenfels. There the duke discovered the talents of the child and recommended that he be given musical instruction. Grudgingly Papa Handel acceded and, with characteristic German thoroughness, engaged the best musician in town—Frederic William Zachau—for his son.

Zachau taught the child everything he could. The influence of this early instruction is inestimable, for he not only taught his young pupil harmony but directed the talents of the child toward composition, making him write in the idiom of each national school of the day. Of the sympathy between Zachau and Handel, Romain Rolland writes:

"There is the same essence in the art of both master and pupil; there is the same feeling of light and joy; there is nothing of the pious concentration and introspection of Bach, who goes down into the deeps of thought, and who loves to probe into all the innermost recesses of the heart, and—in silence and solitude

—converse with his God. The music of Zachau is the music of great spaces, of dazzling frescoes, such as one sees on the domes of the Italian cathedrals of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries."

In 1696 the lad journeyed to Berlin, where the Elector of Brandenburg at once offered him a position as court-musician. Handel, Senior, objected, however, and the child returned to Halle (he was only eleven at the time). Shortly afterward, his father died. Such was the respect of the son for the wishes of his father that he entered the University there and completed his law course.

After graduation the boy Handel set out for Hamburg to continue his musical studies. Hamburg was the focal point of German art. The popular opera flourished; musicians and artists of all sorts were everywhere welcome. Handel was fortunate in meeting Johannes Mattheson, a youth of his own age, and the one who later engaged him in the ludicrous duel. Mattheson was brilliant, wrote many operas, and developed into a sound critic. Despite occasional quarrels, the friendship persisted until the end of Handel's life. The Saxon stayed in Hamburg only long enough to write two fairly successful operas. Then he turned his face toward Italy, which harbored the most popular artistic school of the day.

He reached Rome, after some delay, in spring, 1707, and was immediately taken under the patronage of Cardinal Ottoboni.

Pietro Cardinal Ottoboni was an exemplary prelate. Not only that, but he did everything possible to foster art. Mr. Newman Flower, in his interesting biography of Handel, describes the Cardinal as

". . . thin, ascetic, seldom seen except by those members of his coterie to whom he was just a brother in Art. He ran his circle like a modern literary or musical club, only without the same bickerings and internal jealousies. No one knew his qualities because he kept himself and his affairs supremely aloof. . . . He ran a free bakery for the poor; he kept three doctors at their beck and call. Money spilled through his fingers into the homes of the very poor by secret ways, whilst he walked about amongst them as the high prelate, his benevolence all unsuspected. They accused him of pomp and power, whilst yet, unknown to them, he fed their hunger."

Handel did not remain long in Rome. An impending war between the Holy Father and the State forced him to leave the city. For some time he traveled about Italy, touching Naples, returning to Rome, then visiting Venice.

It is probable that during this sojourn in Venice he renewed his acquaintance with Domenico Scarlatti. He had met Scarlatti earlier at Cardinal Ottoboni's. They were both at a masked ball, unknown to each other, when Handel began to play on the clavier. Scarlatti listened a moment and said, "It is either the wonderful Saxon or the devil."

From Venice Handel set out for Hanover, where he was welcomed by Bishop Agostino Steffani, another friend of his Roman days. The Bishop, besides being a dutiful cleric, was a talented diplomat and an extraordinary musician. Being a superb singer himself, he could write sympathetically for the voice. Chrysander, who devoted his life to a study of Handel, said that "Handel

walked in the steps of Steffani, but his feet were larger."

Bishop Steffani had just resigned his post as *Kapellmeister* at the Hanoverian Court, when Handel arrived and was appointed to the position. He was now twenty-five.

At the first opportunity, he asked permission of the Elector to visit England. English music had been interred fifteen years earlier (1695) with Purcell. The dissolution of the nonconforming choirs and monasteries in the previous century had been a fearful blow, but the interregnum had been more than the art could stand. It was simply smothered.

Handel was interested in the efforts being made in London to manage a successful opera house. He even produced an opera of his own, *Rinaldo*, written—libretto and music—in a fortnight. The opera was well received but, unfortunately, its composer had to return to Germany at the end of the season.

After another year in Hanover, the restless musician again asked leave to visit England; and Mr. George Frederic Handel, as he was henceforth to be known, arrived in London, bag and baggage, late in 1712, to stay until death. From this time until the period of his late maturity, the life of Handel becomes almost a catalogue of Italian operas. He placed himself under the patronage of the Earl of Burlington for a time,—later under the Duke of Chandos, until he was established and well able to support himself by his own efforts.

In the meantime, he was presumably on leave from his position in Hanover. He had succeeded, with much difficulty, in having himself appointed Official Composer to the English Court when, to his disgust, Queen Anne died and George, Elector of Hanover, was proclaimed King of England by the secret council. What was he to do? He certainly could not ask pardon formally. He was too proud for that! The old version of the reconciliation tells that Handel wrote a serenade—the *Water Music*—for a procession of the royal barges up the Thames. The king was so well pleased that he asked the composer's name and, after learning it was Handel, received his truant "Musick-Master" back with open arms. It is a pity that such a likely story should not be true. The fact is that Handel had long been working on a new opera, *Amadigio*. He produced it in London shortly after the arrival of George I., and it played to packed houses. The king attended one evening and liked it so well that, without asking questions, he took Handel back into favor.

In 1720 Handel published his artistic and financial *Declaration of Independence*. He cut himself free of all patronage and organized the Royal Academy of Music; acting as the head of this, he could write whatever he pleased at his own leisure. For twenty years he was to labor at stuffing Italian opera (an effete form) down the throats of the unwilling English. This period was to be the most troubled time of his life. He wrote and produced some forty-seven operas, but it was not until 1740 that he finally realized his efforts had been vain. London would not have Italian opera,—not even Italian opera written by Handel.

After the first season of the Academy, some of the dilettantes, among them Lord Burlington, an earlier patron of Handel, decided that a German could not be expected to

write Italian opera, and imported a composer from Modena, Giovanni Bononcini, to compete with Handel.

Bononcini was like a spoiled child. At one time, when he was employed by the Emperor Joseph of Austria—and handsomely paid, too—he petulantly refused to play. The emperor finally asked:

"Do you consider it is an emperor whom you refuse?"

"Yes," was the reply, "but there are many sovereign princes, but only one Bononcini."

Such was Handel's new rival.

Each of the composers agreed to write one act of an opera. The opera was a failure. Bononcini went on composing, however, and turned out some beautiful work. The duel now began to assume a political character. Handel was associated with George I. and the Hanoverian coterie, representing the Tories; Bononcini was linked with all the factions opposed to the none-too-popular king,—with the Whigs.

But Handel refused to be defeated by the courtly Italian. He engaged a cast of Italian singers for his new operas. Among these was Francesca Cuzzoni, a brilliant young soprano. Signora Cuzzoni was certainly headstrong, but not so much so as Herr Handel. At one of the first rehearsals the young prima donna insisted on interpreting her aria after a fashion which did not please its composer. They argued. Handel finally threatened to throw her out of the window and had actually laid hands on her when she acceded. So successful was Handel's new company that Bononcini was hopelessly beaten. Besides, a charge of plagiarism that had been proved against him so discredited him with his public that he fell irretrievably from grace.

With Bononcini out of the way, Handel found another fracas on his hands. A new soprano had been imported,—Faustina Bordoni. Faustina and Cuzzoni immediately quarreled. The feud came to a head on June 6, 1727, when the two singers ended the opera by tearing furiously at each other's hair. It caused a riot in the theater and the jealousy of the two women became a nine-days wonder. The Academy was shaken by the torrent of pamphlets set loose upon it, and it only required the *Beggar's Opera*, by John Gay and Dr. Pepusch, to deliver the *coup de grâce*. Handel's theater could not stand the competition, it closed its doors in June, 1728.

After another attempt to revive Italian opera, Handel tried his hand at a Biblical opera. He brought out an oratorio—*Hamon and Mordecai*—which he had written for the Duke of Chandos, and laid plans for its performance on the stage under the name of *Esther*. An immense furor immediately arose. Did this fellow actually intend to drag the Bible onto the stage? Why, what was the world coming to! Pastors discussed the project from their pulpits, the public murmured, and Dr. Gibson, Bishop of London, settled the matter once and for all by forbidding the performance. The Bishop can hardly be blamed when one considers the shocking disorder of the eighteenth century theaters. Conversations were carried on openly during the performances. The approval or disapproval of the audience was forcefully shown by vigorous applause, or by booing, hissing and heckling. Pickpockets and thieves worked silently and diligently while the spectators were engrossed in the action on the stage.

Handel compromised. He would

produce *Esther* in the theater after all, but it would not be an opera. All gestures would be suppressed. The chorus would sit massed on the stage in conventional dress while the soloists would sit before them,—just as an oratorio is now sung. *Esther* was a success, and the English oratorio was thus launched on its long and colorful career.

An Italian composer, Porpora, was now brought in by the enemies of Handel for his discomfiture. Porpora was another musician of no mean merit, whose name survives only because he was one of Haydn's teachers. The whole affair was a repetition of the Bononcini episode. Both men wrote frantically until Porpora at length mopped the sweat from his forehead and declared that he was beaten at his own game. His operas could not withstand the stiff competition of Handelian opera.

When he had just passed fifty, Handel turned definitely from Italian opera to the oratorio. The reason for the sterility of the preceding twenty years, so far as we are concerned, is the very fact that he wrote mainly operas. According to Waldo Selden Pratt, they "are no longer known because they are based on poor librettos and written in an obsolete musical and dramatic dialect, but, measured by the standards of their own time, they were masterly."

In the fall of 1738 he produced two of his greatest oratorios: *Saul*, and *Israel in Egypt*. Each of these is an enormous work.

Another cabal was formed against Handel. The composer had probably offended some one,—who it was, he did not know. For almost one year he retired from his public activities. The *Messiah* was written during this interval. Charles Jennens, a poet of the time, sent Handel some verses he had compiled from the Bible, with the suggestion that an oratorio be written with these for a libretto. Scholars have always accepted without question Jennens' claim to the authorship of *Messiah*, inasmuch as he assumes authorship in his correspondence and wrote many librettos for Handel after *Messiah;* but Mr. Newman Flower has apparently discovered the real author in Jennens' secretary, the Reverend Mr. Pooley, basing his assertion on a passage in Hone's *Table Book*, Vol. III. Handel began *Messiah* on August 24th and finished it on September 14, 1741. He wrote incessantly all the while, barely stopping for meals and sleep. Commenting on the Hallelujah Chorus, he told his secretary, "I did think I did see all Heaven before me, and the great God Himself."

Messiah was written after Handel had left public life disgusted with the world. He was a disillusioned man. His best efforts had been ignored, — efforts whose merits he sensed with the conviction of genius. *Messiah* is sincere. Its music is not fiction. Positing this, we see in Handel a deeply religious mind concealed beneath a bluff, almost bullying exterior. *Messiah* drew great crowds when it was first presented in Dublin. The performance was billed for April 13, 1742, and the advertisements asked "the Favour of the ladies not to come with hoops this day to the Musick Hall in Fishamble Street. The gentlemen are requested to come without their swords."

The oratorio was not favorably received in London. The old objections regarding the proprieties of sacred music in the theater were excited even more intensely by the title

of the new work. Handel changed the name from *Messiah* to *A Sacred Oratorio*. Even then there were difficulties. It was sung only three times during its first year in London. On one of those occasions, the king attended and was so impressed by the Hallelujah Chorus that he leaped to his feet—that is to say, he stood up with all the verve a gout-ridden monarch could muster. The audience could not remain seated while their king was standing. Thus George II. originated the custom, still observed, of standing throughout the Hallelujah Chorus.

On January 12, 1751, Handel began work on *Jephtha*, another religious oratorio. When he reached the chorus in the second part, "How Dark, O Lord, are Thy Ways," he jotted on the margin of his manuscript, "I reached here on Wednesday, February 13, but had to discontinue on account of the sight of my left eye." It marked the beginning of his blindness. After a lapse of ten days he set to work on the chorus, "Grief Follows Joy as Night the Day," noting again, "Feel a little better. Resumed work." It took him seven months to finish *Jephtha*. So palsied was the pen, so many erasures and corrections were there, that the manuscript, especially in its latter pages, is almost illegible.

Handel was going blind. He tried every possible cure. He drank the waters at Cheltenham. He submitted to an operation by William Bramfield, Surgeon to the Prince of Wales. He even presented himself to the Chevalier Taylor, oculist to the king,—and a charlatan. All to no avail. He was slowly going blind. There was no possible cure.

But blindness did not mean the cessation of work for Handel. His secretary and *fidus Achates*, Christopher Smith, became his manager. To him the composer dictated new works. Together they arranged concerts, revivals of Handel's oratorios, at which the master improvised or played his organ *concerti* from memory.

There are few characteristics more admirable in Handel than this,—his invincible courage. He would not be defeated! The nobility, the common people, the elements—a cold-snap ruined one of his operas, a heat wave, yes, even an earthquake—had conspired against him—in vain. Now his eyes were closed and still he worked on. Only death would be able to check that massive imagination.

The blind Handel received all the honor he could have hoped for. He became the object of reverence. All past enmities were buried.

In March of 1759 he announced a series of ten oratorios. It was his last season. His strength failed him on the evening of April 6th, after conducting a performance of *Messiah*. He took to his bed and for eight days hung between life and death. It was his wish to die on Good Friday "in the hope of rejoining the good God, my sweet Lord and Saviour, on the day of His Resurrection." His wish was very nearly accomplished. George Frederic Handel died on Holy Saturday morning, April 14, 1759. His remains were buried in Westminster Abbey.

Handel had been a good man. He had never married, but at the same time, no scandals ever became attached to his name. He may have browbeaten his singers and musicians, but he paid them well and was always just in his relations with them. There have probably been few more philanthropic composers.

He began his charities to the Foundling Hospital in 1749 with a benefit performance at which he conducted his *Firework Music*, excerpts from *Solomon*, and an anthem especially written for the Hospital, "Blessed are They that Consider the Poor." Incidentally, his last performance was a benefit for the Foundling Hospital. Together with Hogarth he was one of its governors. From the year 1750 he conducted *Messiah* once a year for the foundlings.

There was his sense of pride, too. We have seen that at a time when many a musician considered himself fortunate in being able to live as a servant in the home of some princeling, Handel was resigning the patronage of the Duke of Chandos. He would live by his art. In 1738, when he was practically bankrupt, his friends proposed holding a benefit concert for him. He stormed and stamped his feet. Had it come to this, that he, George Frederic Handel, was to be considered a public charity? He would rather die in a debtor's cell! His friends insisted, however, and the affair was a great success. He always dressed well; never ostentatiously so, but at the same time, he was never shabby. A musician should at least be able to clothe himself! If Handel were nothing else, he was a man of irreproachable character, a man of fine qualities.

He has often been accused of plagiarism. It has been discovered that whole pages in his works have been lifted bodily from one of his earlier works or from the writings of some other composer. Mr. Pratt very concisely solves this difficulty:

"It is clear that he [Handel] occasionally adapted whole passages from other composers to his own uses, just as he transferred selections from one to another of his original works. But it was an age in which pasticcios or medleys abounded, strict creativeness being subordinated to concertistic success. We may doubt whether Handel's intent was deceptive, and surely there is no doubt about his capacity for origination. Many of the cases are merely those of borrowed subjects, which was and is an established artistic practice."

The English have fluctuated between two extremes in their evaluation of Handel. In the past century they wanted to consider him an English composer. He was a naturalized B r i t i s h subject, he wrote his greatest works in England: ergo, he was an English composer and the credit for his work belongs to England. Nothing could be further from the truth. Handel was a Saxon by birth, a cosmopolite by preference. He had wandered from Halle to Hamburg; from Hamburg to Italy. From Italy he had returned to Germany—to Hanover—and only then did he settle in London. He would not write an English opera. Only toward the end of his life did he use English singers. The greater number of his rôles were sung by Italians. He refused to accept the Doctorate in Music profferred by Oxford, possibly because there was a fee of £100 involved, though that is not likely. Handel would hardly have refused such a coveted honor for a pittance of £100, which, after all, was not excessive. Regarding his naturalization,—he was in England sixteen years before it occurred to him that he should file the necessary petition. In his lifetime he was always regarded

more or less as an *attaché* of the Hanoverian kings. There is little record of his ever having traveled about the country. His *Lehrjahre* were spent on the continent. By the time he arrived in London, he had already been acclaimed as a successful composer, and was now twenty-five. Only scant traces of an English influence can be detected in his works. George Handel an Englishman? A Londoner, perhaps, but never an Englishman!

Only recently have the English discovered the questionable fact that Handel retarded the development of their national school. Read what Sir Charles Villiers Stanford says on this point:

"It is difficult to say if they [the English] would have produced in process of time another Purcell, but all chance of it was wrecked by the arrival in England of a great personality, who had little respect for any of them (a spirit which he did not scruple to show), who had sufficient perspicacity to adapt the style of Purcell to his own ends, and thereby be able to speak English fluently (if with a strong German accent), and whom we have to thank not only for immortal music of his own, but also for the decimation of the English School,—George Frederic Handel."

One might ask, "What English School?" Certainly, as we observed earlier, there was none, unless it be the school that produced the *Beggar's Opera*. Sir Charles becomes righteously wroth over the following incident:

"To Dr. Maurice Greene, who brought to him a vocal composition for his opinion, he [Handel] said, 'Your music wanted air, so I did hang it out of the window.'"

Poor Dr. Greene! Did his composition actually need air, or was Handel, perhaps, jealous of this enterprising composer?

The predominant fault to be found in Handel is what we might term a form of artistic laziness. He entered the world and was content to accept music as he found it. He added nothing new. He followed the conventional paths, broadening them perhaps, but never taking time to lift his head, never troubling to strike out in new directions. Even his orchestrations are—generally speaking — typical. Whilst Bach, his brilliant contemporary, was sponsoring the tempered scale and teaching the keyboard instrumentalists to use their thumbs in playing, whilst he was refining and perfecting the fugue and the sonata, Handel was grinding out one Italian opera after the other,—operas which have long since been forgotten. No new school was ever formed by Handel. What a prodigal waste of genius! What might he not have accomplished had he ever turned his mind in the direction of new forms, new methods! Handel's value rests, according to Romain Rolland, in the fact that "our own epoch, tired of the post-Beethoven and post-Wagnerian art, can find here . . . a safe haven, where it can escape the sterile agitation of the present and find again quiet peace and sanity."

POTPOURRI

The Opinions of Our Contemporaries

THERE have never been very many real individuals in any culture. Men who do their own thinking are always rare, always will be rare. And even in a quantity civilization such as ours is rapidly becoming, they are still a source of power because they are the only ones who in any spiritual or philosophical sense are mentally still really alive. . . . They supply the ideas we grow on, when we grow, and they are in an inevitable opposition to the mass mind. . . . But in America today the man who is a person and not just a reacting machine, finds fewer and fewer outlets for his individualism. If he writes, there are few to print, and few to read him; if he speaks, he has little chance on the radio; if he is executive, jobs are taken from him to be given to minds that can guarantee quantity production. He is suspect in a village, and lost in New York. . . . The ideal of quantity which rules the United States today is a barrier to individualism increasingly difficult to cross.

—Henry Seidel Canby, in *The Saturday Review of Literature*, October 12th.

Mark Twain's centenary is here; if he could come back, what would he have to say to us? He called us fools in 1919. I think he would be disposed now to take that back. The old adage tells us that experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other. The plain implication would be that even fools do learn in the school of experience. But we have lived through four years of hell in the longest and bitterest and most futile war that mankind has ever experienced. And here we are in 1935 with huge armies and navies and an American Legion approach to international problems. No, I think he could not call us fools.

—Edward Wagenknecht, *Mark Twain: The Man and his Work.*

My words, as always in the last twenty years of political battles, of which ten of Fascist battles, come after the facts, which do not draw their origin from assemblies, nor from previous councils or inspirations of individuals, groups or circles: they are decisions which I alone mature, of which, as is proper, no one can have previous knowledge, not even those interested who may be pleasantly surprised even when they leave the place. Only one person is informed at the proper time, the Head of the State, His Majesty the King. Although it seems superfluous, after the experience of seven years, I yet repeat that I hold this reserve to be absolutely necessary, and, in any case, it belongs to what people have come to call my style of government to which I naturally intend to remain faithful. From this you can naturally deduce what credit is owed to the so-called "official spokesmen" composed for the most part of deluded people, failures and imbeciles.

—Mussolini, *Grand Report of Fascism*, September 14, 1929. Quoted in *Mussolini's Italy*. By Dr. Herman Finer.

There are moments when the outlook for a Catholic business code is

even less promising than that for a Catholic mathematics. Sir James Jeans may be unphilosophical when he says that God is a mathematician, but that saying at least shows that even a non-Catholic can allow that mathematics fall within the sphere of God's interests, whereas the saying "business is business," used by all too many Catholics, implies that business does not.

—MICHAEL, in the *Catholic Herald*, (London), August 3rd.

As matters now stand, we are permitting, often without realizing it, the steady transfer to the field of Government of activities which belong in the field of Liberty. This means not only a complete change of national character and institutions but also a vast lowering of effectiveness in a host of agencies for the public service; for it is quite certain that whatever Government undertakes to do in the field of agriculture, of industry, of commerce or of philanthropy, it will do far less well than individual citizens coöperating together to work in the field of Liberty under the inspiration of the motive of service. It is by subtly drifting policies of this kind that our social, economic and political life can be swept from its moorings and that we may be carried over into a form of collectivism that will leave Communism with all its horrors, its sufferings and its fatal losses, only a short distance away. There is small use in punishing and deporting Communists if we permit the steady application of Communist principles in our national life.

—NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

Charles Steinmetz made the following remark in a reply to Mr. Babson's question, "What will be the next greatest invention?": "I think the greatest discovery will be along spiritual lines. Here is a force which history clearly teaches has been the greatest power in the development of men and history. Yet we have merely been playing with it and never seriously studied it, as we have the social forces. Some day people will learn that material things do not bring happiness and are of little use in making men and women creative and forceful. Then the scientists of the world will turn their laboratories over to the study of God and prayer and the spiritual forces which as yet have been hardly scratched. When this day comes, the world will advance more in one generation than it has in the past four generations."

—H. FLANDERS DUNBAR, in *Liberal Catholicism and the Modern World*, edited by the REV. FRANK GAVIN.

Civilization permits no time for contemplative thinking. Mentally, I believe I gained a great deal from five months of forced contemplation.

—ADMIRAL RICHARD E. BYRD.

If Catholics have a sense of tragedy, it is quite different from the tragedy which the unbelieving world is suffering from, which latter is really not tragedy at all, but pure and meaningless melodrama. We have, all of us, a new consciousness not so much of having failed in what we had to do, but in what we were free to do. We are face to face not so much with our wickedness (which indeed we are always face to face with) as with our appalling mediocrity. It is scarcely possible to imagine how people living with the privileges of God's grace so near to them have in nineteen hundred years done so little to take advan-

tage of their opportunities, as we have. Could any Malay ever have been as trivial as we have been with what is tremendous? To some Catholics this mediocrity, shown as it is in all our modern literature and culture, has been a positive stench. It was to Léon Bloy. It was he who said: "There is but one tragedy, not to be a saint."

—Daniel Sargent, in *The Sign*, August, 1935.

American cars are built to-day as though they were to be used exclusively on race tracks.... Human beings are not fit to control a vehicular projectile weighing in the neighborhood of a ton and hurtling through space at the rate of 88 feet per second. Laboratory tests have proved that not one person in ten has sufficiently rapid motor reflexes to make safe the driving of such a car.... It is incongruous to be wringing our hands over the bombing of an Ethiopian village while we look with inert, if not with indifferent eyes upon the unspeakable brutality of our modern mania for speed.

—*Christian Century*, October 3rd.

The period of depression through which we are passing, and through the worst of which I hope we have traveled, with the stern necessity which it has imposed on governments of giving direct State aid to millions of unfortunate citizens, has undoubtedly created in the minds of many a false conception of the permanent place of government in society. The State has become to some minds a sort of fairy godmother, and politicians appear as animated magic wands. Assuming for a moment that at given times and in given circumstances dictatorship is of some value, it does not at all follow that in all times and under all circumstances dictatorship is desirable or beneficial. On the contrary, the experience that the world has had during the past few years shows that as a long-term system dictatorship exacts too great a price. Already many of its inherent vices have appeared.... With all its faults the path of democracy is safer and surer than the road of dictatorship. Under democratic systems of government we at least have the right at certain times to change the whole personnel of our political management.

—Premier Angus Lewis Macdonald of Nova Scotia, quoted in *The New York Times*, October 25th.

During the World War the Chinese saw the white man making the Sign of the Cross with one hand and committing murder with the other, and their inference was that the profession of the Western faith was a tragic hypocrisy. In inviting the Orientals as equals to help him bayonet the peoples of his own race, the white man inflicted a disastrous blow at his prestige in Asia, for no yellow man could continue to respect as superior the white man whom he had been invited to kill.

—Thomas Sterr, in *The American Mercury*, September.

THE HIGH-STEPPER

By P. J. Gaynor

WITH growing impatience Denis MacNamara jerked one of the bags of sugar on the scale, slamming the pan noisily against the stand. Then he looked towards the door where his wife stood, one hand resting against the jamb.

"A red halfpenny of mine he'll never spend on a motor again," he said, with an air of finality. "Bought sense, they say, is better than taught sense. That gentleman got the soft side of me once, but, I promise you, he'll not do it a second time."

"Now, Denis, you're too hard on Sonny," remonstrated Mrs. MacNamara. "Sure it's only natural for a young fellow of his age to want a bit of a time. He'll only be young once."

"That's all as I roved out. Too much of a time he's having if I know anything. My money was too hard earned to let people make ducks and drakes of it now. We know what happened with the last car—a bill from Kennedy the length of your arm every other month."

"I'll admit the repairs did come to a good deal, but that was more the car's fault than Sonny's. From the very beginning it was giving him trouble."

"You needn't tell me, and it'd be the self-same story over again if I was witless enough to buy another."

"No, Denis," his wife said, confidently. "Sonny is wiser now and he knows the ins and outs of a motor as well as any mechanic. Look at all the times he took the old car to pieces."

"I'm not likely to forget it," said Denis MacNamara, drily. "Kennedy made me pay through the nose for his experimenting."

"Besides," she persisted, "we'd make the price of the motor in no time. The country people 'ud pay to get driven to market in a grand new car."

Her husband looked, if possible, more skeptical.

"Ay, if the sky falls we'll get larks," he said, sarcastically. "We heard all that talk before. I took out a hackney license for the last car, but that half-mounted gentleman of ours was too high and mighty to take passengers. It'd lower his dignity, moryah."

Mrs. MacNamara's face flushed.

"Now, Denis, you're going too far. You're never happy but when you're having a dig at poor Sonny—and at Cissie, too, for that matter—just because they aim a bit high and mix in nice society."

"Nice society, God bless the mark! A crowd of haw-haws, full of empty swank with nothing to back it up—that's the society Sonny's mixing in. A couple of ordinary working-men 'ud leave more money in the bar in one hour than the whole rick-matick of them 'ud spend in a week."

"That's a feather in Sonny's cap so far as I'm concerned," and Mrs. MacNamara tossed her head defiantly. It's a load off my mind to know his friends are all teetotalers."

Denis gave a tantalizing laugh.

"T e e t o t a l e r s, how are you! They'd drink the cross off an ass's

back if they got it for nothing. You've only to look at the score that's against them in the book there to see what they are. A pack of gougers!—that's what I call them."

This news seemed to upset his wife.

"Well, in any case, it's good work for Marty Farrell to look after the posting," she declared. "You could hardly expect Sonny to go doing the jarvey for every Tom, Dick and Harry—him that got a college education too."

"The less said about education the better. I spent a handful of money on himself and Cissie, and there's neither of them able to tote up a page of the account book."

"They had too much to attend to at school to bother about things like that. See all the French they can talk, and look at the high-class musical education Cissie got."

The father laughed again.

"Faith all I can ever hear her playing is 'The Little Busy Bee,' and she'd have you light in the head drumming at that. As for their French, I'm thinking two could heise it on one." He slammed another bag of sugar on the scale. "It strikes me forcibly Cissie and Sonny were born into the wrong house. A mansion and a demesne 'ud have been more in their line than a country shop."

"And may I ask if it's putting on airs to want to buy a motor car? Sure the whole country has cars now. Look at the grand new turnout the Mullarkeys got, and the father only a rate collector."

"The Mullarkeys can get what they like," was the curt rejoinder. "That's their own affair. If that gentleman's not satisfied with the car, he has the pony and trap to fall back on. It's only a month since I paid out my ten pounds in hard cash for having the trap done up, so it should be stylish enough for ye."

Mrs. MacNamara smiled frigidly.

"I can just picture Sonny bringing his greyhounds to the coursing matches in a pony and trap. He'd never do it."

"So much the better. If there were fewer coursing matches and less gallivanting to dances all over the country, I'd have a bigger banking account."

The entrance of a customer put an end to the discussion for the time being. That night, as they sat by the parlor fire after the shop was closed, Mrs. MacNamara ventured to broach the subject again.

The time was opportune, she felt, to renew the attack. Denis looked the picture of comfort in his armchair, pipe well under weigh, his slippered feet resting on the fender. He had just had his customary nightcap—a stiff tumbler of whisky punch—and his wife had often in the past experienced the mollifying effects of such a potion.

For once, however, she was out in her calculations. In the matter of the motor car he was adamant.

"My mind's made up. I'll buy no car," he declared, decisively.

"But Sonny says that new Act'll be coming into force in the New Year, and we'll find it hard to get any company to insure the old one, it's so far gone."

With an air of indifference Denis took up his newspaper.

"Well, let him sell it to some dealer in ancient monuments—that's about all it's fit for," he said, coolly. "The last time I had the misfortune to sit in it I nearly got my death. You'd think it was a sanatorium on wheels I was."

"Bad and all as it is though, the

children'll miss it," said Mrs. MacNamara, gloomily.

"Badly off, indeed, they are! One 'd think a trap and a side-car should be vehicles enough for them. When I was young like them, if I got sitting in a fine rubber-tired trap, I wouldn't call the king my uncle."

His wife gave a sigh of resignation.

"I was talking to Sonny about the pony and trap before they went to the pictures," she said. "He says the trap'd be all right if we had a proper pony. Poor Betty's best days are over."

Denis's eye twinkled.

"She's getting a bit long in the teeth, sure enough," he acknowledged. "Still we might speed farther and fare worse. She's very quiet."

"Ay, but, Denis, she's terrible slow. The last day I went to Ballycarbury I'd nearly walk as fast. You couldn't blame poor Sonny for wanting something livelier."

"Maybe it's too lively the new one 'd be for him, if he sells Betty. He'll never be easy till he gets a high-stepper, that'll make bits of the trap and kill us all."

"Never you fear. Sonny's too wide awake to do a thing like that. If I were you though, Denis, I wouldn't be so fond of crossing him in everything. We were all young once and, if he contents himself with the trap, I'd let him get a decent pony."

Denis MacNamara got to his feet.

"Very well so, have it your way," he said. I'd wager anything though, he'll rue the day he parted with Betty."

There were certainly no heart-breakings on the part of the young people when Mrs. MacNamara broke the news. The prospect of the new pony seemed to make a special appeal to Cissie.

"D'you know, Ma, I think I'd rather have it than the motor after all," she said. "Cars are getting so common of late."

"Well, I won't say I wouldn't like a nice new model, if the guvnor'd foot the bill," her brother admitted. "Still, with a decent bit of horse-flesh between the shafts, the whole turnout won't be too dusty. We must get something with a bit of breeding this time. There's nothing like a dash of blood."

"I must hunt up a nice French name for her," said Cissie. "A French name on a horse sounds real tony."

"If we're lucky enough to hit on a good-going thing, I shouldn't mind entering her for the driving competition at the show," Sonny declared. "Style and appearance, you know."

"You'd never know but I could take her to the hunt," Cissie opined. "I'd just love that. Everybody that's anybody is hunting these times."

"Ay, some of them 'd nearly turn out on a clotheshorse," said her brother, dryly. "Anything at all for the name of a mount."

"If I were you Sonny I wouldn't lose any time in looking about for the new pony," his mother advised. Delays are dangerous, and you know what your father is."

Sonny reflected.

"There's a fair in Carrickbanagher on Tuesday, and I'll get Marty to bring Betty," he announced. I'll run over in the car, and who knows but I'd hit on what we want."

Tuesday morning found Marty Farrell, the servant-boy, busy, preparing Betty for the road. Old Onnie, the faithful retainer of the MacNamara household, was loud in her lamentations.

"I didn't do a bit of good since I heard they were going to sell her," she told Marty in confidence, as he saddled the old gray pony. "I d'know what came over the master at all to agree to such a thing."

"Well, there y'are," and Marty nodded. "Nothing'll do the young people but a high-stepper."

The old woman jerked her thumb towards the house.

"Wouldn't you think herself'd have more sense," she said.

Marty gave a scornful laugh.

"Musha, God give you sense! The worst of the lot of them she is for aping the quality. It's only yesterday she took the nose off me for forgetting the 'Master Sonny.'"

Onnie shook her head.

"I don't like to be talking, Marty, but it's not right for people to be going beyond themselves. Poor Betty here was quite good enough for them."

A tear coursed down her cheek as she affectionately stroked the pony's nose.

"I'll miss her terrible," she dolefully declared. "It's just like parting with an old friend. I suppose I'll have to foot it to Mass now, for I'd never trust myself behind one of them prancing young things."

Marty sprang into the saddle.

"Ara, keep up your heart, girl," he said cherrily. "Maybe it's what you'd see Betty back again. It'll surprise me if he even gets a bid for her."

His judgment was at fault, however. Sonny MacNamara arrived home in the evening with the news that he had sold the pony to some strolling gypsies.

"Deuced lucky to get shut of her at all," he told his father. "Had to let her go for a fiver. Only offer I got."

Denis MacNamara looked anything but pleased.

"I'd never have done it," he said. "I wouldn't give them vagabonds the chance of ill-treating poor Betty. For the sake of all you got, I'd have turned her out in the paddock and let her end her days in comfort."

"Oh, that's all tommy-rot" his son declared. "A fiver's a fiver, no matter where it comes from. Besides, Dad, those gypsies have always the best of horseflesh. They'd a lovely little thing on the fair to-day—a regular thoroughbred. I'd have bought him only he'd be too small for the trap. However, the man I sold Betty to knows a chap who has just the pony we're looking for. Right size and all, and a regular high-stepper. He's to have her at the Christmas fair at Ballycarbury this day week."

"If you take my advice, you'll have no more to do with the gypsies," said his father. "Fly and all you think yourself, you're no match for them."

"That's all right Dad," was the self-confident reply. "You'll find I'm not so green as to let them pick my pockets. I've seen too many crossroads for that."

During the ensuing week there was no dearth of callers at the shop —mainly people who knew some one that happened to have the very pony that would suit, if he could but be induced to part with it. Wee Jack McCann, the cattle-dealer from Gortnashee, was one of the first in the field. Foxy Regan was driving him home from Ballycarbury, and the pair of them dropped in to have a drink. What more natural than that the conversation should, after awhile, drift round to ponies.

"And so you got rid of the wee gray mare, Mr. Mac," said the cattle-dealer.

Denis nodded assent.

"A good little mare she was too," McCann went on, "but getting on a bit. The young people'll be wanting something livelier."

"Ay, Sonny is on the lookout of another," Denis informed him.

McCann pondered.

"H'm. It's no easy matter picking up a good pony just now. Terrible scarce entirely they are. You'd want something, you see, with a nice bit of mettle, and still no ways giddy or restless. A flighty animal 'ud have little business on the road these times." He tilted his little bowler and stroked his chin reflectively. "You wouldn't know anyone, Foxy, having a pony that'd suit Mr. Mac here?"

Foxy Regan lolled against the bar counter, smoking. Through the curling wreaths of tobacco smoke he leisurely studied the show-cards on the shelf opposite.

"What about that pony of Peter Daly's?" he asked, at length.

The cattle-dealer stared.

"Is it the wee bay one you mean?" There was a note of surprise in his voice.

"Ay, Fanny. She's a good-going little thing."

"Oh, bedad, she's all that, but there's no good in talking of her," McCann declared, decisively. "Peter wouldn't part with yon wee pony if you were to offer him her weight in solid gold."

"I know he wouldn't, but I was only saying that, if by any chance he did, she'd be the very thing for our friend here."

"Oh, be d—n but if Mr. Mac got Fanny he was landed. There's not a dandier bit of horseflesh in the province of Connaught."

Foxy took a long, slow draught from the pint tumbler.

"Maybe now, Jack, if you were to—"

McCann shook his head.

"It's no use, I tell you, Foxy. I'd do as much as any man to oblige Mr. Mac here, but what you're asking me is out of the question. Peter Daly'd never sell that pony."

Mr. MacNamara himself looked supremely indifferent. He was much too old a bird to be caught with chaff. With the skill of a born diplomat he steered the conversation into other channels.

Such unorthodox behavior seemed at first to disconcert the cattle-dealer. After awhile, however, he ventured to reopen the subject.

"About that pony, Mr. Mac?" he began.

Denis looked blank.

"What pony was that, Jack?"

"The one we were talking about —Peter Daly's, you know. I was thinking, maybe, if I mentioned the matter to him, he might—"

With a wave of his hand Denis dismissed the subject.

"Not at all, Jack, not at all. I wouldn't dream of asking him to part with the pony and him so fond of her. Besides, Sonny has his eye on one that should suit him. He's to see her at the fair on Tuesday."

Jack McCann looked like a man from whose shoulders a load of worry had all at once been lifted.

"Oh! sure that alters the whole situation," he said. "Amn't I delighted you won't be stuck?"

In spite of this, however, he and Foxy called in on their way home from the fair on Tuesday. The gypsy's promises had failed to materialize. Sonny had not got the pony.

"Between ourselves, Mr. Mac, I'm just as well pleased," said the cattle-dealer, confidentially. "It's the very

devil to be up to them gypsies." He gave the little bowler a jaunty tilt, and leaned across the counter, one eye closed in a knowing wink. "Maybe it's all for luck. I was sounding Peter Daly th' other day about Fanny. You'd never know but we'd get round him yet."

Denis gave a noncommittal nod.

"I wonder but Sonny is home," he said.

McCann chuckled.

"Would you believe it, he hadn't given up hopes of the pony when we left town? Still sailing round he was with some of his chums, thinking he'd meet the gypsy. I'm doubting he'll have a long wait."

But in this he was wrong. In less than an hour Sonny arrived home with the tidings that the gypsy had turned up after all, and he had bought the pony. He was delighted with his bargain.

"A regular high-stepper she is," he told his listeners. "Full of spirit, and yet as gentle as a lamb. I got her whole pedigree from the owner, but there was no need of it. Anyone with an eye in his head could see she was well bred."

McCann tried to hide his disappointment.

"I'm glad you got a pony to suit you, Sonny," he said. "About what age would she be now?"

"A nice age for a pony—just turned four."

"A wonder now that gypsy chap was so late in turning up," Foxy Regan remarked. "You might as well have missed him."

"'Twasn't his fault," said Sonny. "One of the youngsters met with an accident and that delayed him. It was just between the lights when he got to Ballycarbury."

Denis MacNamara had been an interested listener.

"What'd you give for her?" he inquired.

"Twenty pounds. Only he was hard up for the money and the Christmas coming he'd never have let her go for that. The boys all said she was a regular gift."

The father seemed far from sharing the son's enthusiasm.

"I d'know so much about that. Twenty pounds is a lot of money, considering the way ponies is going of late. Where is she?"

"Andy Bán's Tommeen is bringing her home behind the trap. He should be here any minute. They were more than halfway home when I passed them in the car."

The arrival of the purchase created quite a stir, all the household turning out to view her in the light from the shop window. Cissie fell into ecstasies over the pony's coat.

"It's so black and shiny—just the very color I love," she cried.

"She'll look far better when she gets a bit of a grooming," her brother assured her. "Her coat's all wet now and spattered with mud."

"Look at the white star on her forehead! Isn't it sweet?" Cissie gushed. "And the lovely way her mane is plaited. Ma, isn't she a dote?"

Mrs. MacNamara beamed approval.

"She's undoubtedly a very nice animal. Sonny deserves to be congratulated on his good taste."

Sonny's chest expanded with pardonable pride as he dug his hands deep in the cross pockets of his plaid riding-breeches.

"Takes me to pick up a dainty bit of horseflesh—eh? What do you think of her, Jack?"

With critical eye McCann scrutinized the pony, as she stood quietly nibbling at some shrubs.

"She doesn't seem over-lively for the high-stepper you said she was," was his cautious comment.

Sonny appeared taken aback.

"She may be a bit fagged after her trot home in the rain," he said. "Wait till she gets a white drink and a rub down. You won't know her."

McCann led the pony over to the window. Opening her mouth, he examined her teeth with the eye of a connoisseur.

"What age did he tell you she was?" he queried.

Sonny fidgeted.

"Four-year-old. Why do you ask?"

Jack McCann's weather-beaten countenance crinkled up into a wry smile.

"Oh, no why—only he could have added a good many to that. Clever and all as he was with the file, he couldn't bamboozle me."

He let the pony loose and looked at his hand. Some of the saliva had trickled into his palm. He smelled it slowly.

"Just what I expected," he said. "Dope!"

Sonny became half-truculent.

"What are you talking about?" he asked.

"Oh, troth, I know well what I'm talking about. Them gypsies are ould hands at that kind of thing. The stuff works miracles for awhile, but the effect soon wears off."

Old Onnie crossed the yard, an empty bucket in her hand. It rattled against the gate as she opened it. The pony raised her head, cocked her ears and whinnied loudly. With a clatter the bucket dropped from the old woman's hand, and she hurried out to join the group on the street. Her face fell as she saw the pony. She blessed herself.

"Glory be to God but it's doting I am! I could have taken the Book that it was poor old Betty back to us."

An idea seemed to strike the cattle-dealer.

Catching the pony once more, he rubbed his palm briskly to her wet sides. Then, crossing to the window, he examined his hand. It was quite black!

Jack McCann grinned. His suspicions were confirmed.

"You're badly had, Sonny, my lad," he said. "The high-stepper won't be long losing her lovely black coat. You've bought old Betty back again!"

NOTES ON MEXICAN EDUCATION

By Randall Pond

MEXICO, despite the Italo-Ethiopian crisis, still remains one of the world's most interesting countries. But for the person who would describe its activities for the readers of a monthly magazine, there is always the very real danger that the ever-shifting scene will have changed so much by the time his article sees print that he must run the risk of being criticized for inaccurate reporting. With this in mind, I shall attempt to present a view of the most recent developments that have taken place in Mexico in the field of education in the last few months.

All the world knows now that President Cárdenas did a bold thing when he faced the supposedly invincible Plutarco Elías Calles last June and revealed that the idol of the Revolution possessed not only feet of clay, but also legs that looked suspiciously like straw. Everyone who had not probed beneath the surface of Mexican politics believed that Cárdenas was Calles' "man" and would do as he was told. The ex-governor of Michoacán turned out to have ideas of his own and those ideas are largely tied up with the Six-Year Plan of his support, the National Revolutionary Party. According to some, Calles did not expect Cárdenas to take the Plan seriously, but the new President had done considerable traveling during his campaign and he took office with the firm determination to carry out the promises both he and his party had made. Naturally, this was too much for Calles and the clique about him who had grown rich through the simple process of appropriating to themselves the properties and commercial holdings of the classes they pretended to hate. The old "First Chief of the Revolution" made his protest—and it wasn't long before he was embarking for "a vacation in the Hawaiian Islands." Cárdenas had thrown his words back in his face, had rallied to his presidential standard, army, farm and labor leaders, and had demonstrated to a surprised world that Mexico had found a new master.

Cárdenas followed up this attack with an ouster of his Calles-appointed cabinet; sent a force to eject from power the corrupt Tabascan government of Tomás Garrido Canabal and his henchmen; began the prosecution of the associates of Governor Osornio of Querétaro, accused with the State's executive of the murder of a gambler named Río; quieted a threatened revolt in Tamaulipas; and granted amnesty to all political exiles from Mexico.

The President had created a good impression and a surprising number of people were attracted to this nonentity who had suddenly become somebody. But Cárdenas has found it difficult to sustain the pace he first set last June. Strikes, both real and threatened, have worried him, since he is called in repeatedly to act as arbitrator—and these strikes have reached such an extent that quick-witted Mexicans have named him

"Lázaro *Huelgas*" (Strikes). Petition after petition is sent him on behalf of some outraged group of "*campesinos*" who want land and aren't getting it. Foreign diplomacy requires delicate handling and this, like so many other Mexican problems, is too often left to the President's personal decision. Educational questions, particularly those dealing with University autonomy and a proposed council devoted to the study of higher education and scientific research, are pressing and must be solved.

In fact early in September, affairs at the National University reached a crisis. It was announced that the institution could not remain open unless the government advanced subsidies which would enable the various departments to function with full efficiency. This announcement was followed by loud demands from "*el ala izquierda*" (the left wing), a radical minority student organization, that the administration resign, since they claimed it was dominated by conservatives and clericals who could not expect the government to furnish help. Dr. Fernando Ocaranza, the Rector, promptly called a meeting of the Council and with its members' aid, he formulated a message to President Cárdenas in which was pointed out ways and means whereby government help could be supplied and University autonomy preserved at the same time. He followed this by ordering the suspension of all classes until the issue had been definitely settled.

The autonomy question was the crux of the situation. In 1933, after a long and courageous struggle, the University had been granted autonomy and a financial bargain struck which was almost sure to have disastrous results. Instead of the 3,000,000 *peso* annual grant, the government gave the institution an outright sum of 10,000,000 *pesos* and cut it adrift from all further monetary support. As the administration could exist only by spending the interest on the lump sum, it is easily understood what the government had in mind. The University had won autonomy, but the politicians held the trump cards. Even at that, Dr. Ocaranza and his Council were doing fairly well until student agitators, breathing defiance toward those they accused of clerical and non-revolutionary sympathies, forced the faculty members, working diligently on small salaries, to call for a showdown. Either the President must back them up—and their policies—or he must replace them with more subservient tools.

The breach was soon made. President Cárdenas replied to Dr. Ocaranza's conciliar message with one of his own and the burden of it may be summarized in two points. He declared that any further financial help from the government could be made only at the cost of restricted autonomy. In addition, the University must bring itself into line with the ideals of the Revolution so that students entering it with the new sociological and economic ideas obtained in the primary and secondary school systems would not feel utterly strange in an environment such as the University developed. This was just another way of saying that the country's most important center of higher culture had to surrender its freedom to teach all forms and theories of government, sociology, economics, etc., and confine itself to the theory most suitable to revolutionary Mexico. The example of Germany and Italy was to be fol-

lowed in detail, even in matters of education.

There was only one way out for Dr. Ocaranza and his colleagues—and they took it, resigning in a body. There were few who might rightly be called "clericals" in the group, especially among the leaders. Dr. Ocaranza is a rationalist and his clericalism probably extends to his having written some very splendid volumes on the early Franciscan missionaries. Dr. Alfonso Caso, a Socialist and the discoverer of the world-famous Monte Alban treasures, resigned his archæological post in disgust. His brother, Dr. Antonio Caso, a leading philosopher, did likewise, spurning the cheap trick of the radical students in calling him clerical. The country's greatest authority on native languages, Pablo González Casanova, known for his Marxist beliefs, resigned as head of the department of languages. Ezequiel Chávez, one of the University's most beloved figures; Pablo Martínez del Río, Director of the Summer Session; Dr. Enrique Aragon, José Luis Osorio Mondragón, Trinidad García, Manuel Toussaint, García Granados—all known for special attainments in various fields, from that of education to colonial monuments, followed their chief from the council table.

On that day, individualism ceased to have a place in Mexico's higher educational system. It is evident that the party in power feared the presence in its center of a group who would not bow their necks to the collective yoke and help to make of Mexican youths Fascist-ized or Nazi-ized slaves of the State. A new rector, Licenciado Chico Goerne, has claimed that the University retains its autonomy as always, but in his heart he must know otherwise. If the new régime were dedicated to free speech and free thought, why did the before-mentioned Dr. Antonio Caso refuse the directorship of the School of Philosophy and Letters to which he was perpetually elected by an acclamatory vote? No, autonomy is dead; the University's long, slow, painful climb back to a respectable position among the leading institutions of the world, is halted. The best of the faculty must seek employment elsewhere. And thus does Mexico, like Soviet Russia before her, reject the offer of brains and developed intellects which were hers to use for the best interests of the country. To me, this little drama has more far-reaching consequences than the murder of a hundred Obregóns or the fall from power of a thousand Calleses.

Having disposed of those University elements who might prove embarrassing if they began to ask questions about the queer mixture of extremely modern and horribly antiquated educational ideas which clutter up the country's primary and secondary systems, it was up to the government to propose a plan whereby higher education would fall in line with the jumble taught in the lower forms. To this end, the President sent a message to Congress, asking for the creation of a National Council of Higher Education and Scientific Investigation. I give here a rather free translation and condensation of the President's views on the subject.

In his prefatory remarks, he pointed out that the country, over a period of years, had gradually been transformed from one dominated by Spaniards, Catholics, miners and landowners into one where the newer forms of professional and col-

lective training should be applied to collective, rather than personal, ends. His trips about the country, both before and after his campaign, had shown him that Mexico City, where higher education had long been concentrated, must share it with other parts of the republic. With the federal government acting in coöperation with the States, the monopoly of the rich in the fields of science and the professions would be broken. The proposed plan would have six main consequences:

1. The selection of a student would be made, not as a result of chance or arbitrary individual choice, but strictly on accomplishment, ability, and the ease with which he could be absorbed into the social organism; 2. The necessary aids to the student, such as food and clothing, should be provided by the State; 3. The student would form habits of work which would teach him that he was not in school to waste his father's money and that he must be prepared to take his place in society and do his job as soon as he left school; 4. Ideals of personal enrichment, which prevent a man from becoming a leader in the social struggle, must be eliminated and working for the common good substituted; 5. The formation of a class conscience, which must be cemented into the student so that he will be prepared some day to take over the means of production, must be undertaken; 6. A clear comprehension of the development of the economic processes and the political struggles in society, combined with the determination to work to produce a social régime based on a just distribution of labor and wealth, must be the aim of the new methods.

In order to bring about the realization of the above points, it follows that all institutions of higher learning must be fully identified with the ideological and social concepts of the Revolutionary government. To fulfill these aims and to aid in the correction of evils which now impede the country's progress, the President asked for the creation of centers and laboratories of scientific investigation. In other words, he might have coined a motto to read, "Scientific investigation for social service."

Above all, there should be a National Council of Higher Education and Scientific Investigation which would study the best formulas for the effective organization of higher education and scientific investigation. It would not concern itself with primary, secondary, or normal school education. The Council would have fifteen members named by the President and one member for each government department or secretariat which had an institution of higher education in its charge. Congress gave its stamp of approval to this project on October 15th and it will be formed shortly.

In a country where normal allowance is made for differences of opinion among those belonging to various schools of political, economic, and social thought, such a Council would be cause for rejoicing by all friends of the country. In Mexico, however, preceded as the plan was by the government support of unsavory attacks on distinguished University professors, it can only lead to a further intensification of that class consciousness so dear to the hearts of Socialists and Communists and founded on the threadbare stories of Spanish oppression. The cult of the Indian, the half-baked Marxist, the untrained theorist, the

Utopia where the State is Sir Oracle before which no other dog may bark —all these will add to the confusion attendant upon the Council's work. Experiment, within reason, calls for applause; but when one mixes dynamite, gunpowder, and TNT in the same bowl it proves that one lacks training and experience for the work at hand. This, I fear, is the hallmark of Mexico's new Research Council project.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

By Anne Cabell

I

LADY, this night most beautiful and meet
It is we penetrate thy frail disguise,
Princess of peace, behold us at thy feet,
Hushed by the reverent glory of the skies.

With song we praise, with stumbling pen we write,
Hailing thy Son, oh, fairer than seraphim,
For poets pray, remembering the night
When stars and sea sang lullabies to Him.

II

Gently rest, sweetly slumber, oh, small sleeping Child,
With Mary, Thy mother, close by;
For the touch of her hand is Thy one Holy Land,
The blue of her mantle, Thy sky.

Gently rest, sweetly slumber, oh, small sleeping Child,
Asleep in Thy mother's curved arm;
And bright is her hair where the starlight falls there,
Her robe near Thy cheek, soft and warm.

Gently rest, sweetly slumber, oh, small sleeping Child,
For Mary is guarding her own;
And a Cross on a hill is a prophecy still,
And the heart of a virgin Thy throne.

THE DRAMA

By Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt

DEAD END

Boy Scouts and Big Brothers—Take Notice!

THE street, steep and cluttered, stopped at the river. There the tenements suddenly gave place to a tall-storied, penthouse-crowned apartment house with a private yacht landing.

And there it lies and has been lying for the last decade; a dazzling bit of drama just in its outward picture—the point where slums and luxury meet; where the unevenness of life becomes most apparent; where a few people have too much and a great many have too little; but no one had apparently sensed its dramatic values until Mr. Kingsley placed it before us in his play. Just as the summer air comes to us in the city, strident with the clamor of children's voices, so the play unfolds itself over the babble of the boys on the wharf end. We live at the dead end of that street during one day from morning till night time, and during that short compass we are shown more convincingly than any set of statistics or even personal evidence could prove how gangsters are being made out of material which God created for very different uses.

If it seems improbable that ordinary young hoodlums in broad daylight would dare steal a rich boy's watch and then gash his father's wrist with a knife, we can recall an incident that happened a few years ago up on East End Avenue when a householder warned some boys to get off his stoop and then found himself on the sidewalk under their feet where they started to beat him with their baseball bats. A well-known surgeon who tried to intervene, received injuries that still trouble him and both men only escaped possibly fatal hurt because an old ex-army officer, hearing the noise, rushed out with his revolver. The small gang in *Dead End* receive some very pernicious counsel from the current Public Enemy No. 1, who has ventured back with a "lifted" face to see his mother and his first girl. It is he who suggests the use of the knife. Naturally the boys listen to him with enthusiasm as they can see by his prosperous air that he is a racketeer. But the outcome is that the old gangster is shot and the young one arrested.

There is also the contrast afforded by the young architect on relief, who was a schoolmate of the silk-shirted thug, and the boy gangster's sister who has tried so hard to bring up her brother and keep straight. They are all so very much alive, particularly the little boys who dive off the wharf into the river which runs supposedly in front of the stage. On the first night, Mr. Kingsley had carried realism so far that the S. P. C. C. refused to allow the boys to continue to play if such language were used either by them or any other charac-

ter. This has proved a censorship that has in no way injured the play and we only hope before long that the profanity may also be erased. There is too much authentic, horribly authentic drama in *Dead End* for it to be dependent on any stray words. There is too much important social truth in it for it to be defaced.

If anyone was ever for one moment doubtful of the necessity for the Boy Scouts, let him see *Dead End*. If anyone ever lacked sympathy for the boys with whom the Big Brothers work, let him see *Dead End*. If anyone doubts that gang life doesn't pay—let him see *Dead End*. If anyone wants to see a perfect set by Bel Geddes—if anyone wants to see a deeply stirring play—*Dead End* is at the Belasco and it has come to stay.

JUBILEE and it is a very jubilant jubilee for everyone concerned. One only worries about losing one's self in a plethora of superlatives, for there is an amiable generosity of beauty and fun about the entire production that invites gratitude. It is also a monument to the D'Oyly Cartes; their gift and legacy to the American stage. They showed in legible box office script the sound values of elegance, grace and good nature; they seem as soundly the inspiration to Messrs. Cole Porter and Moss Hart as King George. But if the decorum of the Gilbert and Sullivan tradition are there so also is the sly humor and fantastic twists; a romping fancy and beauty with a Hollywood check book behind it.

It seems practically impossible to imagine a more satisfactory spectacle than the Throne Room in Act I. until one sees it again in Act II. when Mielziner makes blue the keynote of his scheme. Then there is the delightfully merry scene where the King's loyal subjects dance with the tourists and children and sing "What a Nice Municipal Park," and the King is carried off—quite unrecognized without his crown—to do his string trick for Elsa Maxwell's party. There is a Gilbertian cadence to the solemn chorus of footmen at Feathermore Palace whose harmony declares that "Sunday morning is the day when a man has time to eat" and that catchy duet of the '90's that the King and Queen sing on the beach.

Alas, the poor royalties have such a grand time in the few days of their runaway holiday when the Prince and Princess find romance and the Queen learns how to swim the breast stroke with her athlete from the screen and the King has a real audience for his parlor sleight of hand. Their dreams are ended at the Greek Masked Ball which is a dream in itself. But, though their majesties are forced to mount their throne again, they do it pleasantly, happy to be able to shower honors on their new friends, and a delighted audience claps appreciation of Mary Boland and Melville Cooper in their crowned success and all the rest of a cast who seem to enjoy their own good work.—*At the Imperial.*

PORGY AND BESS.—After a tremendous clatter at the Metropolitan over each American opera which has been produced for future oblivion, the Theater Guild has quietly presented the best American opera of the lot—so really and truly an opera that it is quite impossible for us to think of *Porgy* any more except in musical form. The score and the text are one. It is only

reasonable that the most musical members of our population, the Negroes, should be both the inspiration and the medium of presentation. Puritans take unkindly to song. Mr. Gershwin had left unaltered the sequence of the play and his music even in the most dramatic moments never impedes the action but seems rather to give it richer emphasis; his songs—like the widow's wonderful lament and the love duet—flood the story with tragic and tender longings. It seems entirely right that Sportin' Life should dance his way through the play, nor did we resent as too frivolous the rhythmic refrain to Porgy's

"I want nothin' and nothin' have
And Nothin' is plenty for me—"

when not only the neighbors sing and hammer and shake their rugs to the beat but the empty chairs rock and the shutters flap and the whole house begins to mark time.

Mamoulian, who directed the play, came back from Hollywood for the opera. His chorus never surges aimlessly backward and forward as in the Italian classics but are ingeniously disposed at the windows and doorways of Catfish Row and all of them keep acting all the time. His wake still has its black shadows on the wall, but Mr. Gershwin has substituted for the real Negro spirituals, some of his own creation which fit better in the general scheme.

The cast coöperate with all their might. The principals are all distinguished musicians. Mr. Todd Duncan (Porgy) is head of the Music Department in Howard University; Miss Anne Brown (Bess) is the first of her race to win the McGill scholarship at the Juilliard School; Mr. Matthews was St. Ignatius in *Four Saints* and Bubbles, whose Sportin' Life is a bit of animated song, comes of the famous vaudeville team of Buck and Bubbles. *Porgy and Bess* is one American opera that seems destined to live.—*At the Alvin.*

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Once upon a time everyone talked about the extraordinariness of Henry James. (An ordinary noun couldn't describe it.) His dissections of the human brain performed with horrible literary convolutions made those of his readers, whose minds had the penetration and endurance to follow the path of his scalpel, gasp with the knowledge that their minds might contain so much complicated unworthiness. As Mr. James progressed with his dissecting, he found the American scene too simple for his purpose—that was the nineteenth century—and he then transported his Americans abroad where a more sophisticated culture could further involute the brain structure. His limited but enthusiastic public looked about for a precedent; Henri Beyle was discovered but no one seemed inclined to remember that in the early part of James's own century in a little corner of rural England a young lady with her quill plumbed to the center of her neighbors' cerebellums and without a single split infinitive, indeed with a disarming smile, exposed their inmost souls in very simple dialogue.

The precision and wit of that dialogue has been sealed up in library walls for the best part of half a century. We are certain that many in the audience who laugh fail to realize that Miss Jerome has transplanted out of the novel almost

all of her most amusing lines. Few of us remember that Macaulay was of the opinion that the English author who most nearly approached Shakespeare in omniscience about her characters and in ability to set a distinct human being before one in a few deft turns of dialogue is—Jane Austen! Neither Shakespeare nor Jane Austen resort to eccentricities as Dickens does. "Their characters do not deviate from the common standard," says Macaulay, "Jane Austen's are all in a certain sense, commonplace yet they are as perfectly discriminated from each other as if they were the most eccentric of human beings." He points out that her four clergymen are all young, middle-class and in love and yet all are completely distinct. "And almost all this is done by touches so delicate that they elude analysis." Yet the MS. of *Pride and Prejudice* went begging for twenty years and we venture to question if any students of psychology to-day can quote the description of the picnic in *Mansfield Park* in which the reactions of four persons to each other on a day's excursion are picked apart with a watchmaker's skill and delineated with an almost careless lucidity.

For those who know their *Pride and Prejudice*, Max Gordon's production must be endearing. Mr. Robert Sinclair is one of the most brilliant and sensitive of the younger directors; he has caught the grand humanity of Miss Austen's wit and has been careful to steer his fine cast from the reefs of caricature. Only Collins and Miss Bingley err in that direction, the latter obviously from inexperience. Collins is the only one of the characters who is totally disparate to our conception. We have always seen him as a very tall, loosely jointed and awkward youth; an ingenuous bore but with a certain quantum of good looks that would appeal to a dowager. Mr. Scott's Collins might have stepped from a Hogarth frame but Hogarth was a satirist who studied human foibles and Austen smiled at life as a whole. We have also pictured Jane always as a tall, classic beauty, but Miss Chandler's gentle blonde has her own appeal. Mr. Percy Waram's Mr. Bennet is supremely right; his humor is pithy but never petty and Miss Lucile Watson's Mrs. Bennet is a surpassing combination of foolishness, charm and flashes of common sense. Miss Alma Kruger is stupendous—particularly in her last bonnet—as Lady Catherine de Bourgh; as for Lizzie, she emerges with Miss Adrianne Allen as one of the most satisfactory of heroines—a match for any modern business woman with as much independence of thought in her clinging draperies as any tweed-clad spinster. Mielziner's sets and costumes give delightful color to Miss Jerome's very intelligent comedy.—*At the Music Box.*

Crime Marches On.—"Say, don't tell none of the folks," says Pa Gibbons when White Swan Soap offers Russell one hundred and fifty a week, "they might take us off relief!" "Tobacco Road" country is invaded by publicity when Russell Gibbons, the hillybilly boy poet wins the Pulitzer Prize. The last thing Russell wants to do is to go to Radio City, as high places make him feel sick, but when Pa hears that White Swan Soap has put Russell and his poetry on the air in their program—Russell goes, and he

goes all the way up to the sixty-seventh floor! The President of Swan Soap is buzzing with the Big Business ideas but he has a very pretty secretary (Mary Rogers), and a sympathetic publicity man (Charles D. Brown), who pulls down all the window shades before the dizzy poet arrives.

When Russell does take a look out by accident, he collapses on the floor and it's then that he dreams the rest of the play—a wild extravaganza of the radio world. Perhaps not so extravagant as it seems! Except for a too real scene of the third degree in police headquarters, the humor is quick and boisterous. Locked up with his typewriter, the poet is sweating out all the latest crimes done over in verse and when Swan Soap puts on more and more pressure, he finally heaves both the typewriter and the President out of the window.

Radio programs and, of course, announcers are very well fried. But Elisha Cook, Jr., puts so much real poetry into the dazed backwoods boy that the farce becomes a fable. Charles Halton and Charles Brown imbue Big Business with dynamic humor and Miss Mary Rogers would have gladdened her father's heart. The Gibbons' homestead makes a picturesque prologue with masses of little Gibbonses and one trailing baby girl who never lets go of her Ma's skirt. This *Crime Marches On* to the tune of lively entertainment. —*At the Morosco.*

THERE IS WISDOM IN WOMEN.—"It is an excellent habit to cultivate good manners," once wrote Charles Francis Adams, "as the habit once formed becomes an artificial rein on the passions that benefit all parties almost equally." It would seem as if this comedy were a terrible illustration of the reverse of Mr. Adams's good advice. Certainly Leon Nordoff's morals and manners are equally slack. His genius is apparently unquestioned even by such a master as Toscanini, but Leon's behavior to his guests is so heartily ill-mannered that it is no surprise to those of Mr. Adams's school to find passions taking the bit in their teeth. Margalo Nordoff has given up a career of her own as concert pianist because she recognized the greater genius of Leon; she and the devoted secretary are slaves to Leon's "temperament"—a polite term for a bad upbringing. Margalo is supposed to be so desperately and philosophically ensnared by love that she can ignore her husband's passing infidelities. Even when a more intelligent temptress drives him to ask for a divorce, Margalo determines to prove to herself and to him that a spoiled child only cries for the sweet beyond his reach.

But though the sixth commandment is infringed with all the traditional comedy of the French stage, Margalo finds it leaves a very bad odor behind it. She forgets it at the end in the fragrant beauty of her husband's genius, but if the play doesn't have the run which the major part of it might warrant, it may be that the audience agrees with Margalo. Another weakness is the set—a duplex studio—which instead of being the background for people of good taste is "department store" and showy. Walter Pidgeon as Leon, Glenn Anders as the secretary and Ruth Weston as the rather incredible wife are a trio who play well together in a gusty fashion. Mr. Pidgeon is an actor worth watching.—*At the Cort.*

BLIND ALLEY.—We are fairly accustomed now to meeting Public Enemies but in this instance Hal Wilson, the noted Killer, drops in most informally on Professor Shelby and announces that he and his gang have come to spend the night in the Shelby's remote cottage on the border of the lake as they are waiting for a motor launch to make their get away. Living with a Killer is a nervous proposition and there are not many left of the cast by the final curtain. But before that falls, the Professor has mastered the criminal. The creepy processes of psychoanalysis are too much even for his blunt brain. The neuroses that set in as a child when his mother killed his ideal of her and made him insanely jealous of her lover are dragnetted by the neurologist up from the murky depths of the gangster's emotional life. Even Hal Wilson understands at last that his career is finished.

Surprising performances are given by Roy Hargrave as the Public Enemy and by George Colouris as the psychologist. In the difficult rôle of Mrs. Shelby who has to sit about and suffer most of the time, Miss Katharine Warren manages to keep the part fresh and human. Not to give you the impression that the evening is gloomy, one must hasten to add that a good many laughs are engineered and that the action is continuously tense and interesting. —*At the Ritz.*

ON STAGE.—B. M. Kaye is no American Pirandello. Pirandello once wrote a play about a playwright's characters which had a philosophic idea. Mr. Kaye has written a play about a playwright's characters that has a trick. It is filled, however, with philosophic catchwords. At one moment I leaned towards my neighbor and whispered, "It's just about time for *Cogito, ergo sum*," and the next minute it was said. The only really very bright thing about it is Mr. Osgood Perkins. Mr. Perkins is the man who is trying to write a play and who has a hard time making his characters behave. He falls asleep and dreams that they have their own way and at the end one of them does come to life. That makes a cheerful surprise for the curtain.—*At the Mansfield.*

PLAYS PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

February, 1934

TOBACCO ROAD.—The Jeeter family seem to have taken up their residence permanently on Broadway.—*At the Forrest.*

December

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.—Miss Gladys George, as the stranded movie queen in the "Tourists Accommodated" still holds sway over large audiences.—*At the Henry Miller.*

January, 1935

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.—Such is the resentment still felt in certain quarters that this tense drama did not win the Pulitzer Prize that a Committee of Critics has just been formed to award another annual prize this year.—*At the Maxine Elliott.*

March

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—Road companies are going out in all directions now with this funny if inelegant farce but the argument of whether or not it should be translated into cockney for London has not been settled.—*At the Playhouse.*

October

A SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER.—The struggles of an ex-bootlegger to become respectable begin to be comedy from the moment that his wife rents a house at Saratoga and they find four corpses in the guest room. "Such a messy way to leave a house," says she. All the jokes are clean.—*At the Forty-eighth Street.*

MOON OVER MULBERRY STREET.—A second-rate play with a good idea—the cleavage in an Italian family between the highly American son and his parents.—*At the Forty-fourth Street.*

November

WINTERSET. The most interesting experiment of the season. Is it possible for gangsters to speak in verse and still be human? Maxwell Anderson's metered lines were eminently satisfactory and moving and the drama engrossed us. The set with Brooklyn Bridge looming up as the background is Mielziner's best. Richard Bennett and Burgess Meredith give superb performances. —*At the Martin Beck.*

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.—When Shakespeare wins as many spontaneous laughs as any musical comedy, it means that real intelligence and vitality has been given to the text. The Lunts give a performance that is decorative, lively and dramatic. It is a wholly delightful entertainment and can be enjoyed by everyone.—*At the Guild.*

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.—Who would think that the most purely Gilbertian little comedy in town would come from the Soviet? Yet here it is, a Box and Cox farce of three students who share the same room. If the Soviet can begin to laugh at itself, it must be growing more human. Entirely proper.—*At the Lyceum.*

REMEMBER THE DAY.—A very charming play of schooldays in the home town and a boy's idealization of his teacher. There is plenty of good comedy and good acting with Miss Francesca Bruning and Frankie Thomas and enough sentiment to accompany the old songs played by the orchestra.—*At the National.*

THE NIGHT OF JANUARY 16TH.—A trial play in which the jurors are picked every night from the names left at the box office and who are duly paid their $3.00. We have a suspicion that it is the jury that sells the play. Personally we're not very fond of murder trials but if you like them—this is an exciting one.—*At the Ambassador.*

The Ball and the Cross

***The Ball and the Cross** is one of the symbols of Christianity. It signifies, as is obvious, **The World and the Faith**. It is our intention to publish in this department usually two or three short articles, which may appropriately be grouped under the caption chosen.*

AS OTHER MEN ARE

HUMANITY, virtually all of it, I've begun to realize, is uniformly naïve when confronted with a request for its photograph. So when the Librarian at Webster College, Sister Mary Joseph, decided to establish a Gallery of Living Catholic Writers, her first move was a shrewd one. She wanted, you see, to inaugurate a means of contact between these great ones, and their imitators and admirers, the students. The latter were to be inspired and encouraged by being made to see that the authors whom they looked upon with such awe, were human beings like themselves, wrote letters, had their photographs taken, and blotted their manuscripts. Whether her cleverness was quite intentional or not, she scored a distinct triumph over barriers between author and reader, when she began, from the first, to ask for photographs. This happy stroke of genius, it seems to me, was perfectly calculated to bring the author down to the level of ordinary people.

"My picture?" I can fancy the first one simpering self-consciously, "You want my picture? Oh, well, I have an old one—although I can't see why you can want it. Really, it isn't at all a good likeness." And then he forwards it, writing his name across it with an especially wild scrawl, just to show you how nonchalant he is about the whole matter, and so that you may not suppose him at all concerned at revealing himself as distinctly unprepossessing looking. Yet whether he acknowledged it or not, the Librarian pinned him neatly with that weapon, and effectively prevented him from assuming the aloof, idealistic pose, that authors seem usually to think is demanded of them by their public. Impossible for him to write a high-flown letter, with a for-posterity ring to it, fairly glittering with beautiful thoughts, noble hopes for the f u t u r e of literature, and exquisitely turned phrases, when he knew it was to be juxtaposed with his photograph. This attitude was decidedly not appropriate. Instead he had to be humorously diffident, with as much

grace as he could muster. "After all," he had to admit in effect, "a writer is only a man (or a woman). We have fantastic noses, and queer hair arrangements, and spectacles, just as everybody has." He had to take his cue from Bottom: "If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life. . . . I am a man as other men are."

That, of course, was exactly the idea that was to be emphasized in the collection. To get the authors to admit it, and their photographs to substantiate the admission, was something of a *coup d'état.* So, from the very beginning, the proper atmosphere was made to prevail in the little museum. A timid student with literary aspirations, coming in great deference to read the letter of a great writer, and finding him mainly preoccupied with apologizing for his photograph, and assuring the Librarian that it doesn't in the least do him justice, is much heartened, and decides that a career of authorship may not be quite so disparate to himself, as he had formerly supposed. He finds himself smiling over the promise of Ross J. S. Hoffman, author of *Restoration:* "You shall have the photograph, however, just as soon as I can get another print of a most flattering job done on me some months ago by a most agreeable photographer"; and wondering in some amusement why it never arrived.

It may not be very satisfactory to the authors themselves, to have the halo which has surrounded them suddenly removed, and the awe with which they are accustomed to be regarded, dissolved, but it is definitely beneficial to the students. When I meet an author on such familiar terms as I do in the Gallery, I feel that his calling is not some special magic gift, but a business, and such a business as I too might be able to work and succeed at. In addition to this, I feel infinitely more impelled to read the books of these people whom I have come to know. After I have met Alice Curtayne in the Gallery, I am anxious to find out whether such a pretty young woman can actually write. And now that I know that Sheila Kaye-Smith looks a typical Englishwoman, and that Helen C. White looks like a teacher, I must get better acquainted with them through their books.

Although this halo-destroying process makes the personages concerned less pretentious, it certainly makes them more likeable. I was instantly drawn, for instance, to Thomas A. Daly, who was so delightfully vague about the usual request. Months later, evidently, he answered the Librarian's letter with an apology, explaining that he "had no photograph and was waiting for something to turn up." And I loved Abbé Dimnet on the spot, from his picture, for looking so sweet and wise and saintly. Jacques Maritain, who answered in French, muses on the consolation, to the authors included in the Gallery, of being "admitted, during their lifetime to a museum, and of tasting to a certain extent, the peace of the dead." This dry witticism is perhaps an example of French humor. Christopher Hollis looks barely out of college, in his picture, and I suspect him of sending an early one, but I don't like him the less for it, for it is very soothing to find that even a young man can find his way into the ranks of great Catholics.

Most of the authors, in their letters, express a modest pride at being asked to join the Gallery, but

are gracious enough not to contradict the judgment of the Librarian in the matter. Father Bede Jarrett, however, declares that "he has no power to boast of his own work," and desires to be left out of the "so sumptious idea." And Agnes Repplier offers a veiled rebuke to the vanity of the other authors who permit themselves to be exhibited in the gallery: "A writer," she says curtly, "has but one link with the public—his printed work." But her sarcasm doesn't seem to daunt the others near her. They are as enthusiastic as ever about the work of the Librarian of Webster College, and don't seem at all dampened at being thought vain, by this eminent fellow-writer.

I don't quite know whether to take Shaemus O'Sheel seriously or not. He declares, with astonishing belligerence, that if he sends his photograph, he doesn't want it placed near any English Catholic's. English Catholics, he goes on to say, are his special abomination—he will make faces at any who are put near him. He feels sure that he would be "spiritually troubled" if even his effigy were placed near one of theirs. In his postscript he adds that he was shocked to find Rosemary Shaughnessy's name (a former Webster student) affixed to an article devoted mainly to extolling English Catholics. Why, he demands furiously of the Librarian, doesn't she teach these daughters of the Gael their own heritage? I can't decide whether Mr. O'Sheel means these un-Christian sentiments in earnest, or whether he is trying to tease the good Sister, as Irishmen often take occasion to do.

One curious thing that seems to bring the British authors near to me, is the way they nearly always have their telephone numbers engraved across the upper left hand corner of their letter paper. Even though they are so far away across the ocean, they still have telephones, I reflect, and one could actually call them up, if he didn't mind the cost, or if he lived in London. To fancy them picking up the receiver, and calling the grocer, or the cleaner, is a warming experience. But their addresses, some of them, switch them back to the realm of the unreal. "Isle of Barra, Outer Hebrides" makes Compton MacKenzie a myth. Sigrid Undset at Bjerkabaek, Pr. Lillehammer, and Eileen Duggan at Wellington, New Zealand, are far removed from my sphere of comprehension. Nor can I feel quite sure that there exists such a person as Stanislaus Hogan, whose address is Holyrood, East Camberwell, Melbourne, Australia. But addresses such as D. B. Wyndham Lewis's at the "Savage Club," London, and Father Ronald Knox's at "The Old Palace," Oxford, are just odd enough to be charming.

Most of these authors, after the necessary apologies for delay in answering (unbelievable procrastination) have been dispatched with, and the further apologies and protests attendant on the presentation of the photograph have been undertaken, devote some space to expressing their approval of the purpose behind the building up of this Gallery of Living Catholic Writers. Nearly all of them feel, apparently, that for a truly fine Catholic literature to develop, there must develop first a Catholic reading public discerning enough to demand it. Mary Dixon Thayer, whom I know chiefly from her charming little book, *A Child on His Knees*, disagrees with this general opinion. She thinks

that is putting the cart before the horse—that a great literature would inevitably build up its own public. There is perhaps some right on both sides, but certainly an appreciative body of readers, such as the Gallery is striving to produce cannot but help any writer.

Of the letters, as letters, there is not a great deal to be said. None of them, I feel sure, was written in the secret hope of ultimate publication, for they are short and to the point, and decidedly informal, most of them. Cecily Hallack, however, writes a particularly interesting letter, evidently intended to be of special interest to the Sister-Librarian, for she describes one or two religious ceremonies she has witnessed in Rome. But she has a charming paragraph about her latest novel: "Macmillan's have just refused my new novel on the ground that it wasn't 'sufficiently Catholic,' which seemed to me a delightful reason. However, I tried for a change to write a little less directly about the Faith, in the hope of reaching those who are scared by the first word of Catholicism. I dare say you will still meet with that book. It is called *The Inn of God*—so look out for it!" This amiable self-confidence quite takes my fancy, and I shouldn't be at all surprised if I *did* meet *The Inn of God*, in which event I shall write a most enthusiastic letter to whatever publisher undertakes to bring it out.

You can see, that along with its noble purpose of furnishing inspiration to young writers, and helping to build up a reading public for Catholic literature, the Gallery of Living Catholic Writers has a very engaging, informal way of bringing people together, writers and readers. It's very amusing and stimulating to meet a lot of new people, as I did the other morning when I visited the Gallery. I can't forget the pleasure of encountering Father Leonard Feeney's twinkling eyes, as he irreverently mentioned football, among his distinguished neighbors; nor Mr. Padraic Gregory's enthusiastic blarney, as he protested over and over in his letter that he thought "nuns were the most wonderful beings in the world"; nor even Father William Howlett's somewhat alarming pessimism, as he consents "to lie in silence and solitude in your collection of the soon-to-be-forgotten ones." Meeting them thus, makes me feel as if I'd taken a cross-country bus ride with them—for everyone knows how impossible is dignity on such an expedition.

ELIZABETH ANN CHRISTMAN.

LEGENDS OF CHRISTMASTIDE

Christmas Eve

IT used to be believed that on this night the animals are given the power of speech and can, if they wish, speak to you in your own tongue.

At midnight, too, all hidden treasure lies open to the gaze. The water is turned into blood-red wine, but the man who beholds this sight will die at the stroke of midnight. He who draws water at this hour loses his sight.

There should be no closed doors on this night. Two thousand years ago hospitality was refused to two weary travelers—Mary was denied house-room in Bethlehem and her Son was born in a cave. This should be remembered and if any ask hospitality of you this night, it should be given them.

In parts of Northern Europe it is the custom to fill a huge dish with porridge—as once a manger was filled with straw. The mother of the family helps all to porridge—as once Mary, the Blessed Mother, saw to the needs of her Baby Son. The guests, invited and uninvited, enter the house—as once the Shepherds and the Three Wise Men of the East entered a manger. But they take their departure through another door than that through which they came because they say: "King Herod the Assassin waits outside."

Christmas Day

"Then Mary took her young Son
And set Him on her knee.
'I pray Thee, now, dear Child,
Tell how this world shall be.'

" 'O I shall be as dead, mother,
As the stones in the wall;
O the stones in the street, mother,
Shall mourn for Me all!'

" 'Upon Easter-day, mother,
My uprising shall be;
O the sun and the moon, mother,
Shall both rise with Me!' "

—Old Rhyme.

It is on this day that the beginning of the Great Prophecy comes to pass. Thousands and thousands of years ago in a Garden, God addressed the Serpent: "And I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed; she shall crush thy head, but thou shalt lie in wait for her heel."

Christmas Day marks the coming of "her seed," and the commencement of the great victory over sin.

It is said that the person who enters a stable upon the night of Christmas as the clock strikes twelve shall see the cattle kneel down even as they did when the Lord was born.

Childermas

Childermas, or Holy Innocents' Day, falls on December 28th. It was on this day that Herod ordered all the children to be massacred, thinking that in this way he would make quite certain of Jesus's death and of his own position as King of the Jews. He in his poor human littleness—or inhuman littleness—could only think that Christ in His manhood would seek an earthly kingdom and crown.

But all the crowns and thrones of the world are not worth one infant's innocent life—and the wholesale slaughter of Hebrew infants is a blot on the scroll of humanity. Such a monster as Herod ranks with Nero and other such fiendish characters.

In Ireland Childermas is called the "Cross Day" and there it is believed that anything—work or play—commenced on this day will come to a bad end. Would it be superstition alone which prompts me to say that this may well be true? Is it not likely that such an act as Herod's must of necessity leave a curse after it—even though it happened nearly two thousand years ago?

IVY O. EASTWICK.

Nova et Vetera

Christmas Lights

There is a certain summit on the "Old Road" [in Donegal] from which you may see half of a mighty parish spread beneath you. To your right is the Atlantic, with Tory on the verge; before you the Hill of the Saints and the Way of Adoration; the Bloody Foreland looming in a dome beyond. Next lie vast leagues of moor and bog, till you see the great range of Tieve-a-leihid, with its descending terraces to the beautiful valley of Glena, the river water coiling itself this way and that till it spreads into the cliff-hung estuary and the broad, calm bay. There the houses are plentiful about the chapel and college-hall, and climbing up herefrom along the hillside at your left comes the ribbon path to your feet. It is a varied and majestical sight—note, I beg of you, the misty folds of unknown mountains faintly seen beyond the central gap. At dawn or sunset or in driving rain, this view is unforgettable, but on Christmas Eve it displayed a new beauty which transformed it into something lovelier than itself; for, as far as eye could pierce right, left, and centre, it was a-sparkle with lights brighter than the stars above.

You would fancy for a moment that you were surveying the lights of some vast city—Dublin from Ticknock, New York from some high place, Paris from the Sacré Cœur, or London from Parliament Hill. These lights glowed with a mellow orange clearness through the crystal air and their reflections glimmered in the bay. In the valley they were as thick as the lights of the Milky Way; up the mountain slopes they shone, more sparsely, till at last a solitary glow here and there marked an abode in remote recesses. Out at sea, the clustering houses on the islands were indicated by a yellow glow over the sandy bar. When you go down the hill a little till you reach some houses, you will see that every window has its burning candle. What common impulse, what communal idea, has lit all these candles, and turned a wild area into a gala ground?

These lights have been lit from generation to generation since the Christian faith first came to Ireland; they are kindled (as the fancy goes) to guide the Angels who on Christmas night direct the New Born from the heavens; and you will see, too, that in most of the clean-swept, brightly-garnished houses, the door stands open—a mute invitation to those travellers who once found all doors closed before them. No protest could be more eloquent than this beautiful act of the countryside: as you look down from the hilltop you are stirred to the depths of your imagination, and reflect that, were the Angel of Wrath passing hitherward, this splendid, racial Act of Faith would stay his hand and save Ireland.

—From *Gentle Ireland*. By Hugh de Blacam (Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Co.).

The New-Old Idealism

Probably at no time in its history has literature been so fascinated with the questions of how it produces itself as in the last generation. It is self-conscious as it has never been before. True, in times past literature has talked freely of its inspirations, its aims, its effects, its contents and its forms, and sometimes got itself made fun of for so doing. Nowadays both critic and creator are more concerned with tendencies, theories and technique. We are expected to distinguish as never before between romanticism, realism, classicism, naturalism, idealistic realism, impressionism, symbolism, imagism, and assorted isms borrowed from the plastic arts. Specimens of each can be found throughout the great writers of the past, though they probably would have been much surprised and puzzled by these modern subtleties. But the rise of these distinctions, some of them grown merely academic, shows into how many fragments the single overarching dome of literature has been shattered.

Perhaps the preëminent questions of the moment are questions of technique, of metres, of style, of imagery, of imitation of Nature, and particularly of what poetry is after all, and what it is not. Nor have the inquiries been prompted so much by the old doctrine of art for art's sake, as by a spirit of discovery for art's sake. . . .

In its impatient repulse of tradition literature has naturally sought escape from traditional metrical forms, and found it in some measure in "free verse." Though admiration of Walt Whitman did much to promote experiment and discovery in this medium, he by no means invented it. Distinct traces are discernible in Matthew Arnold and indeed much earlier. But the tendency of free verse to dissolve into mere prose, or to lend itself as an instrument of affected vigor or violence, or to allege effects that are apparent only to the few initiate, if to them, goes to show that art does not flourish by freedom alone. The development of free verse by mere experiment seems for the present pretty much at an end. . . .

Whatever new music latent in the English tongue waits to be awakened with new experiment, some recent poets are content to seek music in the strict traditional forms. One of these is the lamented Rupert Brooke, whose lively and infectious enjoyment of everything, touched and etherealized by some happy but undefined sense in him of the unseen, took its own care of the metres regardless of new or old.

Another is A. E. Housman, who in his *Shropshire Lad* and *Last Poems* uses again and again the old quatrain of four-and-three and like time-honored measures. . . . His verse keeps the restraint and economy of Greek poetry, if not always its ease and warm radiance; but it is invariably music. His language is studiously simple and unsophisticated, but with such simplicity as carries grave meaning and implies strongest feeling; whatever incident or story his poems enfold is hinted with a concrete detail here and there, after the way of ballads. . . .

In his lecture *The Name and Nature of Poetry* he sets down one of the rare and precious descriptions of a poet's experience—in this case his own—in the act of poetic creation. The description is not unlike those left by Burns and Milton. In

the same lecture he essays the feat so tempting to modern critics generally of seeking the nature of poetry—"pure poetry," they call it—by distilling off every accessory which is not pure poetry, such as image, matter, thought, rhetoric, form, and the like. The refined quintessence seems to be in the nature of tune, but tune so exquisite that it is like the music of the spheres, for the angels only, but to the sensual ear, as Keats says, a ditty of no tone. Tune is of course the thing indispensable to poetry, but it cannot become poetry for most ears without the alloy of words and tones.

The quest is perhaps only another instance of the time's endeavor to rid itself of all its cumbrous heritage in its search for reality. Such endeavor and such rare natural music we discover in the poetry of William Blake; not his flaming vision of the things invisible, but his gift of song at once simple and powerful in its intimations. "Blake's meaning," says Housman, "is often unimportant or virtually non-existent, so that we can listen with all our hearing to his celestial tune." At all events the influence of Blake upon the last generation of poets has been both strong and indeterminate.

In his Preface of 1925 John Masefield distinguishes two kinds of poets, to either or both of which every poet belongs, according as "they strive towards a greater elaboration of artifice or for a greater closeness to reality." And to the school of reality or life he rightly implies his allegiance. . . .

Mingled with most of Masefield's poetry is the warmth of gentleness, or pity, or sympathetic humor, various phases of one and the same quality in his heart. And the beauty of England which never wears out through generations of poets, is suffused in his poems with a kind of enchantment arising perhaps from his early dreams of it afar off amid inhospitable seas or lands. Or perhaps his touch is charged with the magic that comes from seeing in everything lovely—act, object, scene, or word—an intimation of the Beauty in perfection unseen. On such intimation he insists, like his friend Bridges, like Alfred Noyes, and like Plato long since. But it is singularly authentic in one whom life and discipline had forced to consider at short range the ugliest aspects of the world.

Who knows? Possibly this late quickening of the new-old idealism may be an omen that poetry and art and life itself are approaching a new comprehension of spiritual realities—comprehension indispensable to highest achievement in all three.

—From *The Voice of England*. By Charles Grosvenor Osgood (New York: Harper & Bros.).

The Warning of the Star

There has been a revolution in man's affairs; that is manifest even to readers merely of popular newspapers. The time is here when man must regard himself, not as a Frenchman, a Japanese, an American, an Italian, a German, or a Briton, but simply as a man, whose interests are one with his fellows everywhere. He must do that, or he must go the way of other creatures in the past that could not adapt themselves to a changed environment.

And Christmas is coming. Though not only in Germany is shyness being shown over this matter of

Christmas. Most of us prefer not to look at what it means; we buy toys instead. Some sort of concession to the day should be made, so we bring gifts to the innocent, perhaps a pretty little model tank, or a diminutive bomber. After the show on Armistice Day, or a display of massed aeroplanes, children take to these playthings.

Anyhow, there we make the submissive gesture. It is the anniversary of a remarkable birth. Peace on earth to men of good will! We have been kind to the children as a token. We know this time of the year is said to be of peculiar importance, but we don't very much want to go into that. With the world as it is, hard, material, cynical, we hardly dare to venture a word about anything of importance except the last news in politics, or the first news of sex. We can let ourselves go in these matters, and that more or less satisfies our spiritual needs.

As to that fabled Star in the East we are diffident. Thoughts about stars are always troubling. Still, the story of that legendary star is very affecting; and, thank goodness, the warning in it has been removed by later knowledge. It has joined the fairies.

If we have not quite lost our sense of wonder over the fable, being as the children to that extent, we would rather not venture a word about that star, one way or another. We are not cowards; we are merely doubtful of what could be said if we showed interest over the right ascendency of a star that is not in the almanac. . . .

Moral cowardice? Certainly not. Prudence! Ask any delegate at a Geneva conference who is called upon to declare that man-slaying and robbery are crimes. Ask Their Graces and Eminences to whom the sheep look up. Ask any Communist or Facist who knows perfectly well that the truth will prevail when he can back it with sufficient force. Or ask yourself or me or any man who wants to get a good thing quickly which is not immediately to hand. There can be no doubt about it. That star, which has troubled with so strange a light the thinkers, artists, poets, musicians, and saints, never was in a night sky; so we need not ask whence came the ray that has conjured up manifestations of mind in the best of men so unusual and admonishing.

At least, however, let us say how compelling a legend may be. That is but just. The influence of that legend on the work of good men can be comely. At times it has lifted that work to majesty. It has struck rare music from masters, who gave their art to the glory of a simple legend. . . .

We are bound to suppose that those original Three Wise Men, who took their gifts, and were warned to depart by another route, never turned up again anywhere. They were lost. There has been little sign of them since, except in the arts and literature, and not all of us would attach importance to signs made there. What we do know is that they never became kings and legislators.

It is possible the wise men were only the shepherds, who forthwith mingled with their flocks in the work of the world, and did not speak of what they knew, except when assuring each other that now for them the tending of feckless sheep was as good a task as could be found, and therefore of dignity and worth. They could do their

work quite well without a throne, or any other appurtenance of power.

That is what may have happened to the wise men. Queer things would surely happen to men, after seeing a star which ought not to have been there, and fancying they heard a challenge at a time of night when all decent people are in bed.

Is there anything in the legend? There is. We won't attempt to disentangle it from its fond and romantic attachments, but it is no longer all a fancy. Beyond the faintest possible shadow of a doubt we see there can be no profit in serving two masters: and we see that force, called upon to serve conflicting interests, will end in bringing down the elaborate material civilization it created. We were told it would, but did not want to believe it. . . .

Truth is obstinate; more obstinate than we are. It calmly shows through the dust of men's desperate endeavors, and now they are beginning to see that they are working against the stars in their courses. The laws for stars and planets were set, unluckily, before our time, and so they cannot be changed now to allow us to use creation for our own ends. Doubtless there are verities which are superior to our wonderful conquest of matter, and that their operation may frustrate and undo our labors.

What must we do then? Can it be possible that the warning of a legendary star has more in it than the whole library of politics and economics? That doubt may be distressing, yet less distressing than would be the result of denying the light, once we have seen it.

And a little child shall lead them. What a silly idea! Yes; sillier than the prospect to which the sagacity of our appointed leaders has brought us?

—From *Mars His Idiot*. By H. M. Tomlinson (New York: Harper & Bros.).

Foreign Periodicals

The Party of Order

All citizens should respect the legitimate authority that has charge directly of the Common Good; all owe obedience to just laws which are enacted to secure the Common Good, and which do not violate the higher laws,—those, for example, that are the expression of the rights of man and of the rights of God; all, furthermore, in addition to the obedience which they owe to the laws, should in justice—so declares St. Thomas — subordinate to the Common Good all the acts of their personal activity, all the acts of their powers and faculties.

Since the Common Good is a means that enables each to develop his human personality in a human way, it is very necessary that all should contribute to that treasury if they are to have the right to benefit by it. This a duty of social justice—a duty which, with Christians, should draw its impulse from *Charity*. The more we will love God, the more we will wish, in a heartfelt way, to stretch out towards Him while being convinced that we can only efficaciously do so with the help of society, the more will our charity come to the aid of our justice in rendering to the Common Good that which is due to it, that is to say, all our activity and the best of that activity.

But we cannot all serve the Common Good in the same manner or with the same intensity; our individual inequalities—I mean those due to nature and which are inevitable—make that impossible. We owe it to serve the Common Good to the best of our power, but the degree of that power varies with each.

That is why our duties as citizens, that is to say, our *social duties* are the foundation of our civic rights. Once we have safeguarded all that is due to the human person to enable it, irrespective of condition to live humanly, we have the right to participate in the Common Good in the measure of our contribution thereto, that is in the measure of our *social value*. It is clear that in civil society one cannot ask the same service from a child as from an adult, from an invalid as from a healthy individual, from a woman as from a man, from the unlearned as from the learned, from the weak as from the strong-minded. Nor can one expect that the same service will be rendered to society by the labourer as by the engineer, by the soldier as by the officer, by the celibate as by the father of the family.

In the best organised political society these inequalities—due less to the will of man than to the determinism of nature—can never be entirely avoided. Therefore, *in the name of distributive justice*, society has the duty to take these inequalities into reckoning when apportioning burdens and social favours. Equilibrium, or social order, is only to be had at this price.

So that, in their turn also, the duties of society are founded on the *rights of man* and on the *rights of the citizen*.

While there remain in society

citizens who do not possess the rights to which as men they are entitled, who do not from the moral, material and intellectual point of view live a life of human dignity,—and this be it understood through the fault of society,—the authority in that society, which has the charge of the Common Good, fails in its duty, and the citizens have the right to recall it to a sense of its obligations, and within the limits of the political powers which they enjoy, to compel the authority to discharge those obligations.

Furthermore, in a well organised society the State has the duty to render each his due in proportion to his social value. This is not, as the Socialists say who confound the rights of the citizen and the rights of a man, the envisaging of an impossible individual equality, to attain which all intellectual and moral values must be suppressed: it simply means the putting of persons and things in their places as if they were the members of a well organised body: it means that some are not to be favoured at the expense of others. In this, let us follow the example of Nature which made man an animal, but wished that the human animal should draw its nobility from the soul which animates it: and just as we render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's, so let us render to the spirit the things that are of the spirit, and to matter, the things that pertain to it.

In particular, let the State not forget, in apportioning charges and social favours, that the first of all human values is that represented by the family. Let it pursue therefore a policy in favour of the family and abstain from enacting laws that separate husband and wife by divorce, that separate the parent and child by the inculcating of moral doctrine devoid of human value, or laws that split the family patrimony by taxation.

Rather let it endeavour in every way to defend, protect and encourage the large family, freeing it from those taxes that burden it, facilitating in a spirit of liberty the moral education of the children, and according to the father or mother of the family, powers proportionate to the services of the first order which they render to the Common Good.

If the existence of society depends on the family one can hardly understand that the State, by its negligence, should endanger the very existence of the family: such carelessness is equivalent to a veritable suicide.

Such, in short, are the *duties of society on which its own rights rest*, such, for example, as the right of the legitimate authority to make laws in conformity with the Common Good.

In conclusion, Christian social order, in this matter of the relation of citizens towards legitimate authority, depends on the mutual relationship between the ultimate End of man and the Common Good of society. It is from this that we draw the fundamental distinction between the rights and corresponding duties of man, of the citizen, and of society.

How shall we succeed in imposing this order on modern society? By the blatant affirmation of our rights to the neglect of our duties, or by the accomplishment of those duties from whence our rights derive? I myself believe that, at present, we can best work towards such an end by first performing our indi-

vidual duties in justice and in charity, and afterwards by asserting and collectively defending our rights. The individualist spirit must give place to the social sense. Catholics must unite and organise in defence of common interests. They are the party of order and they must pledge themselves before God and man to oppose an unbroken front to the forces that work in combination to secure the triumph of disorder.

—Most Rev. M. S. Gillet, O.P., in *The Irish Rosary* (Dublin), October.

A Manifestly Unjust War

It must be insisted that a general and abstract claim for colonial expansion, however justified and urgent, gives no claim to Italy on *Abyssinia* in particular and in the concrete, still less does it justify the use of force against Abyssinia. Italy must show, not only her right to more colonial possession, but her right to the possession of Abyssinia. She has not done so; and it would seem impossible for her to do so. She could make a better case for invading Tunis, Malta, Corsica or Soho than she could for invading Ethiopia. In those places she has, at least, a considerably larger proportion of resident nationals. When it is seen that Italy's case for expansion is, *de facto*, not merely a case for expansion in general, but a case for the absorption of Abyssinia, it can be readily seen that there is a good deal more in the conclusion than is warranted by the premisses.

It is difficult to take the "defence" plea seriously. If Italy is capable of advancing into Abyssinia and taking possession of it, *a fortiori* she is capable of defending her own frontiers from nomad tribes. It must not be forgotten that the Wal-Wal incidents, still appealed to by Italy as the chief justification for her "defensive measures," took place some 120 kilometres within Ethiopian territory. Doubtless, Addis Ababa has hitherto shown its impotence to control adequately the frontier marauders nominally subject to it. But the suggestion that these wild nomads cannot be kept within the territory of the Negus and his nominal jurisdiction does less discredit to the Ethiopian government than to the Italian frontier guards on the spot, and bodes ill for the competence of Italian government in Ethiopia. The insubordination of the frontier tribes does not justify hostilities against the central Abyssinian government.

The desirability of the civilization of Ethiopia is acknowledged by all, and by nobody more emphatically than by the Negus. Were Italy to civilize Ethiopia she would be doing a good work, deserving of the highest praise. But the issue, from the moral standpoint, concerns not the end but the *means*. The Christian conscience cannot allow that the pretext of civilization justifies *war*. And, apart from the ethical issue, it may be seriously doubted whether war of any sort, let alone the barbarity of modern warfare, can bring anything worthy of the name of civilization—even as an after-effect.

The same must be said of slavery-abolition. That slavery in Abyssinia is a fact, that that slavery is widespread and often conducted under the most barbarous conditions, is uncontested. But it does not justify war. Slavery was, if anything, worse in Abyssinia in 1923 when Italy insisted on Abyssinia's admission to the League than it is to-day. There is evidence

that Addis Ababa has made considerable effort to stamp it out. But age-long custom on which the whole economic structure of a people is built up cannot be abolished in a hurry without doing untold damage. In Europe it took centuries.

But it is not enough for Italy to tell us that there is slavery in Abyssinia nor that Italian occupation will put an end to it. She must show that the evil can be cured only by another evil—the evil of war—and that the curing is Italy's job and nobody else's. This she has not done, and cannot do.

The "purely colonial expedition" plea—supported by the British isolationist press—does not fit the facts. The circumstances of the Italo-Abyssinian dispute are such that it cannot be, from the very nature of the case, a local affair without international repercussions. It is a world-issue, and its possible repercussions are incalculable. There is no parallel in this respect with previous colonial expeditions on the part of Britain or of other powers. (This is not said to justify them.) Not only are the interests of British and French Somaliland, of the Sudan, of the route to India and especially of Egypt, deeply involved, but much has happened since the pre-War and pre-League enterprises of European colonizers. We live in a world that has said good-bye to all that with the utmost solemnity. Though an immediate European War may be (and in all probability will be) avoided, a precedent will be given by Italy to other nations, and notably to Germany, which can end only one way. There is the still greater danger that the Abyssinian war will be the prelude to a vast inter-racial conflict.

We are not here concerned to show how Italy's just claims can be met without prejudice to the rights of Abyssinia in the spirit of the Holy Father's appeal. It cannot be said that sincere and powerful efforts have not been made to meet them; all to be turned down with scorn by Mussolini and his government. Enough has been said to suggest that—even regardless of Italy's solemn Covenant and Treaty obligations—her case for the invasion of Abyssinia will not stand examination in the light of elementary ethical principles. This is said in no spirit of pharisaical complacency. Britain is in no position to throw stones. But nor do two blacks make a white; but the slaughter involved by modern massacre-warfare and the incalculable international repercussions to be anticipated make Italy's action a matter of universal concern for which there is no parallel in the shady annals of British imperialism. To the Catholic the spectacle of thousands of Catholics carried away by mass-hysteria with enthusiasm for this undertaking is a matter of the gravest anxiety.

The advocate of the case for Italy must face this dilemma. Of two things one: *either* Italy's expedition is a defensive measure *or* an offensive war of conquest. If the latter, it is self-condemned as the Holy Father has said. If the former, then the means are out of all proportion to the end, and adequate pacific means should not have been rejected. Either way, we are faced with a *manifestly unjust war* on the part of Italy. And an unjust war is wholesale organized murder.

—Victor White, O.P., in *Blackfriars* (Oxford), November.

Recent Events

Sesquicentennial of New York's First Church

St. Peter's Church in the heart of downtown New York, only a few streets from the center of the world's greatest financial district, celebrated during the third week of November, the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the first parish in the State of New York. It was also the fiftieth anniversary of the consecration of the present church, built in 1836.

His Eminence, Patrick Cardinal Hayes, Archbishop of New York, presided at the Pontifical Mass on Sunday, November 17th, celebrated by the Most Rev. Joseph F. Rummel, Archbishop of New Orleans, a former pastor in New York, and a classmate of the Rev. James E. Noonan, present pastor of St. Peter's. The sermon was preached by the Most Rev. James E. Kearney, Bishop of Salt Lake, Utah, also a priest of this Archdiocese. On the evening of November 19th, the United States Catholic Historical Society held a meeting devoted to a discussion of the history of St. Peter's parish, and on the following Friday there was a special Jubilee noonday Mass for the benefit of the crowds of men and women working in the district who frequent this historic church at their lunch hour in such large numbers all through the year. An historical pageant was presented by the children of St. Peter's School on November 25th. This school was established in 1800.

Three years after St. Peter's parish was organized, George Washington took the oath of office as first President of the United States, April, 1789, at a spot only a few minutes' walk from the church. New York was then the Capital of the new Republic and the diplomatic representatives from France and Spain were among the first parishioners of St. Peter's. Ecclesiastically it was under the jurisdiction of Bishop John Carroll of Baltimore. The Diocese of New York was not established till 1808, and only then were plans made for a second Catholic church. There are now about 200 churches in the Greater City of New York.

Bishop McDevitt of Harrisburg

The Most Rev. Philip R. McDevitt, D.D., Bishop of Harrisburg, Pa., died at the age of seventy-seven after a brief illness, November 11, 1935. He was the fourth bishop of this diocese which was created in 1868. Born in Philadelphia, Bishop McDevitt spent his whole life in Pennsylvania. He was educated for the priesthood at Overbrook Seminary and ordained in July, 1885; he celebrated his golden jubilee as a priest, therefore, last summer.

Bishop McDevitt had always been a strong advocate of temperance, and during his years as a priest in Philadelphia he established many branches of the Total Abstinence Society. His other great interests were Catholic education and the Catholic press. He served as Superintendent of Schools for the Arch-

diocese of Philadelphia from 1899 till his appointment to the See of Harrisburg in 1916, and in 1924 was chosen Episcopal Chairman of the Press Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. Bishop McDevitt was recognized as a cultured scholar of broad vision and with strong convictions, a priestly man of firm faith and deep humility. The Most Rev. Amleto Cicognani, Apostolic Delegate, and His Eminence, Dennis Cardinal Dougherty, Archbishop of Philadelphia, attended the funeral Mass in the Harrisburg Cathedral.

May his soul rest in peace!

Death of Famous Irish Educator

Priests all over the English-speaking world and in many of the foreign mission stations own Maynooth Seminary, a few miles west of Dublin, as their *Alma Mater*. The distinguished president of this seminary, the Right Rev. Msgr. James McCaffrey, D.D., Ph.D., died at the beginning of November. He was known in this country chiefly through his historical writings and through the *Irish Theological Quarterly* of which he was one of the editors. Monsignor McCaffrey was himself educated at Maynooth and then pursued graduate studies in France and Germany, receiving his doctorate in history from the University of Freiburg in 1906. For some years he was professor of Church History, and in 1918 became President of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. Canon McCaffrey wrote a *History of the Catholic Church in the Nineteenth Century*, *School History of the Catholic Church*, and *History of the Catholic Church from the Renaissance to the French Revolution*. He also edited the *Black Book of Limerick* and the *Archivium Hibernicum*, and he was honorary secretary of the Catholic Record Society.

May his soul rest in peace!

Trade Treaty Between United States and Canada

In his Armistice Day address at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, President Roosevelt said: "I am privileged to tell you that between us and a great neighbor another act cementing our historic friendship has been agreed upon and is being consummated. Between Canada and the United States exists a neighborliness, a genuine friendship which for over a century has dispelled every passing rift. Our two peoples each independent in themselves, are closely knit by ties of blood and a common heritage; our standards of life are substantially the same; our commerce and our economic conditions rest upon the same foundations. Between two such peoples, if we would build constructively for peace and progress, the flow of intercourse should be mutually beneficial and not unduly hampered. Each has much to gain by material profit and by increased employment through the means of enlarged trade, one with the other."

The trade agreement referred to was signed in the presence of the President in Washington by Secretary of State Cordell Hull and Prime Minister W. L. Mackenzie King, November 15th. It brings about a resumption of the relations between the United States and Canada that were broken in 1866 due to the attitude of the Dominion during our

Civil War. In a brief statement after the signing, the President said the terms of the treaty would be revealed simultaneously in Washington and Ottawa the following Sunday and he invited the press to meet with him and a group of tariff experts Sunday afternoon for an informal discussion of the details.

By the terms of the treaty the United States and Canada grant to each other most-favored-nation treatment and minimum tariff rates on every commodity accorded to any country apart from countries of the British Empire on the one hand and our possessions plus Cuba on the other. *The New York Times* said editorially that this reciprocal trade treaty "is the greatest single step toward the reduction of tariff barriers and away from economic nationalism that has been taken anywhere since the onset of the depression. As such it is not only a fine achievement in itself, but a hopeful augury of a wider restoration of international trade and sanity."

Roosevelt Rejects Knights of Columbus Plea for Mexico

Late in October the Supreme Council of the Knights of Columbus addressed a letter to President Roosevelt complaining of his failure to carry out the promise they said he made in July to state publicly the attitude of this Government toward the religious persecution being waged by the Mexican Government. A few days later the Most Rev. John T. McNicholas, O.P., Archbishop of Cincinnati, issued a statement with orders that it be read in all the churches of his Archdiocese on Sunday, November 3d, to the effect that the Knights of Columbus "in no sense speak for the priesthood or for the Catholic laity" of Cincinnati. The Archbishop made clear, however, that he felt much more could and should have been done by our Government to put an end to the brutal persecution of Catholics in Mexico.

The President addressed an answer to the Knights of Columbus which was received at their headquarters in New Haven, Conn., November 14th. The letter was undated. The President said he would continue to follow his policy of non-intervention, but maintained this did not mean an indifference on his part. He referred to a message to Congress by President Theodore Roosevelt in 1904, in which that President said that ordinarily it was better for us to concern ourselves with our own moral and material betterment at home rather than with trying to improve conditions in other nations. Mr. Martin H. Carmody, Supreme Knight, in releasing this letter to the press, issued a statement expressing his disappointment and calling attention to that same message of Theodore Roosevelt, from which our President had quoted only a few sentences, to point out that it said that "such a nation [as ours] should desire eagerly to give expression to its horror on an occasion like that of the massacre of the Jews in Kishinev, or when it witnesses such systematic and long-extended cruelty and oppression of which the Armenians have been the victims, and which have won for them the indignant pity of the civilized world." It was in this connection, continued Mr. Carmody, that the former President Roosevelt directed his Secretary of State, John Hay, to instruct the American *Chargé d'Af-*

faires at St. Petersburg to make representations to the Russian Government on the condition of the Jews in that country.

Mr. Carmody made clear that the Knights of Columbus had not asked for intervention by our Government, "other than the investigation of rights denied American citizens in Mexico, and of the cruel oppression by that government of its own people, sought by the Borah resolution. This investigation," he said, "the President refuses, as his letter declares it to be his policy not to undertake any accurate determination of these facts."

The Commonwealth of the Philippines

On September 17th an election was held in the Philippine Islands choosing a president and other officers for the government of the Islands. In the middle of November President Roosevelt signed a proclamation certifying the freedom of the Islands and the election of these officials. Secretary of War, George H. Dern, representing the United States, read this proclamation in Manila, November 15th, before a vast crowd of people; among the guests were: Vice-President John N. Garner, and over forty members of our Congress.

Our government of the Philippine Islands is now ended and they become a Commonwealth, but for ten years all citizens of the Islands shall owe allegiance to the United States, and all officials of the Government must take an oath of allegiance to, and recognize and accept the supreme authority of the United States. Our Governor General, Frank Murphy, now becomes High Commissioner. Manuel Quezon was inaugurated as the first President of the Commonwealth.

As a mark of his personal interest in Philippine independence, Mr. Roosevelt announced on the same day, his intention of accepting an honorary degree from Notre Dame University on December 9th, at a special convocation when a degree is to be awarded to Carlos P. Romulo, a leader in the fight for the independence of the Islands.

About 7,000 islands comprise the Philippines, but only something over 400 of them have an area of more than a square mile. They are part of the Malay Archipelago discovered by Magellan in 1521. Several Religious Orders participated in missionary activity throughout the islands during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and Christianity made rapid progress. When the United States took over the Islands from Spain after the Spanish American War, large indemnities were paid by our Government to the Friars for property and lands. The estimated population in 1930 was nearly twelve and a quarter millions, of whom over nine million are Catholics.

Our Contributors

WE are sure that our readers will devour every word of DR. JOSEPH J. REILLY's charming "Chesterton as Poet." His last year's "Charles Lamb Falls in Love" has been much praised, and was included in Professor Walter's "Bibliography of Outstanding American Essays, 1934-35." Besides his professional duties at Hunter College, Dr. Reilly lectures extensively throughout the States and has another book in preparation.

WITH her usual thorough documentation, G. M. GODDEN in "A Declaration of World Civil War" continues the fight on Communism and its nefarious works to which she has devoted her forceful pen ever since the World War. She writes of the particular danger to Americans in the Soviet program. Miss Godden, an Englishwoman, is well known in the periodicals of the British Isles as well as in our American magazines.

GARRETT O'DRISCOLL of County Tipperary gives us another distinctive piece of fiction in "Estuary." He is, small wonder, a successful novelist, a member of the Society of Authors, and a frequent contributor to Irish and English periodicals.

ADOLF SCHÜCKELGRUBER is a German Catholic who knows thoroughly the situation of "The Church in Germany" and whose reliability is beyond question.

AFTER reading MARGARET MUNSTERBERG's "A Confection with a Past" we do not feel so sorry for St. Mark in the desert. It is a delightful by-product of much browsing in medieval lore. Miss Munsterberg is connected with the Boston Public Library and has written for us for many years. We know her best as a gifted, cultivated poet, and as the biographer of her distinguished father, Professor Hugo Munsterberg.

A NEW contributor this month and one with a vigorous style of his own is the REV. G. W. E. DUNNE, LITT.D., chaplain of the Notre Dame novitiate in Toledo, Ohio, and an instructor in the Central Catholic High School of that city. He holds his degrees from the University of Dayton, has already published two collections of verse and has a third ready for publication. His essay, "Concerning the Literary Principle," is his first appearance in our pages.

WRITING, as he does, in commemoration of the birth of Handel, it is not surprising to find that C. RICHARD GINDER ("The Wonderful Saxon") is himself a musician. Mr. Ginder's home is in Pittsburgh. He got his A.B. at the Catholic University last June and is now doing graduate work there. He is an Associate of the American Guild of Organists and a contributor of articles of musical interest to *The Sign*, etc.

ANOTHER of P. J. Gaynor's humorous stories of Irish life, "The High-Stepper," centers around the Gortnashee folk to whom we were

presented in former tales. Mr. Gaynor, a teacher in Calry, County Sligo, has a fund of such lore and will probably soon be giving us a second book.

RANDALL POND is spending a year in Mexico preparing his Ph.D. dissertation on the rise of Mexican liberalism from 1822-1857. He has been sending back to the States authentic pictures of conditions in Mexico, some of which have been published in *The Sign*, *The Commonweal*, and *The Washington Post*. We introduce him to our readers with his "Notes on Mexican Education."

NATURALLY all our poets write of Christmas this month. MARY IRENE WOODRUFF ("Christmas Eve") one of our Massachusetts poets, is an old favorite; so is MAURICE V. REIDY, Irish poet and novelist ("Preparation"); LEONARD TWYNHAM ("Nativity Lullaby") is the pen name of a Connecticut rector and teacher, member of the staff of the *American Poetry Journal*, and author of two volumes of poetry, whose special field is children's verse; and ANNE CABELL, who gives us the needed "Christmas Carols," and about whom we printed some interesting data in our September number.

New Books

The Story of Civilization. Vol. I. By Will Durant.—The Sacrament of Duty. By Joseph McSorley, C.S.P.—Thomas More. By R. W. Chambers.—Fisher and More. By H. E. G. Rope.—Deux Saints Anglais: Fisher and More. By Joseph Delcourt.—Boundaries. By Leonard Feeney, S.J.—God's Ambuscade. By Daniel Sargent.—The Best Plays 1934-1935 and the Year Book of the Drama in America. Edited by Burns Mantle.—Eugene O'Neill: A Poet's Quest. By Richard Dana Skinner.—A History of Europe: Ancient and Mediæval. By H. A. L. Fisher.—Race Relations: Adjustment of Whites and Negroes in the United States. By Willis D. Weatherford and Charles S. Johnson.—The Diplomacy of the American Revolution. By Samuel Flagg Bemis.—Shorter Notices.—Books for Children.

The Story of Civilization. Vol. I.: Our Oriental Heritage. By Will Durant. New York: Simon & Schuster. $5.00.

If history be like an everflowing stream the records and documents of history may well be the alluvial deposits left upon its shores. The surface area of these can be seen and remembered, but the lower strata sink ever slowly into oblivion. Sources might be completely forgotten were it not for the scholars who measure and test their content, for the more modest reconnoiterers who dig and rummage through individual sites and for reporters and collectors who glean where others have dug and who do their gleaning with a view not merely to the intrinsic value of the facts, but with an eye also to their appeal to the general reading public.

The present volume, the first of a projected series of five, is the result of the busy gleaning of one who began to collect and synthesize twenty years ago. The scope of the series is as wide as the world: mankind's heritage in five cross-sections, the Oriental, the Classical, the Medieval, the European (post-Reformation), and Modern. The data and facts presented in this volume are not new, but the author's point of view, his effort to furnish "perspective, unity, and understanding" are original and his own. His method of presentation is that of an experienced lecturer and able *raconteur* who can win and hold the attention of his hearers.

As an historian he does not seem overweening when he blandly tells us: "all origins are guesses"—"most history is guessing and the rest is prejudice"—"a little anthropology is a dangerous thing"—"the complex structure of a society" is too big a thing to be comprehended "in one lifetime much less in twenty years." As an author he is wise. When seeming to have made an assertion he can generally be trusted to have added an: if, perhaps, provided, it seems, it is said, it may be. As a *raconteur* he knows when to switch from a profound and serious subject to quips and anecdotes. As a philosopher he gives obeisance and credit where they cannot be graciously denied, as *e. g.*, in discussing the value of morality and religion; but he also gives ample as-

surance that his convictions are those of a cynic and that, being a cynic, he is given to offering tributes in the manner of benevolent gestures, to speaking with his tongue in his cheek and to indulging, rather more than behooves a good cynic, in jesting and wisecracking about things sacred and delicate, especially about marriage and sex. "Morals," he tells us, "are such customs as the group considers vital to its welfare and development," and then adds, that "through the magic of time such customs, by long repetition, become a second nature in the individual," thus leading to the birth of conscience. After having spoken of magic and superstition he declares: "the philosopher accepts gracefully this human need of supernatural aid and consoles himself by observing that just as animism generates poetry, so magic begets drama and science."

When he draws his picture of the God of the Old Testament the author delights in the crassest, most realistic, and most literal interpretations and says "Yahveh was a stern, warlike, stiffnecked deity with almost lovable limitations." "He was for a long time symbolized in that ferocious vegetarian" (the Egyptian bull). "He is now and then greedy, irascible, bloodthirsty, capricious, petulant." "His conscience is as flexible as that of a bishop in politics." "He will have no pacifist nonsense,"—"like some resolute germ he will punish children for the sins of their fathers. . . ." "The curses with which he threatens his chosen people . . . are models of vituperation. . . ." "Isaiah and Amos . . . were the first to undertake the heavy task of reforming the God of Hosts into a God of Love; they conscripted Yahveh for humanitarianism as the radicals of the nineteenth century conscripted Christ for socialism." After having staged this exhibition the author goes on and tells his readers that "in majesty and power, in philosophic unity and grasp, in moral fervor and influence Judaism was immensely superior to the other religions of the time."

Mr. Durant's critical views regarding the age and historicity of the books of the Old Testament are superannuated and can be sustained neither by literary and archæological arguments nor by good guessing. When, after having declared the presence of the Song of Solomon in the Bible "a charming mystery," the author expostulates: "By what winking, or hoodwinking of the theologians did these songs of lusty passion find room between Isaiah and the Preacher?" the answer is in order: "Not by any hoodwinking of theologians but for reasons fully discussed in open council at Jamnia near 1900 years ago and clearly stated in its decisions. The Canticle of Solomon was admitted into the Hebrew Canon because it was written in the sacred tongue and because the mystical interpretation given to it could be and was applied by the Synagogue—as also by the Christian Church—to the love which Jehovah was believed to hold for his people." The laurels for hoodwinking and the spinning of charming mysteries should be reserved for gleaners and guessers of history. T. C. P.

The Sacrament of Duty. By Joseph McSorley, C.S.P. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. New and enlarged edition. $1.00.

This edition of The Sacrament of Duty, enlarged by the addition of two essays, "The Communion of Saints" and "Progress in Prayer,"

will be especially welcomed by readers who have attained to a fair degree of intellectual and spiritual maturity. I hope the expression will not seem invidious. It would be fatal to commend or condone arrogance in those who attempt to live the life of the spirit. But the simple truth is that a considerable number of devout persons in our day have had the advantage of an excellent education, and have the right to expect that some proportion of the output of devotional and inspirational literature should be adapted to their capacity.

Furthermore, it is no harm if a writer of religious books knows the modern mind, and writes in the idiom favored by his contemporaries. Modernity is not necessarily "modernism." *Non nova sed nove* is a good maxim; it would not have offended St. Francis de Sales, or St. Ignatius or, for that matter, St. Thomas Aquinas. But, as we long-suffering seekers for a new note in spiritual reading can testify, a good many pious writers seem to have as great an aversion for *nove* as for *nova*. Novelty of manner horrifies them as much as novelty of matter.

True, there are undying classics which never need restatement. They are described, by the way, in an illuminating passage from the *Grammar of Assent* quoted on p. 119 of the present volume. But masterpieces are few, especially in the field of devotional, ascetical, mystical literature. All others than the recognised classics need constant rephrasing. Rather it were better to let them perish with the generation they have served. Each new age has the right and should have the power to create its own literature. Spiritual literature should be the fresh fruit of the inner experience of some one who, by virtue of native wisdom, constant meditation and deep inner experience has become a master of the *ars artium, regimen animarum*, that most difficult of the arts, the direction of souls.

The Sacrament of Duty is, it seems to me, a work of this latter sort. Those who live the life of the soul will recognize that the author is not rehearsing the works of others (even though the others were canonized saints) but that he has had in mind, consciously or subconsciously, the excellent advice, "Look in thy heart and write." Indeed, Father McSorley has, like the Pope in *The Ring and the Book*, "studied many hearts beginning with his own." The evidence of spiritual insight is everywhere in these essays.

Perhaps I should add, for fear that my reference, some lines back, to persons of "intellectual and spiritual maturity" may frighten off timid readers, that the present work is in no sense academic or laboriously theological. Occasionally the author does dig just a trifle deep, as for example, in his analysis of the philosophy of faith, but the difficult subject here and elsewhere is made easily intelligible by skillful and graceful handling.

A score of instances might be cited in evidence that The Sacrament of Duty is an invaluable help to all who are in earnest about their spiritual life, and especially to those who desire that the development of their soul should keep pace with an improved mentality. For these, I imagine the little volume has been especially prepared. The fact that a new edition is now demanded is a credit to their discernment. It is also an encouragement to those who

like to believe that Catholic progress is not all in visible material things, or even in the field of education. The quality of our spiritual life seems to be improving. J. M. C.

Thomas More. By R. W. Chambers. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.75.

Fisher and More. By H. E. G. Rope. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. $1.25.

Deux Saints Anglais: Fisher and More. By Joseph Delcourt. Paris: La Bonne Press. 3 *fr.*

Chambers' More is difficult to overpraise once it is understood to be no mere new biography but something immensely more important. In these 400 pages More's life is told but with constant comments, explanations of difficulties, sidelights on secondary characters and contemporary conditions, quotations from source material and appraisals of modern-day views and judgments which halt the story only to enrich it beyond price. The "general reader," seeking a smoothly flowing story, may be tempted to abandon the book, for Professor Chambers makes his narrative gift a willing sacrifice to a seemingly inexhaustible scholarship. Both the reader who is already well acquainted with More's life and has found it a dramatic and enthralling tale, and the student of economics, law, and society will find this a treasure house.

If you want to know what contemporaries thought of Henry's policy of plundering the Church, Chambers in answer quotes Brinklow's *Complaynt of Roderyck Mors*, Becon's *Jewel of Joy*, Lever's *Sermons*, Crowley, and, for good measure, Henry's own ominous and revealing words to his Parliament a year before he died: "Charity was never so faint amongst you, virtuous and godly living was never less used, nor God himself amongst Christians was never less reverenced, honoured, or served." If you inquire how Henry VIII. felt toward death, you learn on the authority of Foxe and Marillac, the French ambassador, that he stood in deadly fear of it. If you are in doubt regarding the full significance of Utopia, both as reflecting More's views on conditions in the Europe of his day and as anticipating problems which confront us now, you have here an answer so coherent and satisfying that it remains one of the permanent high-lights of the book.

Where does More rank among English writers? Why have so many English historians (the Catholic Acton and the bigot Froude among them) failed to see a consistent purpose running through all More's life? What is the modern socialist estimate of More? How far and in what sense was Henry a success and More a failure? What is More's place in European history? These are some of the significant questions which Professor Chambers poses and answers, always from the viewpoint of a scholarly and dispassionate thinker to whom More and his age are an open book.

Professor Chambers deserves the thanks and congratulations of that large public which will find his More indispensable for a better understanding of the thinker, statesman, and saint who, in Chesterton's words "may come to be counted the greatest Englishman, or at least the greatest historical character in English history."

Father Rope's volume, while making no pretensions to original

research, is a careful piece of work based on wide reading and marked by a sound historical sense. It should commend itself to any reader who desires a rapid and interesting story of the English martyrs.

The little volume by Professor Delcourt of the Lycée Pasteur is a French counterpart of Father Rope's work. Written with typical grace and clarity it makes use of such recent studies as those of Hollis, Sargent, and Chambers and recounts the beatification of the martyrs in 1886 and their canonization last May. J. J. R.

Boundaries. By Leonard Feeney, S.J. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

God's Ambuscade. A Book of Poems. By Daniel Sargent. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00.

Those who already admire Father Feeney's verse will admire his latest book. Those who have, in the past, been repelled by his frequent trivialities, sentimentalities, facile riming and other faults, will have to reconsider their verdict; for Father Feeney's taste is now stricter, his riming cleverer, his thought deeper in his serious poems and more amusing in the lighter verse, than when he wrote *In Towns and Little Towns*. The verses on animals are, perhaps, the most humorous. Here is one complete poem, called "Snails."

"Snails obey the Holy
Will of God slowly."

In dealing with more serious subjects, Father Feeney shows the same effective brevity and simplicity. Daniel Sargent, author of God's Ambuscade, might profit by his example. Mr. Sargent, who was last year made president of The Catholic Poetry Society of America, shows, in his light verse, the same arch quaintness that pervaded *In Towns and Little Towns*, but is rare in Boundaries. In serious moods, he shows perhaps more force; but it is less disciplined and more strained. His poems on death, destruction, and "The Last Day" have a vigor of vision and feeling that overcomes awkwardness and artificiality of expression. His accuracy of observation is occasionally striking, as in the descriptive poem of New England called "Grey Walls," and in the one called "Hay-Lofts." In religious poetry Mr. Sargent is forthright and original, although he lacks the profundity and charm of Father Feeney. But, indeed, many poets using a language and rhythm like those of Ogden Nash would find it hard to equal the theological and philosophical profundity of "To One Created," or to attain the ingenuous and child-like charm of "Good News," which is the story of the Nativity in couplets, almost any one of which might have been taken from *When We Were Very Young*. K. K.

The Best Plays 1934-1935 and the Year Book of the Drama in America. Edited by Burns Mantle. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.00.

Of the one hundred and fifty more plays presented last season, only one may still be seen on Broadway, *The Children's Hour*. Except for Maxwell Anderson's *Valley Forge*, none of the ten chosen plays seem hallmarked for posterity. Only one of them (*The Distaff Side*) is English. Mr. Mantle excluded Sean O'Casey's *Within the Gates* in favor of *Lost Horizons*, which lacked

Mr. O'Casey's gift of poetry, but had a great idea. What characterizes the other plays is their intense Americanism. *Merrily We Roll Along, Awake and Sing* and *The Petrified Forest* are biting commentaries of the current scene; only *The Farmer Takes a Wife* and *The Old Maid* veer towards sentiment.

The most interesting feature of the season marked the introduction of motion picture capital in a number of stage productions. Hollywood is realizing that the screen as child of the theater must contribute to the support of its parent. A significant sidelight on the hard boiled realism of modern taste is *Tobacco Road*, which has long ago passed the record of *The Music Master* and is creeping up on the peak of *Peg O' My Heart* and *Lightnin'*. Mr. Mantle's Year Book is an invaluable contribution to stage history. E. VR. W.

Eugene O'Neill: A Poet's Quest. By Richard Dana Skinner. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00.

"The study of O'Neill," says Mr. Skinner, "is really an adventurous voyage into the inwardness of the American soul of yesterday and today." His thesis is that O'Neill may never be interpreted in terms of social philosophy as he is primarily a poet and that as a poet he is more interested in the soul of man than in society. Mr. Skinner's explanation of the morbid or defeatist quality in certain O'Neill plays is that, viewing them as a whole, they show the same valleys of depression that all mystical writers confess to have passed through and that, taken in chronological sequence, they lay bare the history of the dramatist's own spiritual development. But we wonder if any poet would not be a bit overcome by this analytical appraisal of his psychic complications; his introvert and extravert tendencies; his "regressive flight from reality back to the Mother complex." The use of an incest theme shows egocentrism in its primitive form and is also a symbol of youth's battle for spiritual independence and freedom from the ties of childhood.

Mr. Skinner rightly emphasizes O'Neill's clear cut distinction between good and evil and the importance of *Ah, Wilderness!* as a turning point in his spiritual progress, but while it is obvious that the majority of the plays show the conflict between the dual natures in man, the *Emperor Jones* seems more a racial study, while *Marco Millions*—our favorite—is just a poetic satire on the American "Go-getter." Mr. Skinner's thoughtful and interesting book suggests infinite topics for discussion with an excellent chapter on The Emerging Generation—of the '90's.

E. VR. W.

A History of Europe: Ancient and Mediæval. By H. A. L. Fisher. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. $4.00.

This first volume of Fisher's History—he promises us three—begins with the story of primitive man and ends with the fall of Constantinople. The author has had a good press, especially in England, the critics acclaiming his work as the "most important and most fascinating history of Europe that has appeared in this generation." We grant that it is well written and well arranged, and a marvel of condensation; but we found it overly dogmatic in tone, often inaccu-

rate in detail, defective in its bibliography, and full of narrow, Protestant prejudice.

Fisher dogmatically and falsely declares that the early Christians did not dream of a permanent, universal Church; that St. Paul, who transformed a small Jewish sect into a universal religion, was influenced by the pagan Greek mystery religions. He ridicules the effect of Leo the Great's intervention with Attila; he denies that the Arab conquests were inspired by religion; he sets aside as invalid the title to the Papal patrimony. Like an uncultured bigot he discants on Catholic superstition, the so-called worship of images, the sale of indulgences, the charlatanism of the medieval friars, the credulity and intolerance of St. Thomas who believed in transubstantiation and put unbaptized infants in hell, the stupidity of Dante who believed Charon and Achilles as real as Vergil or St. Francis! His highly praised statesmen are anti-clericals who fought the Papacy, like the Emperor Frederic II. or the mercenary Philip the Fair of France. His heroes are "the great divine" Wycliffe, the martyr Hus, and the seventeenth-century defender of the Protestant cause, Gustavus Adolphus.

We marvel at many of Mr. Fisher's great discoveries; *v. g.*, that anti-clericalism had been manifest in England ever since the Norman Conquest; that Hus had been enticed to Constance by the safe-conduct of the Emperor Sigismund; that, apropos of the Hussites, the Catholic Church had conceded a place in her system for an Evangelical Church! And this is Oxford at her best.

A few Catholic writers are cited in the bibliography—D'Arcy, Batiffol, Chapman, Dawson, Gilson, but the author does not seem to have read them very carefully. He is better acquainted with Coulton, Gibbon, Lea, Anatole France, Milman, Renan, Sabatier and Shaw.

B. L. C.

Race Relations: Adjustment of Whites and Negroes in the United States. By Willis D. Weatherford and Charles S. Johnson. New York: D. C. Heath & Co. $3.20.

Voluminous evidence to the contrary not withstanding, a cruel and persistent propaganda has foisted upon most of us a thought pattern which associates the Negro with all that is unworthy and low in human character. A sliver of hope pierces an otherwise Stygian darkness when one observes the increasing interest being taken in race relations.

The present volume is a joint production of two scholars largely responsible for that interest among students in Nashville's colleges: Dr. Weatherford, white, professor of Applied Anthropology at the Y. M. C. A. Graduate School, and Dr. Johnson, colored, professor of Sociology at Fisk University. Both are recognized authorities in their respective fields. The book is divided into three sections: the Philosophy of Race Relations; American Negro Slavery; and the Present Status of the Negro and Race Relations. Dr. Weatherford contributed fourteen and Dr. Johnson fifteen chapters. While the material is gathered from sources already available, and there is some over-lapping of matter (inevitable where collaborators work independently), nevertheless a distinct service has been rendered the student by the bringing together of so

much pertinent matter within the covers of a single volume.

From a Catholic point of view it is unfortunate that such a pretentious and undoubtedly scholarly study should have been considered completely integrated without a single mention of the Catholic philosophy of race or of Catholic contribution towards better race relations in the United States. A whole chapter is devoted to "The Attitude of the Churches toward the Negro During Slavery"; and while Quakers, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, and others receive due consideration, apparently Catholicism offered nothing of promise or fact to the authors. Several books listed in the bibliography contain facts which would have been *ad rem*, so one can hardly suppose the Catholic side to have been unavailable. While such an omission is disconcerting, it merely emphasizes how even fair-minded men can preach objectivity yet be ensnared by subjective attitudes. J. T. G.

The Diplomacy of the American Revolution. By Samuel Flagg Bemis. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. $3.50.

Once upon a time Ambrose Bierce referred to the Revolutionary War as having been won "by that combination of European Powers known to us as the Valor of Our Forefathers." Probably Bierce thought he was writing a humorous exaggeration. Certainly no one can be completely convinced that it was a serious historic truth who does not read this book published for the American Historical Association and written by the Farnam Professor of Diplomatic History at Yale University. For this is not merely a diplomatic history of the American Revolution, it is the first such history ever written, and it is written by one of the most competent of scholars.

The league against Britain was not confined to France, Spain and Holland; it included virtually all of Europe. France and Spain were the only military participants in it, but it extended from Russia (which initiated the economic boycott of England, as we should call it in twentieth-century jargon) to the Danube and the Adriatic. Portugal was England's ally and France's foe, but she joined in it. The "Armed Neutrality" (eighteenth century for "economic boycott") was initiated by the Czarina Catherine for her own purposes, but it was formulated and made effective by what, in the twentieth century, we should call the "Little Entente" of Denmark, Sweden and Norway, Denmark taking the lead.

The objects sought by each nation or group were different and sometimes even antagonistic, but the meeting-ground was the political or economic need in each case for curbing the new and threatening British Empire. The most effective way was to tear the newborn empire apart, and the revolt of its greatest component, the Thirteen Colonies, was the means. So Russia and the Netherlands, for trade reasons, found themselves in the bed made by France and Spain, for political reasons. Briefly, all Europe joined the cause of America against England except Turkey, the Papacy, and some Italian States. It was a world war, so far as the world was then known.

Professor Bemis's research is vast, his citations invulnerable, but his style is fluent and ingratiating. When England was beaten, the con-

flicting interests, temporarily laid aside, of course confronted each other, with America the helpless pawn and victim. From this position America was saved, not by any diplomacy of the obtuse Continental Congress, but by the perspicacity and daring of three Americans, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, and John Jay. Professor Bemis considers the diplomatic victory these three wrenched from the most eminent European continental statesmen of their time the greatest diplomatic victory ever won by the United States. C. W. T.

SHORTER NOTICES

FICTION: **Bold Blades of Donegal.** By Seumas MacManus (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $2.00). Here are the adventures of three gay-hearted little rapscallions of Donegal, Dinny O'Friel, the Vagabone and the Maicin (pronounced mak-een). They are as robust and as mischievous as the famous Stalky and Co., but these lads are younger and a good bit more guileless than Kipling's trio, and they are Irish from the bone out. They have many brave combats, mostly reënactments of history and legend, and these spring from the evenings spent around the firesides listening to the old ones' yarns of fairy and folklore. A homely Catholicism is interspersed, some of it the kind that leads to misinterpretation outside the family circle. Perhaps the book's greatest charm lies in the fact that its *naïveté* is couched in raciest idiom. Mr. MacManus has given us another delightfully sympathetic picture of the simple people and the lovely landscape of his native Donegal. It was the September choice of the Catholic Book Club.

The Wind Blew West. By Edwin Lanham (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50). A town is really the hero of this book, which presents a very readable and authentic description of frontier life. The story is based on a novel plan: a little green pamphlet called "The Texas of Today," issued in 1875 by five zealous if not too accurate promoters. On its breezy promises, a number of people, in different parts of the country, into whose hands it fell, were blown west to the frontier town which Mr. Lanham calls Rutherford, Texas. We follow the lives of three of these people in particular, after their arrival there. The author has produced an interesting book with realistic characters and dramatic background.

Feliciana. By Stark Young (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50). These vignettes of the far South, full of moonlight, camellias, magnolias and jasmine, will bring added pleasure to admirers of *So Red the Rose*. There are nineteen stories in the book, and they are bound together by a sense of atmosphere rather than an affinity of theme. From them emerge some memorable characters — Cousin Micajah, Virgil, and especially the philosophizing Monsignore at Livorno. They make pleasant and not too heavy reading.

Blood Relations. By Philip Gibbs (Garden City: Doubleday, Doran & Co. $2.50). Philip Gibbs' new book is another of his vivid, fascinating stories designed to spread the gospel of peace. It is a tale

of the Great War seen from an unusual angle. The heroine, Audrey Middleton, who is a typical English girl, married Count Paul von Arnsberg in May, 1914. He had come to Oxford after leaving Heidelberg and made friends there with Audrey's brother and other young English lads. Almost immediately after they began their new home in Germany, war broke out, and despite their love for each other, a conflict of loyalties naturally arose. Audrey was completely cut off from her beloved family and from the England of which she was a part. The little son who is born to them is half German and half English, which is both a bond and a cause of uneasiness to each. Sir Philip has been most tender and sympathetic in his delineation of wartime and postwar Germany. Blood Relations, besides being an absorbing novel, is an effective instrument of peace propaganda.

The Wish Child. By Ina Seidel. Translated by G. D. Gribble (New York: Farrar & Rinehart. $2.75). This slow moving and ponderous book, between the covers of which Christopher Echter von Mespelsbrun and his cousin, Delphine Loriot have their being, defies any attempt at detailed description. Cornelia, mother and foster-mother, is the third major figure through whom we witness the unfolding years. A masterpiece of sustained craftsmanship and imagination, its many minor characters are etched so cleverly as to live. Amongst them that of Count Walbrun stands out arrestingly. Rarely in literature do we find a figure which so finely embodies a realization of the irrevocable change in humanity wrought by the death of Christ upon the Cross. Walbrun's image will linger on the retina of the mind long after the book is forgotten. Only with an effort do you recall that this is a tale of "old forgotten, far-off things," opening in Mainz in 1782 and ending with Waterloo. Altogether an excellent work, powerfully conceived and cunningly wrought, with flashes of something very close to genius. The translation is sound.

The Furys. By James Hanley (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50). In naming the family from which this story takes its title, James Hanley may have foreseen the effect his book would be likely to have on Catholic readers, particularly those of Irish blood; most of them will no doubt feel annoyance and disgust if not the deeper resentment of fury. It is a study of an Irish working man's family living in Liverpool. Mr. Hanley's very power and ability rouse us to anger, when we think of what he might have done; for he reveals with startling acuteness all the sordid, sensual, mean and hypocritical traits of which these people could be possessed, while he entirely suppresses any shade of decency that might have lingered in them. Most Catholics would, we think, find the book extremely distasteful.

Honey in the Horn. By H. L. Davis (New York: Harper & Bros. $2.50). This is a long and meandering story of Oregon in the homestead period of the early nineteen hundreds—a helpful book to read just before one goes a-pioneering, as it is full of tips on life in the wild, how to skin a deer and can its meat, the technique of life in a wagon train, what a man looks like who has been trampled by a dozen galloping horses, the niceties of hang-

ing, some practical drawbacks to free love in the wide open spaces, and innumerable items of the kind. Its chief attraction, and it is a strong one, though hardly strong enough in our opinion to have won for it the Harper Prize, is originality and sprightliness of style. It is a book for the sophisticate who likes to sip his fiction.

Old Home Town. By Rose Wilder Lane (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00). This is a picture of the American small town of the era of the "cupalo," of Coxey's Army and Bryan, of the hand painted silk scarf draped tastefully over the corners of gilt picture frames. The generation too young to have known it, may be inclined to pity its narrowness and to smile at its prejudices, but in the measure in which it stirs one's own memories it comes with a gentle sweetness like the music of a Tennyson lyric. Mrs. Lane holds up to us the spirit of a time and a people, and in her reminders of a bygone fortitude and courage and discipline, of simple joys and intensified interests, she gives us reason to wonder whether the new way of life is so surely an improvement on the old.

White Ladies. By Francis Brett Young (New York: Harper & Bros. $2.50). As usual Francis Brett Young has given us a dramatic and well-rounded novel, whose theme is that most English of *motifs*, the interplay of inheritance and the love of property. White Ladies is the name of a house, once a Cistercian Abbey. It becomes the melting pot for two antagonistic families, the Pomfrets and the Tinsleys, enemies for several generations. The chief figure is Bella, whose life is centered on the historic house, in oblivion of the other characters in the book, all of whose lives revolve around her. And the author, like time, proves the instability of material possession.

The Scandal of Father Brown. By G. K. Chesterton (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.00). It will come as a pleasant surprise to detective story fans, that Father Brown has reappeared, even though on this occasion, for the first time, his name is connected with a grave scandal. In other respects, he is quite his old self, and hence the reader may look forward to a happy ending at the conclusion of 258 interesting pages.

The Johanna Maria. By Arthur Van Schendel. Translated by Brian W. Downs (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00). The Dutch novelist, Van Schendel, in this epic of the sea, relates the fortunes of the *Johanna Maria*, and of Jacob Breuwer, the sailmaker and carpenter, who fell in love with her on her first trip out of Amsterdam. A true sailor, without home or kindred, Jacob was happy only when he felt the planks of his beloved ship under his feet, and the ocean's gales thundering in all their fury. For forty years he scrimped and saved, until at last he was able to purchase her. As Captain he sails her home to Amsterdam only to meet his death as he falls from her mast on a frosty winter morning. Only a poet could write such a book. The incidents are few; the lives of the sailors uneventful. It is the lament of the author for the passing of the sailing vessel, a tribute to her loveliness.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

"Saint Anna sang to Mary,
My Gentle one and mild,
And softly in her cradle,
Slept the obedient child."

It is hard to tell in Picture Rhymes From Foreign Lands (Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.00) which are more enchanting or amusing, the fifty rimes as translated by Rose Fyleman or the pictures by Valery Carrick. Children of the Northlights, by Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire (Viking Press. $2.00) shows in lovely colors two little Lapps, Lasse-Lapp and Lappe-Lise, and tells a true story of their doings in a way that makes one want to ski to Lapland without delay. Little boy Lapps wear the most unusual star-shaped blue caps and each Lapp child has his own small sled and baby reindeer. A domestic moose, however, is a very different matter and when Honk the Moose (Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.00) was discovered by two little boys in their father's livery stable in Minnesota, the mayor and the town council had to meet to decide what to do with him. Kurt Wiese's clever pictures are as funny as Phil Stong's text. Jamaica Johnny (The Macmillan Co. $2.00) had no such problems in his sunny little shanty under banana and grapefruit trees in the Caribbean Sea. Johnny had inherited a little red book that told how another little black boy had won freedom and fortune by diligence with his lessons long ago, and if you read Berta and Elmer Hader's story and look at their descriptive illustrations you will find that Johnny took the hint. But if you Wait for William (Houghton, Mifflin Co. $1.00) you will see William riding proudly into town on the biggest elephant in the circus parade just because William waited to tie his shoe laces in a very firm knot. A very gay circus parades all through this little book by Marjorie Flack, who is equally gay in Up in the Air (The Macmillan Co. $1.75) where she tells as a simple tale, and from the point of view of the Cock, the Sheep and the Duck who were the only passengers, the story of the ascent of the Montgolfier balloon, the first to go up in the air years ago in 1783. Karl K. Larsson's illustrations suggest the old French aquatints.

Then Here Comes Peter (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.50), a lovable, huggable boy in each of the eighteen stories of his happy play as told by Verna Hills and illustrated plenteously in color by Eleanora Madsen. There are no colors in Captain Teddy and Sailor Chips (Loring & Mussey. $2.00), but striking photographs of the waterfront of New York, taken by Creighton Peet, the author of last year's successful *Mike, the Cat.* Teddy and his wirehaired friend, Chips, had a fine time seeing the docks until Chips makes the mistake of investigating a freighter just sailing for Japan—but don't get worried, Chips returns, although not until he understands the title of Hendrik Van Loon's new book, Around the World With the Alphabet (Simon & Schuster. $1.00). In combination with his original views of famous cities Mr. Van Loon appends a commentary—for parents. If you agree with Van Loon philosophy — which we don't — well and good, otherwise you may prefer the simple pocket edition of Cock Robin and Jack and the Beanstalk (50 cents

each) beautifully printed by Rudge for Holiday House, a New York publishing venture devoted exclusively to fine books for children, old and new. Or you might chose Elizabeth Mackinstry's edition of Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp (The Macmillan Co. $1.75), which makes one wonder why this story waited so long to be presented in the proper whimsically beautiful form.

Kurt Wiese has been making sketches of baby animals for several years and at last he has found a text to fit them in Dorothy Kunhardt's Little Ones (Viking Press. $2.00). It is irresistibly lovely from beginning to end, from the frisky baby lamb to the cuddly baby child. There Was Tammie! by Dorothy and Marguerite Bryan (Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.00), is precisely the proper book for any very little child who loves a story and loves a dog. Those who prefer pussies will delight in Five Cats From Siam (Robert M. McBride & Co. $2.00), a splendid collection of photographs by Thurman Rotan, of an aristocratic family, father, mother and three babies, with a text by May Lamberton Becker. Marie Hall Ets learned to know what children like in telling stories to them in a Chicago settlement house. So she introduces us to Mister Penny (The Viking Press. $1.00), a funny little man from the village of Muddle, and his tumbledown animals.

Commander George M. Dyoff in word and picture relates how he captured and tamed the baby elephant Runga, and the baby coal-black bears, Nip and Tuck (The Viking Press. $1.25), and brought them 8,000 miles from Calcutta to the New York Zoo. A very unusual Christmas book is The Saintons Go to Bethlehem (The Macmillan Co. $2.00). The Saintons are those little clay figures which peasants in the south of France set up around the Crib at Christmas time; and together Helen Hill, Violet Maxwell and Lois Hutton present us with pictures of the Farmer, the Goatherd, the Fishwife, the Baker, and others, and provide the words and music of the old Provençal folk songs. Quite different is the atmosphere of The Sun, the Moon and a Rabbit (Sheed & Ward. $3.00), in which Amelia Martinez Del Rio, a trained archæologist, has gathered together a number of old folk tales which have delighted Mexican children for centuries. It has forty unique illustrations by Jean Charlot. Although intended primarily for children under six, Augusta Monteith's The Pink Book of Verse (Sheed & Ward. $1.50) will interest older readers; for the selecting and the editing, as well as the format, are altogether beautiful and beyond reproach. So long as there is no hope of a new Christopher Robin book, that young man having had to grow up, it is good news that When We Were Very Young, Now We Are Six, Winnie the Pooh, and The House at Pooh Corner (E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.00 each), are now available in a very attractive new dress that gives no inkling of the price.

It was because Eileen had her sore toe that she and Seumas were rescued by The Turf Cutter's Donkey (E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.00), and it was after that their adventures began, among them catching a Leprechaun—who is a little old man fairy. This fascinating book by Patricia Lynch, with illustrations by Jack B. Yeats, deserves to become a classic. What a wonderful Christmas present has been offered to all little children by Louis Untermeyer!

His anthologies have long been a delight to grown-ups—for it takes a poet to make a poetry book—but now everything from Mother Goose and Lear to Blake and Robert Frost that a small child would most enjoy has been incorporated in one fat volume with merry pen and ink sketches by Birch. Rainbow in the Sky (Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.00) should make a bulge in all the Christmas stockings. An Omnibus book for very little girls is also a novelty. The Book of Live Dolls (Bobbs-Merrill. $1.50) contains three different story books by Josephine Scribner Gates about Janie and the Queen of the Dolls, that have been favorites for thirty-five years. Very convincing are the same publisher's tales of The Happy Animals of Atagahi ($2.00) as retold from Indian legends by Mrs. Bessie Rowland James. How the terrapin win the race from Deer and rescue Rabbit from exile is a great climax.

Full of feeling for forest life is Elizabeth Coatsworth's The Golden Horseshoe (The Macmillan Co. $2.00), the story of Tamar, the daughter of an Indian Princess and a Virginia planter, who, disguised as an Indian boy, followed Governor Spotswood's famous expedition across the mountains into the wilderness. Even more charming in form and matter is Carolyn Sherwin Bailey's really valuable collection of Colonial tradition in Children of the Handcrafts (The Viking Press. $2.00) with many illustrations by Grace Paull. You should by all means read it to your children.

The Good Master (The Viking Press. $2.00) transports us far away to a Hungarian farm where Jancsi is awaiting the visit of his little cousin, Kate, from Budapest. Her adventures are delightfully told and pictured by Kate Seredy. We have an idea she may have been the original Kate! Hungarian Kate finds her equals in the two little Hutchinsons who, not content with being the first Flying Family in Greenland (Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $2.00) began to look for trouble as soon as their amphibian made a landing. Their Father, Lieutenant Colonel George R. Hutchinson, who was willing to risk the little girls lives, has written up their exploits. Irmagarde Richards and Elena Landazuri writes of The Children of Mexico (Harr Wagner Publishing Co.) in an apparently well intentioned book, which, touching on delicate matters without sufficient historical knowledge, is on the whole, worthless.

Raymond L. Ditmars, who comes before the public in so many interesting rôles, has again collaborated with Helene Carter to produce an accurate, and at the same time, readable story of the animal kingdom as scientists imagine it to have been millions of years ago, The Book of Prehistoric Animals (J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.00), while Vamba (Luigi Bertelli) in a fanciful story of ininsect life, The Emperor of the Ants (Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $1.50), carries us along pleasantly into the land inhabited by ants, beetles, wasps, caterpillars, worms and other creeping and flying creatures. We are thankful that John Whopper, the News Boy, was such a beloved tradition in the family of the director of Longmans Green & Co. that he has reprinted it for posterity (75 cents). Whopper's marvelous adventures are told in true Baron Munchausen style.

Caroline Singer's Boomba Lives in Africa (Holiday House. $1.75),

a modest little book, offers us an absorbing story, against a background that is scientifically accurate, and in language that is simple and direct and beautiful. It is, moreover, illustrated as wisely and beautifully as it is written. It is excellent literature, correct anthropology, and the very best kind of propaganda for "good will toward men." The hero of Tim Thompson in the Jungle (D. Appleton-Century Co. $2.00) is Frank Buck. Tim is admittedly a fictitious character but Mr. Buck is very earnest when he writes about himself, which gives his book its humorous side. Ferrin Fraser has collaborated with him. A hero who takes himself more simply is twelve year old Ranny who starts out to walk from Concord to New York with The Five Dollar Dog (same publisher and price). Ralph Henry Barbour tells us an unusual story with atmosphere and kindly humor. A boy who went on a longer quest was Tonio—He Went With Marco Polo (Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.00) to Cathay. Like Ranny, Tonio in Louise Andrews Kent's story, was an orphan. He was a man when he returned from his voyage, but pretty Rosa was still waiting for him. No girls enter into Foster Rhea Dulles' tale of David Worth, who sailed from New Bedford on a Whaler in 1846. Many things happened during the two and a half years David was at sea. With a mutiny as a climax, Harpoon (Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.00) is an exciting and worthwhile book.

Rev. Thomas Lahey's Twisted Trails (The Ave Maria Press. $1.00), another exciting tale, describes how the seldom realized ambition of all fourteen-year-old boys came true when "Jimmie" was privileged to travel around with good natured tramps and act as a magician's assistant in a carnival. Wind in the Rigging (Doubleday, Doran & Co. $2.00) is a sea thriller and tells how Ted Moran helped the owners of the Owen Steel Co. to halt the sale of munitions on the freighter *Sumatra* to the Berbers of North Africa in defiance of international agreements. Every chapter of Howard Pease's story ends on a breathless note. Far less successful as a narrative is Francis Nelson Litten's Rhodes of the Leathernecks (same publisher and price). There is much interesting matter in Mr. Litten's book but the flow of the story is checked by too much jerky conversation. Another disappointment is the latest tale by Eric P. Kelly, whose stories of Medieval Poland, *The Trumpeter of Cracow*, have been so justly successful. In Three Sides of Agiochook (The Macmillan Co. $2.00), Mr. Kelly has shifted his scene to New Hampshire in 1775. He has chosen a likely subject but he is more convincing with his Polish than with his Indian characters, and rather unwisely he has transposed an incident from an earlier book.

In Oxford a new series for boys by "Men of Letters" is being edited by L. A. G. Strong (Basil Blackwood. 3*s.* 6*d.*), and if all are as good as the two on our present list, the standard is very high. Knight of the Air, by Malcolm Taylor, relates the adventures of a young pilot who is sent to seek out a Sapphire rock in the Arabian desert. The action leads up to a good climax. Adrian Arlington's The Boy King taps the rather hackneyed source of a Balkan kingdom, but the unexpected twist at the end redeems its originality.

"Away across the dead level of the prairie a black speck appears against

the sky—in a second or two it becomes a horse and rider—then horse and man burst past and go winging away like the belated fragments of a storm." Dr. Howard R. Driggs has done us all a service in recording what memories still remain of one of the most romantic and typical incidents of pioneer history. It was American grit that decided The Pony Express Goes Through (Frederick A. Stokes. $2.50). Allen Chaffee's Heroes of the Shoals (Henry Holt & Co. $2.00) discloses that same grit in action to-day, in its true stories of the U. S. Coast Guard, which from Kitty Hawk Station to Cape Hatteras never sleeps. In stirring pages Laura Orvieto tells the story of The Birth of Rome, of its games, its feasts, and its customs (J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.00). Whether her glorification of war and conquest will interest American children as much as it did the children of Mussoliniland is an open question. Children, if you like these stories, Mrs. Orvieto asks you to write her a letter, telling her so. Her address is: Poggiolino alla Pietra, Firenze, Italy.

Youel B. Mirza, a native of Persia, but a resident of the United States for over thirty years, writes a fanciful history of the boyhood of the Persian poet, Omar Khayyám in Naishapur. The Young Tentmaker (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $2.00) describes the home and school life of Omar, and pictures Mohammedanism in Persia, with its mosques, its tentmakers, its potters, its holy men, its feasts and its fasts.

It used to be that only the Irish knew anything of St. Columcille and his life, but in these degenerate days, it would be more true to say,—at least in this country,—that only the industrious student of history knows much about him. Therefore The Legend of St. Columba, by Padriac Colum (The Macmillan Co. $2.25) which so reverently and so picturesquely tells the story of the travels and achievements of this great sixth century Saint, is all the more welcome. It has been beautifully illustrated by Elizabeth Mackinstry.

Hundreds of years before Sir Thomas Malory collected the tales which Tennyson reproduced for us in *The Idylls of the King*, the troubadors were entertaining courts with songs about the adventures of Sir Jaufry. His story, written in Provençal by an unknown hand, has been skillfully translated into English by Vernon Ives, Jaufry the Knight and the Fair Brunissende (Holiday House. $2.00) and enriched with appropriate illustrations in black and white by John Atherton.

In the beautiful Windermere Series edition of Kipling's Tales of India (Rand McNally & Co. $1.00) the reader will find most of the stories which made the author world-famous while still a young man. And to our own particular joy, Namgay Doola, so frequently overlooked is here included.

A book sure to be helpful in raising up another generation of Dickens' lovers in People from Dickens arranged by Rachel Field in answer to the inspiration of Thomas Fogarty's lovely pictures (Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50). And parents will welcome Henriette Weber's The Prize Song (Oxford University Press. $3.00) in which one of much experience in the field tells for children the story of fifteen of the best known operas, six Italian, two French and seven Wagnerian. The musical text of leading themes

is introduced in the proper place in the narrative, Marie Lawson's illustrations are enchanting and there is a valuable appendix containing items of interest in the career of each opera.

Stories of famous men and women classified under the date of their birth appear in Carolyn Sherwin Bailey's **Tell Me a Birthday Story** (Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.75) under such rather mawkish headings as May-Day Boy (Jacob Riis), Lonesome Boy (Hawthorne), Chore Boy (Lincoln), but it is only fair to say that the stories have more pith than their titles. Eleanor M. Sickels' **In Calico and Crinoline** (The Viking Press. $2.50) is confined to interesting American women from the beginning of the seventeenth century to the Civil War. It includes one Ursuline nun from Normandy, and introduces the reader in pleasant and profitable fashion to various aspects of our national history.

In **Youth's Captain** (Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00) Hildegarde Hawthorne looks at Emerson through admiring rather than critical eyes; but she presents the outline of his life in an interesting way. We do not often remember the Young Walter Scott (The Viking Press. $2.00) so it was a happy thought of Elizabeth Janet Gray's to bring him to life as she does in this somewhat unusual biography.

Is there anything left to explore? Lincoln Ellsworth proves that there are still a great many secrets in the bosom of Mother Earth, and that new methods yield new fruit—among them searching for fossils with an aëroplane. **Exploring Today** (Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.75) is a very fascinating small volume. Centuries of exploration and endeavor lie **Behind the Show Window** (Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.50) in which Jeannette Eaton condenses a mass of illuminating facts about such staples as oranges and milk and coffee and silks and electric bulbs and automobiles. In virtue of having evolved the unique idea of writing the biography of an automobile, Franklin M. Reck has packed into his small and profusely illustrated volume **Automobiles From Start to Finish** (Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $2.00), nearly all the information any boy could desire, as to where automobiles come from, what they do, how they work and where they go.

In their search for material of practical service to persons in charge of recreation for young people, the authors of **Games and Stunts for All Occasions**, William P. Young and Horace J. Gardner (J. P. Lippincott Co. $1.00) ranged far and wide, and collected more than 150 games and devices for large and small groups of all ages, almost anywhere and at almost any time. The latest pamphlets in the Hours of Leisure Series (The Studio Publications. 35 cents) offer clear instructions for **Rushwork**, by A. H. Crampton, anything from chairs to plates. A special brochure on **The Brig**, by Frank H. Mason, belongs to the Ship Model set.

It is only once in a while that a story as moving and sincere as Caroline Dale Snedeker's **Uncharted Ways** (Doubleday, Doran & Co. $2.00) comes to be written. The gentle patience of the Quakers; their heroic courage under the persecution of the Puritans are now mostly forgotten but they are brought to mind in the story of Margaret who came to Boston as a friendless little maid servant in

1652 found peace with the Quakers, and then nearly died on the gallows. Another historical novel is Drums of Monmouth, by Emma Gelders Sterne, centering around the young poet of the Revolution, Philip Freneau, who lived in New Jersey close to the battlefield of Monmouth. In 1916 Jane Addams was branded as a Pacifist and shared the jeers made at Mr. Ford and his "Ark of Peace." In 1931, she was awarded the Nobel Prize for Peace. Winifred E. Wise's Jane Addams of Hull House (Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.50) was completed shortly before Miss Addams's death and had her endorsement.

Margaret Doane Fayerweather's third book about Anne Fenton, Anne at Work (Robert M. McBride & Co. $2.00) takes us from official life in Washington to Europe and exciting times with munition racketeers as Anne works for the League of Nations through her political cartoons. Of course Anne has her romance as well. In A Girl of the Riverland (Benziger Bros. $1.50), a tale combining romance and adventure, but excluding everything objectionable, Stephen Morris Johnston tells us about the marriage of a Texan planter's daughter to a ranchman and the complications, crimes, unjust suspicions and painful delays which ensue, until the mysteries are all cleared up, and the hero and his bride made happy.

INDEX TO REVIEWERS

R. L. C.: Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P., missionary and writer, Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City; founder and spiritual director of the Catholic Unity League; author of *Studies in Church History*, *The Question Box*, etc.

C. W. T.: Charles Willis Thompson, author, Scarsdale, N. Y., former editor of the *Review of Books* and political correspondent for *The New York Times*; author of *Presidents I Have Known*, *The Fiery Epoch*, etc.

E. VR. W.: Euphemia Van Rensselaer (Mrs. Christopher) Wyatt, playwright, literary and dramatic critic, New York City; author of *Monica*, etc.

J. J. R.: Joseph J. Reilly, M.A., Ph.D., Litt.D., Professor of English and Librarian, Hunter College, New York City; author of *Newman As a Man of Letters*, *Masters of Nineteenth Century Prose*, etc.

J. M. G.: Rev. James M. Gillis, C.S.P., writer, lecturer and critic, Editor of The Catholic World, Member of the Board of Editors of The Catholic Book Club, author of *False Prophets*, *This Our Day*, etc.

J. T. G.: Rev. John T. Gillard, S.S.J., Ph.D., editor of *The Colored Harvest*, Baltimore, Md.; author of *The Catholic Church and the American Negro*, etc.

K. K.: Kenton Kilmer, M.A., poet and critic, Stillwater, N. J.

T. C. P.: Rev. T. C. Petersen, C.S.P., Oak Ridge, N. J.

BOOKS RECEIVED

THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:

Prayers for the Dying. By Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J. 30 cents. *My Changeless Friend.* Same author. 20th Ser. 30 cents.

DODD, MEAD & Co., New York:

Germany Today and Tomorrow. By Henry Albert Phillips. $3.00.

HARPER & BROS., New York:

Selina. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. $2.50. *The Lords of Creation.* By Frederick Lewis Allen. $3.00. *Mark Twain's Notebook.* Prepared for Publication by Albert Bigelow Paine. $4.00. *Portrait of My Family.* By Derek Patmore. $3.75. *The Woodcarver of Tyrol.* By Edmund A. Walsh. $1.50. *Mars His Idiot.* By H. M. Tomlinson. $2.50.

HENRY HOLT & Co., New York:

Oliver Goldsmith. By Stephen Gwynn. $3.00. *Call Back the Spring.* By Daniel Whitehead Hicky. $1.75.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:

Stalin. By Henri Barbusse. Translated by Vyvyan Holland. $3.00. *William Lyon Phelps' Yearbook.* $2.50. *Youth Uncharted.* By Stephen Lawford. $2.50. *Red Sky in the Morning.* By Robert P. T. Coffin. $2.50.

WILLIAM MORROW & Co., New York:

Without Armor. By James Hilton. $2.50.

W. W. NORTON & Co., New York:

What Does America Mean? By Alexander Meiklejohn. $3.00. *Individuality in a Collective World.* By Barbara Spofford Morgan. $2.75.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

An Oxford Anthology of English Prose. Chosen and Edited by Arnold Whitridge and John Wendell Dodds. $4.50. *An Oxford Anthology of English Poetry.* Chosen and Edited by Howard Foster Lowry and William Thorp. $4.50.

SHEED & WARD, New York:

Science and the Supernatural. A Correspondence between Arnold Lunn and J. B. S. Haldane, F.R.S. $3.00. *The Well and the Shallows.* By G. K. Chesterton. $2.50. *A History of the Church.* By Philip Hughes. Vol. II. $4.00.

C. WILDERMANN Co., New York:

The New Testament. Preface by Rev. James A. Carey, M.A. $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00.

WORLD PEACE FOUNDATION, Boston:

Rivalries in Ethiopia. By Elizabeth P. MacCallum. 25 and 50 cents.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:

The Strange Life and Strange Loves of Edgar Allan Poe. By Emile Lauvrière. Translated by Edwin Gile Rich. $3.50.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA PRESS, Philadelphia:

A History of American Biography. By Edward H. O'Neill. $4.00.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION PRESS, Washington, D. C.:

Religion Outline for Colleges. By John M. Cooper, D.D. Course I. Revised edition. $1.60.

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PRESS, Chapel Hill:

The Collapse of Cotton Tenancy. By Charles S. Johnson, Erwin R. Embree, W. W. Alexander. $1.00.

B. HERDER BOOK Co., St. Louis:

A Great Mystic of the Eighteenth Century. By the Rev. Father Favre, C.SS.R. $2.75. *St. Meriac's Mirror and Other Stories.* By Enid Dinnis. $1.25.

THE MANUAL ARTS PRESS, Peoria, Ill.:

Good Manners. By Beth Bailey McLean. $1.00.

THE BOOK MASTERS, St. Paul:

Overcoming Sleeplessness. By Charles Weschcke, Ph.G. $1.00. *Moccasin Flower.* By John Bell. $2.50.

THE BRUCE PUBLISHING Co., Milwaukee:

The Catholic Eastern Churches. By Donald Attwater.

BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, LTD., London:

The Faith and Modern Science. By Reginald Dingle. 5 *s.* *The Catholic Revival in Italy, 1815-1915.* By Rev. H. L. Hughes, M.A. (Oxon.), D.Litt. (Pisa). 6 *s.*

CHRISTOPHERS, London:

Latin Verse Inscriptions. By Albert R. Purdie, O.B.E., M.A., Ph.D. 4 *s.* 6 *d.*

BASIL BLACKWELL, Oxford, Eng.:

Method in Your Prayers. By A. F. Thornhill, M.A. 2 *s.* 6 *d.*

PEPLER & SEWELL, St. Dominic's Press, Ditchling, Sussex, Eng.:

St. Thomas Aquinas on the Blessed Sacrament and the Mass. Translated with Notes by Rev. F. O'Neill. 5 *s.*

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:

Le Christ et le Monde Moderne. Par P. Andreas Engel. Traduit par Georges Delagneau. 8 *fr.* *Le Tiers Ordre de Saint François d'Assise.* Par un Maître des Novices. 12 *fr.* *Une Martyre de 14 ans en Chine.* Par le R. P. Mertens, S.J. 5 *fr.*

LIBRAIRIE CATHOLIQUE EMMANUEL VITTE, Lyon:

L'Ecole Mystique Carmélitaine. Par P. Crisogono de Jesus Sacramentado. Traduit par D. Vallois-Del Real. 20 *fr.*